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DIGGING THROUGH THE AGES

BY IRWIN L. GORDON

I

AT one known spot on the earth man has dwelt continuously from the Stone Age to the present time. Originally a hill of rock, primitive man sought shelter there; then came huts, walls, fortifications, houses, temples, fortresses, basilicas, whole cities, until the accumulations of ages have elevated that hill to a commanding size as each civilization built upon the remains of its predecessor.

Furthermore this eminence flanked the path of empire trod successively by the masterful peoples of the ancient world. Whenever Egypt marched east, or Assyria, Babylon, or Persia marched west, when the phalanxes of Alexander the Great swept over Asia, when Pompey made Rome lord of the East, their armies passed this way to victory or defeat. Proximate victory, eventual defeat — for though they might pass as conquerors, and tarry a few centuries more or less in lands won by the sword, they departed in due time and modern Palestine knows them no more. They garrisoned this hill, they left their dead in the cemetery across the Jalud, they drove their captives past laden with spoils of war, and now the only marks of those tumultuous efforts, those vast miseries and conflicts, are

the stones they carved, the tools they used, and the pottery they made. The Pharaohs were mighty and advertised their might on walls and obelisks, but time is mightier and the steles of Seti and Ramses lay broken in the dust at Beisan awaiting the coming of a modest archaeologist from the United States.

To-day Arab laborers under American direction are leveling that hill, cutting through the centuries and revealing, in what is perhaps the most remarkable work of the kind ever undertaken, an unbroken line of civilization back to remotest antiquity. Some twenty feet of the hill have been removed, leaving fifty more to be cut before rock is reached. Already the scientist has laid bare layer upon layer of historical facts covering a period through Biblical times to the present day, while a test shaft has yielded traces of peoples who lived beyond the dawn of recorded history.

The hill is at Beisan, Palestine, known successively as the Bethshean of the Old Testament and the Scythopolis of the Hellenistic and Roman periods, when it flowered forth as the chief of the ten cities of the Decapolis. Situated eighteen miles east of Nazareth

and some fifty miles north of Jerusalem, it is a little Gibraltar commanding the highway through the Valley of Armageddon at the head of the plain of Jezreel and dominating the fords of the Jordan River. Here for countless ages ran the main road from Egypt to Syria and Babylonia. The power that held the little hill of Beisan was master of the commercial and military routes between Egypt and Mesopotamia, between Jerusalem and Damascus. Allenby's cavalry passed that way in the 1918 campaign that broke Turkish resistance.

From the references to Bethshean in five books of the Old Testament — I and II Samuel, Joshua, Judges, I Kings, and I Chronicles — Biblical scholars have long been able to locate the scene. Positive identification was made by George Adam Smith in his *Historical Geography of the Holy Land*. But the hill and town of Beisan belonged to the Turkish Sultans and until the end of the World War no archaeological work could be undertaken there. Dr. George Byron Gordon, Director of the University Museum, University of Pennsylvania, who had long been attracted to the site, visited it in 1919 in company with Dr. Clarence S. Fisher, formerly of the Palestine Harvard Expedition. To Dr. Fisher was given actual charge of the work of excavating. They found the hill to be from two hundred and fifty to three hundred feet in height, overgrown with underbrush, and approximately one half mile in circumference at the lower level where the River Jalud sluggishly moves toward the Jordan through the malarial swamps. The entire district lies well below sea level. The modern town of Beisan, a mean Arab village notorious as a centre of brigands, is a short distance to the north. Mount Gilboa rises a few miles to the west.

Dr. Fisher's first view of the spot where he was to undertake his work of revelation was reassuring. In referring to it he says:—

'I was attracted to Beisan at first sight. Not only was it the most perfectly shaped hill I had ever seen, but — even more important to the archaeologist — not a single modern building or tomb was there to interfere with complete excavation. I knew the Biblical references and was aware that the site was mentioned in the religious records of the Byzantine Church, but our hopes went far beyond these scant bits of history, because everything pointed to Beisan's having been, by reason of its location, the commanding site of the district.

'When work began we knew nothing of what the hill contained. Not a sign remained of buildings except a few outcropping walls of the latest occupation. As we went down, the discovery of evidence proving the presence of material of every important building-period in a perfectly clear, logical sequence is one of the most inspiring things I have ever experienced.'

Save for sheep and a few lazy herdsmen, the place was a wilderness. After making peace with the local Arabs, Dr. Fisher employed several hundred men and women to work for the expedition. He also brought fifty or sixty of his most experienced men from the University of Pennsylvania Museum excavations at Memphis, Egypt. For three years from two hundred to four hundred men and women have been laying bare each level of civilization as found, and measuring, sketching, and photographing the findings to provide historians of the future with accurate data for their studies.

What appeared to be outcroppings of natural rock soon were seen to be formidable walls, and as the dirt was

removed an uncompleted fortress of the Crusaders came to light. The outer fortifications appeared, then the living-quarters, the refectory, kitchens, bakery, and some partially constructed outer buildings. Recognizing the military value of the site, the Crusaders established here an outpost under Adam, Lord of Bethune in France, who afterward called himself 'Lord of Bessan.' But the citadel was never finished, because the pestilential climate drove the Crusaders to a more favorable site northward. The Lord of Bessan, ancestor of George V of England through the Woodville line into which Edward IV married, looked over Jordan as master of the country round about Bethshean in the early years of the twelfth century when Baldwin of Flanders was King of Jerusalem. No wonder the armor-clad Crusaders ran away from Bessan, its malaria and suffocating heat. But the stone benches on which the knights sat, the table, the rock on which bread was kneaded, and some of their cooking utensils had been kept safely in the bosom of the earth.

When this heavy masonry had been shifted the early Arab remains were beneath. The site fell to the Saracens in 632 A.D. After the fashion of the East, the newcomers built a fort, a mosque, and a town over the buildings of their enemies, the Christians. Of this Arab town little need be said; its ruins, while abundant, were cleared away for the sake of more important things below. Then there came to light all that is left of the historic city of Scythopolis, known by that name for nearly a thousand years, from the third century B.C. to the seventh century A.D.

II

Christ was reared and grew to manhood not far from Scythopolis in

one of its most influential periods, when it was probably the most prominent city in the interior of Palestine. Following Pompey's campaign in Palestine (64-63 B.C.) ten cities, nine of them located in the Jordan Valley or on the Sea of Tiberias, formed the confederation of the Decapolis for mutual protection. Keeping in close touch with Greece, they became centres of vigorous municipal life which, after the Greek manner, found expression in literature, athletics, and commerce. Chief of these focal points of Greek culture was Scythopolis itself, which, by virtue of holding the trade route between the Jordan Valley and the sea, soon became the most important city in the league. Various explanations have been given of the Hellenism of Jesus, the Jew who thought as Greeks thought, the Oriental whose philosophy has conquered the Occidental world. Need we look beyond the influence of Scythopolis on Nazareth for the explanation? While there is no record of the Saviour visiting Scythopolis, we may be sure he went there occasionally as an impressionable boy. Even in his little village he could not escape the cultural influences of the great city which overshadowed the district both culturally and commercially.

For the Scythopolis of Christ's youth far exceeded in population and splendor the Jerusalem of the same period. It early was famed for churches and monasteries. Noble houses and other buildings stood not only on the hill but in the valley below, as the city walls at that time had a circumference of nearly two miles. In the valley beyond was grown flax of finest quality, and the city was the centre of the linen manufacture through the Roman period. But the city and its prosperity vanished in 632 A.D. under Heraclius, when the defenders, pressed by their Arab foes, cut the culverts of the

waterways, thereby turning the entire region into a malarial swamp where even to-day the archæologist is in constant danger.

In 300 A.D. Scythopolis was the centre of Christian culture as well as the capital of the ten-city league of Palestine and Syria. The first recorded bishop was Saint Patrophilus, who apparently erected the first large church on the summit, portions of which were used again in the later and greater basilica. In 361, soon after his death, occurred the anti-Christian riots under Julian in which the city was looted and the first church burned. The tomb of the Saint was opened, his bones desecrated, his skull used as a lamp. Dr. Fisher has been able to retrace portions of the earlier church under the floor of the basilica, of which certain bronzes and mosaics have been actually found.

Its Christianity reviving after the wave of Julian's persecutions passed, Scythopolis built its second church, one of the largest and loveliest religious edifices of its era, about 400 A.D. The feature of this great basilica was a circular rotunda, one hundred and fifty feet in diameter. The dome was supported on columns of green-and-white marble brought from Europe, with bases and capitals of white marble. The walls and floors were covered with religious scenes in glass mosaic, while the floors were inlaid with marble mosaics. Portions of this floor and two of the columns have been shipped to this country and will be placed in the new wing of the University of Pennsylvania Museum. An equal amount of the exhumed material goes to the new Museum at Jerusalem, maintained by the Government of the mandate territory of Palestine.

Side by side with the uncovering of massive foundations and statues went

on constantly the recovery of the smaller and less conspicuous tools of the ancient common life. The cisterns of the old town are rich deposits of antiques. While much of the record of Beisan is martial and religious, it is equally accurate to think of this famous site as a community in which chatting servants, drawing water, carelessly let their vessels slip out of their hands into the depths, no doubt to be soundly berated by their mistresses. And not only ewers and pitchers, but likewise rings and hair-combs and whatnot—even nails. One pictures some carpenter contemporary of Jesus leaning forward for a drink while his crude hand-drawn nails slipped from his apron into the water, to be recovered centuries later by men of another age. Of all this multitude of common antiquities only a few specimens of each kind can be retained, but all significant pieces are measured and sketched, the cards filling drawer upon drawer in the Museum.

When the archæologists had dug away all the remains of the Byzantine period more huge columns appeared—the fallen pillars of a Roman temple. And then for one year Dr. Fisher slowly removed débris and reconstructed a Græco-Roman period from 200 A.D. to 300 B.C. Then the summit of the hill was crowned with a temple of Dionysus or Bacchus. This god of green things growing, of wine and harvest, was supposed to have been born here. A portion of an enormous foot, in all probability from a heroic statue of this deity, came out of the rubbish. The building itself had gigantic Corinthian columns six feet in diameter. It probably was destroyed by earthquake, together with most of the material used by the early Christians in erecting the early church and basilica. Some delicate Roman mosaics, utensils, and statuary have been pre-

served. Inscriptions tell that the structure was erected by Demetrius I, who was King of Macedonia from 294 to 287 B.C. Many inscriptions of early visitors to the place — tourists, if you please — were written on the fallen columns. A hoard of silver coins of the Egyptian King, Ptolemy Soter I, of this same period, were recovered in an adjacent house.

After months of wearisome labor, the stones of the Roman days were removed to improve the roads of the Holy Land near Beisan. Under these stones were remains of a Scythian occupation. In spite of the evidence of the place-name fixed by local tradition, the reality of an invasion of Palestine by the Scythians had been questioned. The finding of the remains of their crude mud huts in the corners of Egyptian ruins indicates that these barbarian warriors of the steppes actually swept into the Jordan Valley — presumably about 627 B.C. — in an attempt to invade Egypt. They never advanced beyond Jerusalem, where they met defeat and retreated to the north. The ruined Egyptian city of Bethshean attracted some of these refugees. It was the descendants of these nomads whom the Greeks found there, and from them the place was called Scythopolis.

III

But the greatest discoveries were to come. Sweeping away the ruins of the Scythian hovels, the American scholar located remains of the Egyptian domain in Palestine and established the fact that this strategic hill was the great outpost of Egypt in Palestine throughout the militant XVIIIth Dynasty. From here the armies of the Pharaohs moved northward in their conquests of Syria. Here a fortress, burned and charred, yet standing

from six to ten feet in height, came from the earth as the digging progressed. This fortress marked Egyptian supremacy at Beisan from 1313 to 1200 B.C. It was still standing, but no longer in Egyptian possession, in the time of Saul and David, and saw the rise and fall of the Philistine kingdom. From its heights the women of Bethshean looked across to the bloody slopes of Gilboa, where Saul and his sons fell beneath Philistine spears, in revenge for which David put Bethshean to the torch.

Seti I, Ramses II, and Ramses III made conquests from this hill fortress. One stele found in the ruins, and now preserved in the national Museum in Jerusalem, tells of the local campaign of Seti I and gives a detailed account of the composition of an Egyptian expeditionary force. In addition to proving that the essentials of military strategy are old as man, this record reveals a shrewd recognition of the propaganda value of high-sounding names for armed bodies. When the chief of Bethshean asked his aid against the 'vile one' of Hamath, who had formed a league with the men of Pella across the river, Seti was quick to make this local quarrel serve his imperial designs. With four divisions he was occupying the western end of the valley of Jezreel preparatory to marching north against the Hittites. Straightway he sent his Ra division ('manifold of victories') to occupy Bethshean, while that of Amon ('the strong bows') proceeded against Hamath. In order that his punishment of Hamath might not be interfered with by the equally vile Hittites, with whom Egypt had not yet come to grips, the Pharaoh sent his Sutekh division ('powerful of bows') northwest into the foothills of the Lebanon to protect his flank. Meanwhile his Ptah division was left behind to keep

the road open to Egypt. There were generals in those days even if they lacked high explosives. Needless to say, the last line of Seti's stele records a complete victory.

The most important Egyptian discovery, however, was a companion basalt stele, that of Seti's son, Ramses II, which contained among its flowers of self-praise one vital, long-sought line: 'I have collected the Semites that they might build for me my city of Ramses.' Here, at last, is definite verification of the Israelitic bondage. It is regarded by Egyptologists as the last evidence required to establish Ramses II as the Pharaoh of the Oppression, and consequently places his son, Mineptah, as the Pharaoh of the Exodus. By a strange coincidence it was Dr. Fisher, now conducting the work at Beisan, who three years ago excavated the palace and throneroom of Mineptah at Memphis under twelve feet of Nile mud. To an American institution have come both these ancient treasures — the portals of this palace through which Moses and his brother-in-law Aaron must have passed on their way to appear before Pharaoh, and this stele of Ramses II, on which the record of the Israelitic bondage is preserved.

Egypt held this hill of Beisan as a great garrison-town until the end of the reign of Ramses III, when her power waned in Syria as it had waned before and was destined to wane again under the Ptolemies. Seti's occupation, in fact, represented merely a return of Egypt to power in the Jordan Valley. Thothmes III, of the preceding dynasty, most energetic of all the Pharaohs, had broken an earlier Syrian revolt in battle at Megiddo, between Beisan and the sea, and chronicled his victory on the walls of the sanctuary at Karnak, together with brief reports of his subsequent expeditions in Syria.

These expeditions were no less than seventeen in number, in the course of which this mighty ruler crossed the Euphrates and made himself master of all the territory between the Euphrates and the Nile. The Egyptian outpost of Beisan appears to have remained in the hands of his successors down to the fourth generation, when the extraordinary figure of Akhenaton, great-great-grandson of Thothmes III, and father-in-law of Tutankhamen, allowed the military phase of Egypt's greatness to languish in order that he might build a new heaven on earth.

Thrusting the old gods of force aside, Akhenaton established the worship of one god, Aton, the sun or life-giving principle, and relied upon good-will rather than the majesty of arms to maintain his dignities. This renunciation of power, however, exalted as it may have been spiritually, brought chaos to the frontiers. Amid the ruins of Akhenaton's palace at Tel-el-Amarna were found three hundred letters in clay from distressed Egyptian captains on the fringes of the empire, begging for aid to maintain their positions in the face of the enemy — letters which the pacifist Pharaoh disregarded or to which he returned a sublime refusal. Beisan is represented in these appeals, and the next layer to be excavated will no doubt reveal definitely the XVIIth Dynasty's occupation of the hill and furnish traces of the other end of the El-Amarna letters. Test sinkings indicate this strongly. By the end of Akhenaton's reign, about 1350 B.C., Egyptian rule in Syria had gone down under the indifference of the altruistic monarch on the Nile and the pressure of the militant natives of the marches of the empire. It remained for Seti and his strong bows to make Egypt once more dominant in Palestine and master of the hill of Beisan.

For a time after the Egyptian stronghold at Beisan was abandoned, in the twelfth century B.C., the place was a town of the Canaanites, well equipped to raid the plains with their chariots. 'And the children of Joseph said, The hill is not enough for us: and all the Canaanites that dwell in the land of the valley have chariots of iron, both they who are of Bethshean and her towns, and they who are of the valley of Jezreel.' The historical importance of the site revived with the Philistines who settled there. The original Philistine settlers are believed by Dr. Fisher to have been mercenaries in the employ of the Pharaohs. When their kinsmen swept down from the north in the great invasion, the Philistines of Bethshean opened the gates of the city to them, and what had been an Egyptian fortress became the stronghold of the enemies of Israel. Cutting the nation of the Jews in half, it menaced the entire growth of Israel, and it was here, just outside the walls, on the slopes of Gilboa, that Saul met defeat.

'And the battle went sore against Saul, and the archers hit him; and he was sore wounded of the archers. . . . Therefore Saul took a sword, and fell upon it. . . . So Saul died, and his three sons, and his armourbearer, and all his men, that same day together. . . . And they put his armour in the house of Ashtaroth: and they fastened his body to the wall of Beth-shan. And when the inhabitants of Jabesh-gilead heard of that which the Philistines had done to Saul, all the valiant men arose, and went all night, and took the body of Saul and the bodies of his sons from the wall of Beth-shan, and came to Jabesh, and burnt them there.'

When the messenger brought the news of the defeat of Saul to David, he gave voice to that beautiful lament

in II Samuel: 'The beauty of Israel is slain upon thy high places: how are the mighty fallen!' following with a curse upon the scene of the tragedy: 'Ye mountains of Gilboa, let there be no dew, neither let there be rain upon you, nor fields of offerings.' David shortly appeared before Bethshean and defeated the invaders. He burned the fortress; and the completeness of his vengeance may be read to-day in the charred bricks and fused metal in the ruins. Thus have come to light the very walls on which the naked body of Saul was nailed, while his armor was hung in triumph in the temple of Ashtaroth. All through Biblical history Bethshean was a dagger pointed at the heart of Jewry, in the hands of whose enemies it prevented the effective coöperation of Israel and Judah, earning the wrath of both great sections of the Jewish race. In spite of David's vengeance, the Jews had only slight control of the place, holding it for less than a score of its more than three thousand years of recorded history.

IV

The work at Beisan stands to-day as perhaps the greatest single achievement of American archæology. Fifty more feet of rubbish, ruins, and earth must be removed before rock is touched, but already the record of countless ages is known to live below. Dr. Fisher recently climbed down a well and cut within ten feet of rock. He detected stonework of the earlier Egyptian period and Hittite buildings. No doubt both Hyksos and Hittites, in the imperialist eras, maintained great fortresses here. Under the remains of these he believes Babylonian structures will come forth, while at bed rock itself implements of the Stone Age will be found — in fact, traces of

these implements already have been seen.

In the side of the hill across the river Dr. Fisher has opened many graves. Valuable jewelry, pottery, and household utensils have been recovered. Some tombs of the Hyksos have been opened and one skeleton, that of a woman, found intact. Here also he located the tomb of Antiochus, son of Phallion, first cousin of Herod the Great. Unique terra-cotta coffin-covers were saved from the tombs and are believed to have been made by mercenaries in the Egyptian armies, possibly by men from distant islands. Resembling grotesque masks, these covers are thought to reveal Sardinian characteristics, a suggestion that rouses a whole train of questions as to the early flow of peoples in the Mediterranean basin.

Thus, day by day, the haunts of men of other ages are being bared to the sun of Palestine. It will require at least ten more years to complete the work to bed rock.

'In the field of archæology,' says Dr. Fisher, 'Palestine alone seems to have been neglected. One hesitates to think that this neglect was due largely to the fact that active exploration there does not produce enough of material value, for we cannot hope for the wealth of beautiful art-objects which both Greece and Egypt have given us. We should look to Palestine for something other than this. Of fine art it had little, but it did have a history and an influence throughout the Near East which must be reckoned with.

'Beisan will furnish us with a complete chronological sequence of the various occupations of this "key to empire," each represented by its buildings, tools, and weapons. There is always, too, the hope of alighting upon some inscriptional evidence for the

more accurate datings of events now disputed or preserved only in the uncertainties of folklore. We have too long looked upon Palestine merely as the Holy Land, meaning the country sacred as the birthplace of our religion and filled only with associations of the life of Christ. Our interest has rarely gone beyond this point and we seem to have shrunk from desecrating its soil by scientific exploration. The Biblical archæologist, I am afraid, has been considered too much of a destructive critic and a modernist to entrust to his skeptical hands any large sum of money for research. This feeling is a quite mistaken one. No excavation I know of in Palestine has thus far done anything but confirm in a remarkable manner the statements of Holy Writ, and I have no fear that any excavation ever will. In the coming years Palestine is going to attract more and more of our attention, out-rivalling Egypt, and we may expect many great and astonishing results.'

Among these 'great expectations' roused by the excavations at Beisan are hopes of solving some of the puzzles of history. Who were the Hyksos, or Shepherd Kings, invaders and rulers of Egypt? Perhaps they too held the hill of Beisan long enough to leave evidence of their origin; at least there are Hyksos remains in the cemetery across the Jordan. And who were the Hittites? Light may be thrown on the spread of the gifted Semite race and its dispersion into clans throughout the vast areas in which history begins. The confusion of tribal names that have descended out of the dim past, antedating written records, may be somewhat, if not altogether, cleared away as the Beisan diggers proceed toward bed rock, going further and further back in time with each level until finally the kitchen middens of the elemental Flint Age are exhumed.

For in Palestine, as far as human knowledge goes, man has always lived by preference on the hilltops.

Eight distinct civilizations occupy twenty feet of vertical space at Beisan. In this distance the excavators have dug through thirty-two centuries. If the intervening space between bed rock and the Egyptian level represents an equal compression of time, approximately eighty centuries more await their picks and shovels. That might push the curtain of history back to 9300 B.C. And if the first layers above bed rock contain authentic relics of the Flint Age, the interval between Beisan's first settlement and the present day may be as much as 20,000 years. The possibility that Beisan may furnish the data with which to check the fundamentals of human existence through such a long

period makes it the outstanding spot in the world's archaeological research. Other sites may reward searchers with more refined objets d'art, but none offers such promise to history.

At sunset to-day in far-off Palestine the foreman's whistle blows and the Arab diggers troop noisily down the slopes of the hill of Beisan toward their homes. The more experienced men from Egypt return more leisurely to the camp of the expedition, leaving a lonely guardian on the excavations to commune through the night with the ghosts of the past. Now and again some Arab urchin takes his flock a short cut over the hill, and the notes of his pipe coming across the Jalud make a melancholy accompaniment to our thoughts of the departed grandeur of these ancient cities.

PETER'S COAT AND THE TARIFF

BY WILLIAM L. CHENERY

THE builder was in an expansive mood. The trade was recorded and he had no hope of more deals. He was minded to be frank, recklessly frank.

'Yes,' he said, 'I built those houses, and I put the prices a little too high. I figured that as the winter came on and people came back from the country they would just have to buy. I set my traps — but somehow the rabbits did n't run.'

Often we have recalled that conversation, Dai and I, as we have wrestled with the stream of problems which a home entails. We have repeated the contractor's phrases with

sardonic emphasis: 'Traps for rabbits; and we are the quarry when we run true to expectation, and homes such as this are the traps!' Why not? Was not the builder telling the truth as he saw it? His words may have been bitter because of his disappointment, but at worst he was no hypocrite. Does not everyone treat the consumer as a rabbit — a rather foolish wild creature, too easily caught to be game for the sportsman, but plentiful enough to provide a living for those who put profits first?

We remembered the builder vividly one day when the time arrived for

the annual budget-making of our small household. The prospect of smaller income-taxes gave a certain feeling of prosperity to the ever trying business of accommodating dollars of desire to dimes of income. Perhaps with the reduction of another year we might get another car. The paint on the family flivver had been a bit thin for a long time and its joints were undeniably creaky. Would n't it be fine if economies by Uncle Sam were to permit us to make this desired purchase? We got pencils and paper, and began to make our estimates and to arrive at conclusions by an experimental balance.

The saving on the income tax was real and substantial. It would not purchase an automobile, but still it was the nucleus of a fund. We reckoned that the tax reduction put through Congress in 1923 will save us nearly \$275. That was heartening. Then Dai turned to the items in the budget for which she is responsible.

'Wait a minute,' said she; 'let's see how food and clothing are coming out before we decide on anything else.'

'Both should be cheaper,' I replied, adding, with that fervor which a conjugal conference on the cost of living is so apt to inspire, 'it seems to me that a woman who uses business sense ought to spend less the further the war gets away. You don't expect to pay war prices forever, do you?'

In such discussions wives are sometimes patient, and on this occasion the general manager of our home determined to be calmly explicit and tolerant. Ignoring the insinuation of extravagance, she resumed:—

'Let's examine a few details. Peter will of course have to have a new coat, and a suit, and at least two pairs of shoes before summer. I have not noticed any drop in prices. On the

contrary, I fear I shall have to pay a little more. Is the war the only cause of high costs for clothing? What about the tariff? How does the tariff affect Peter's new overcoat?'

The question was a fair one and we proceeded to search for the answer. Digging through the thickness of the Fordney-McCumber Act, we attempted to find items labeled 'overcoats for five-year-olds.' Detailed as it is, the tariff law is not quite so specific as the catalogues of mail-order houses; still the information was attainable. We discovered that wool clothing bears an import duty of sixty-five per cent.

'How much was clothing taxed in 1922?' asked the woman of the house.

'The Underwood rate was thirty-five per cent,' I replied sadly, realizing already that I was beaten. But the boy's mother was not content to let Peter's overcoat disappear in vague estimates, so she continued:—

'Then the tariff takes thirty per cent more than it did when we paid our 1922 income taxes. Let's see how that works out. Two years ago, by careful shopping I found a satisfactory coat for \$12.50, although I might easily have paid more. You know little boys' coats are made in England—or at least fashioned after English models. Now we will assume that the shop which imported Peter's coat paid \$7.00 for it, duty and all, two years ago. That's about right, is n't it?'

I replied that I had been informed that the stores found it necessary to mark-up what they sold at retail by from seventy-five to one hundred per cent of the wholesale cost, and that accordingly her reckoning seemed tenable. She went on:—

'Two years ago the duty, you say, was thirty-five per cent. Then the actual cost of Peter's coat, as it arrived at the customhouse, was about

\$5.00. Now take a coat of similar quality, whose actual cost is still \$5.00. The tariff increases its cost to about \$8.25. The mark-up makes the \$12.50 coat of two years ago worth about \$15.00 this season. Is my calculation right?’

I could not controvert it in essentials. The discussion, however, had barely started. The homemaker was intent on pressing her advantage, and she continued:—

‘Very well. Now Peter needs other clothes, and so do Janet and Burnley. You remarked that your own overcoat had best be retired on account of age. You expect to buy one or two suits. You may think that you will economize and skip a season, but you know what happens: the first day the bright sunlight chances to light up a spot or a bald place on last year’s purchases you will go to the tailor. You always do. Does the tariff touch your clothes?’

‘The duty, madam,’ said I, with that dignity which the weak end of an argument often suggests, ‘is sixty-five per cent.’

‘All right,’ she replied. ‘Now, strange as it may seem, I too wear clothes and occasionally—very occasionally, I may add—I must buy new ones. You realize that my trousseau of eleven years ago is hardly in style?’

I conceded as much, and we returned to finances. ‘What is the duty on cotton?’ she asked.

‘Clothing is taxed at forty-five per cent,’ I answered, after delving through the pages of the Tariff Act. ‘Laces, however, pay sixty per cent.’

‘How about silk?’

Further inquiry showed that silk clothing must pay a duty of seventy-five per cent, while materials are rated at sixty per cent. Then she turned to her account book. She said:—

‘We actually spent but \$600 for

clothes two years ago. That was too little, according to the budget prepared by experts: as you know, they figure that at least twelve per cent of a family’s income should, or at least ordinarily does, go into clothes. But assuming that clothes for three children can be bought for as little as clothing for two infants—which is n’t so—and assuming that we had to buy only the articles which we purchased two years ago, how much does the tariff add to the bill?’

‘The increases vary greatly, but taking wool, cotton, and silk together, a fifteen-per-cent estimate would be an understatement,’ I ventured.

Dai picked up her pencil and made a quick calculation.

‘Fifteen per cent of \$600 is \$90,’ she remarked. ‘Now subtract that \$90 from the \$275 we shall save on income taxes. That leaves \$185 as a start on your nest egg for the new automobile. You will have to save a while longer. But wait. How about food? Does the tariff touch that?’

The answer was ‘Yes,’ and we began to look for the items. ‘The duty on butter is twenty per cent,’ I remarked.

‘Oh yes, I remember now,’ she said; ‘don’t you recall that two years ago we were getting that good Danish butter five, six, and seven cents cheaper than the American creamery product? I have n’t seen any Danish butter for a long time. So that’s the reason. Read on. What are some of the other tariff rates?’

‘The duty on sugar,’ I discovered, ‘is thirty-three and one-third per cent. Candy is taxed at forty per cent. Canned fish and vegetables at twenty-five per cent. Flour takes a toll of thirty per cent. The price of eggs is increased eight cents a dozen. The price of poultry is six cents a pound higher. Shelled almonds cost fourteen cents a pound more than they would

without a tariff. Rice bears a rate of one cent a pound. The desirable Scotch marmalade costs at least one third more because of the import duty. Lemons are rated at two cents a pound, oranges and grape fruit at one cent a pound.' The list seemed endless.

'But America produces most of the food we consume,' the house-manager observed. Then she asked: 'Do these duties affect the prices of what is grown and manufactured in this country?'

'Well, rather — or else why have a tariff? For what purpose do you imagine the almond-growers of California demanded an impost of fourteen cents a pound on their crop? Why do the packers want a tariff of four cents a pound on lamb? Naturally the consumer pays the price at which the foreigner could send his products to America, plus the tariff. The idea is to raise the price so that the producer can get more. If American products were to be sold at the same price, regardless of import duties, Congress would never have a request for a tariff.'

'What, then, is the average duty on food?'

'On the larger items a twenty-per-cent increase would be a just approximation. Two years ago food generally could be imported without paying any duty. One-fifth increase in the wholesale costs would be very conservative.'

Again the pencil was active. After making a few black marks on white paper, Dai looked up and said: —

'Now I see. I have been wondering for months why my grocery bills kept so high. I have bought more closely recently, but the bills kept climbing. Food in 1922 cost us \$1150. Now we spend about \$116 a month. Twenty per cent increase over \$1150 would be \$1380. That is not far from the actual sum we shall spend in twelve months at the present rate. Get your pencil.

You saved \$275 on taxes. The tariff on clothing, you figured, took away \$90 of that, and I think you did not allow enough. At any rate you had left a saving of \$185. Now food costs \$230 more. Can you subtract \$230 from \$185?'

'If you will give me a bottle of red ink, I will,' was my grim rejoinder. 'We have discussed just two items in our budget and already, instead of saving, we have a deficit of \$45 — a minus quantity, do you understand? If this keeps up I shall have to ask for a Federal receivership. I certainly do not know how to live on a deficit.'

Neither does the lady to whom I said, 'With all my worldly goods I thee endow,' at a time when my estate consisted of four boxes of books, a student lamp, and a typewriter. She returned to her account book and, after a brief consideration, said: —

'We have an item labeled "household furnishings." It runs rather high, since year by year we have bought what we could. We did not begin life with a well-furnished home, you know. We have got to have more furniture, and we must replace broken china and worn-out kitchen utensils. Has the tariff anything to say on this interesting subject?'

Once more I examined the pages of the Fordney-McCumber Tariff Act. 'Yes, it says quite enough,' I replied, without much hope of making the evening cheerful. 'Suppose I start with the A's. Aluminum is rated at eleven cents a pound and fifty-five per cent on its value. If instead of a kettle you buy something electrical, you may add another ten per cent. There has been, roughly, an increase in the tariff of forty to fifty per cent in the last two years. Do you use much aluminum?'

'You know I have little else in the kitchen,' was the answer. 'But go on.'

'Well, other household utensils now are rated at five cents a pound and thirty per cent on the cost paid by the importer. The increase in two years is ten per cent — approximately. The tariff on scissors has been trebled. Sewing machines are rated at fifteen to thirty per cent — but fortunately we don't have to buy a new one every year. China and glass have been increased ten to fifteen per cent. Furniture is rated twenty-five and thirty-five per cent higher. Brooms are up thirty per cent. Bread knives at least fifteen. Do you want to hear more?'

'I have heard nothing for some time,' was the amiable reply. 'I was thinking about that secretary I saw at the rooms of the dealer in old furniture, and wondering whether it would look better in my room or down here. How much did you say household goods have gone up?'

'Oh — be conservative and say ten per cent. Actually it is higher.'

'All right. We have been spending about \$300 a year on furnishings. Add ten per cent of that to your deficit and see if it is enough to buy a secretary even if the automobile has been lost.'

I assured my conferee that not even imaginary furniture could be paid for with an actual deficit; and besides that, even if the \$75 were plus instead of minus, the wise old cabinetmaker would not take twice such a sum for the specimen she desired. By this time nothing seemed to matter much and so I continued to read, gleefully pursuing horrible details. My eyes rested at the line listing 'dolls and toys.'

'Do you want to know how much Uncle Sam contributed to a Merry Christmas?' The most restrained curiosity was acknowledged.

'All right, I'll tell you, anyhow. Dolls, the grotesque bisque figures your daughters strew about the house,

are taxed at the rate of just seventy per cent, and the pushmobile and the velocipede and the various other contraptions which your son permits me to pick up and put away every afternoon, when his interest in them has ceased, are rated at the same figure. I guess that of the \$120 you spent making your progeny and your nephews and nieces happy at least half went into the tariff and the extra profits made possible thereby. I assume that enfranchised mothers will direct their intelligence to such affairs.'

'How long have you been voting?' was her question.

'If you mean how old am I, no answer is needed. You recall my birthdays with a vividness and a precision which at times I am inclined to regret. If you mean how long have I and my forbears been entitled to play a part in political affairs, I should say at least seven hundred years — say, since the Magna Carta. But what of it?'

'How long have we had tariffs?' was her follow-up.

I attempted to retrieve my scant historical memories.

'Well — at least since the Constitution was written,' I admitted. 'Yes, even before the Constitution was formed the tariffs were levied. The colonies had their separate systems. In fact there is some reason to think that the need to abolish the colonial tariffs was one of the strongest influences making for the unity of the American States. But why do you ask that?'

'I was just thinking,' she responded. 'Men of the privileged classes have had the vote in the English-speaking world some seven hundred years. The tariff system is at least as old as the Republic. How long has it taken the lords of creation to understand the intricacies of this little subject? How

many women have asked for tariff protection? Did n't I once hear something about "infant industries" when I was in school? Well, my industry is infants. What did you say the tax is on toys? I remember: seventy per cent. And how much is Peter's coat taxed, and your suit, and my new outfit? Sixty-five per cent? What justification have men to offer for making it so difficult for their wives to buy the clothing essential to a family?'

'One theory is that the high prices you pay make prosperity for American workmen,' I replied. 'At least that has been said since workingmen were given the vote a hundred years ago, although the idea — to be frank — was not invented so long as factory "hands" had no voice in politics.'

'Does the sixty-five-per-cent boost in the price of Peter's coat and other things actually make American workers prosperous?' was her question.

'It does not seem to have helped the textile-mill workers much. The looms have been still much of the time during recent months, and the wages paid have always been low — so low that once Congress was officially informed that not one man outside the executive force in a large textile centre earned enough, unaided, to support a

family' at any tolerable standard of living.'

'Who then is benefited by the prices made higher through the tariff?'

'America is the land of opportunity,' said I, 'and one of the most coveted opportunities is to get a favorable place in the tariff schedules. For example, the Census Bureau has lately reported that the value of aluminum products rose from \$45,822,161 in 1921, the year before the tariff bill was passed, to \$106,930,367 in 1923, the year after the law went into effect. Of course the tariff was not the only factor in the aluminum prosperity; monopoly also played its part in swelling fortunes already large. Our country is famous for the number of its rich men.'

'Yes, I see. The tariff is very interesting. The government gives us one dollar back in income taxes, which we can see, and takes away two dollars in the indirect levies of the tariff, which we can't see so plainly. Uncle Sam has strange ideas of economy, and he seems to have favorites among his nephews and nieces. I don't believe women will be blind at the same spots or quite so partial in distributing benefits. But let's get back to the budget. What were you saying about a new car?'

AM I TOO OLD TO TEACH?

BY 'OLD P——'

I

OF course I am not old, or not convinced of oldness, or I should not be writing down a question about it. I am not gray—quite—or bald or very wrinkled. My step is forthright and my shoulder blades are flat. I do not have rheumatism or dyspepsia or high blood-pressure, if my rarely consulted physician tells the truth. I play tennis rather well—better than my young son—and golf like a novice. If the younger members of my department are taking the measure of my shoes I am not aware of it. I have no reason to think that the Board of Governors is forecasting my retirement or thinking of offering me a pension. When I utter my views in faculty meeting I am listened to not with patronizing and inconsequent deference but with open-eyed—though sometimes skeptical or combative—respect. There I still have battle with my peers. Yet I wonder if I am too old to teach.

The idea has been in solution in my mind for some time, but I have ascribed it to weariness or to the preoccupation of extrapedagogical duties which make it difficult to fix the mind on teaching alone. But the mood in which I picked up my subject and met my classes this fall has made me disturbedly question its source and its permanence. I can recall the rush with which in other days I flung myself upon work, the readiness, the mental hospitality with which I welcomed each student-mind, the pleasure of

feeling overworked with a rich and generous busyness. Compared with that, to-day's performance—and it is only November—seems as solid and steady and prosaic as the telephone directory. Yet to speak fairly—I need not cumber myself with modesty when writing anonymously—many things afford me pleasure now which earlier days did not hold: some authority as a scholar, some reputation for writing in my own subject, some association with the great men in my field. There is pleasure in all of that. Yet romance has gone from the day's work. I march up to it in the morning; I do not run to it.

That is not the worst. I used to read over my class lists when they came to me from the dean's office, with curiosity of which I was a little deprecatory. For I was tremendously interested in students. Now I don't look at the lists until I come before the class, and I mispronounce names or stumble over them with a manner that throws all blame on their owners. I used to look over my first assembly with unconcealed interest. The class was not just a body; it presented as variegated a landscape as a Swiss canton. There were heights in it to be looked at approvingly and valleys to be eyed alertly but a little tenderly, and plains to be brought up to some degree of differentiation. With them all I expected to establish a relation; and I expected to see them depart

from me at the end of the term with a sense of separation and to wonder a little over the unfortunate ones, as to whether I had really done my best for them. But last June, I recall, I made out my grades with the coolness and click of an adding machine, and dismissed the matter from my mind. My chief hope, as I departed for the summer, was that I should not meet anyone under twenty-five until I returned.

I rather upbraided myself for that wish when I found myself uttering it openly. I even saw signs of disapproval on the faces of my more serious listeners. It has always been an accepted and caressed theory that the mature should love the young and that association with youth will keep us youthful. I have been congratulated on the advantages of my profession in having such association. Frankly, I don't care to be kept young any more than I should care to be kept childish. I am contented with maturity. Perhaps in ten or fifteen years more that contentment will begin to wane. But there is nothing in the world more ungraceful than the gestures with which maturity strains backward after a receding youth.

I believe that I should not have given so much thought to the matter last summer had I not come across so many stories and articles, in the lighter reading of the dog days, the thesis of which seemed to be that there is a logical and authorized combat on between age and youth, in which youth is always ardently right, and pathetic fifty is prejudiced, limited, and dully wrong. Having discovered this thesis I pursued research for further exploitation for it. Everywhere I found this contest recognized — especially, I thought, in English tales. It seemed to have become, while my eyes were off fiction for a season, an essential

theme of creative literature. Twenty-two-years-old, male and female, perhaps especially female, suddenly knows more than all the world. The thirty or forty intelligent years which may follow are valueless. Opinion is as solid, as sensible, as potent, in the third decade as it ever will be again — as it never will be again! Thought and imagination and especially feeling stop at thirty, perhaps at twenty-five. The bodies under a lava flow are not more completely solidified than are living persons of forty. This is especially true, I gather, of parents and professors.

Thus much I collected from my summer reading. I had rather suspected it before. I had not been facing roomfuls of Twenty-two-years-old without some partially alert consciousness of the superiority before me. But in this formulated statement of it I suddenly discovered a reason for my professional ennui. I am rather tired of youth. I had said that to myself sometimes in the middle of the night. But I had thought that I was only wearied of the immature mind and its limited furnishings, of the meagre experience, the lack of curiosity, the secure but unstudied opinions. I felt sometimes as if I were reading endlessly in a badly printed book, full of mistakes and imperfect language. I had upbraided myself for the feeling, of course. And now I discovered that the distaste and the reason for it lay all in myself. Alas, the pathological state was my own, no other's!

II

Well, since that is true I may speak with the frankness of a mind awry. Candidly, I do not find the satisfaction in teaching that there was twenty years ago — I can hardly claim intelligence in teaching earlier than that,

if I can claim it then. Mine is a subject which can use or stimulate much enthusiasm; not merely the spirited love of learning which may belong to any department of knowledge, but the enthusiasm of idealism and imagination. In other years, as I recall, it was easy to stimulate a response to high thought or romance. It was often a temptation to depart from the actual text of fact and to illuminate or illustrate great principle or feeling or the charm of a bygone phase of life. I have seen a lecture-room half-shyly aglow with the response of idealism or imagination. I thought then that that belonged to youth and would always be so. To me there is no conception of reality, scarcely even of fact, that does not use the imagination.

But a kind of shyness in myself has of late led me to omit or scant such passages. When, after I have indulged myself in eager lucubrations, I face only solidity or a mild cynicism in my audience, I realize that I have been speaking a language ineffective to their ears, and I withdraw abashed. When a Crusader only reminds them how clumsy and slow former methods of warfare were, and the feudal castle is merely 'without modern conveniences,' and the age of chivalry is 'undemocratic' and foolish, and all costume earlier than their own is funny and absurd, and a saint in the wilderness is not 'the man who does things,' what speech can you utter to them? The Renaissance, as a thing that was lived and lived deeply and eagerly, may be outside the conception of the best date-learner in the class. I sigh, and return from my foolishness to dates and names.

Of course I am overstating. But I am also resisting the temptation to make the statement even stronger. For my disappointment is often keen. I recall other days, and even at my

honestest I am not convinced that the difference lies wholly in myself or the fault only in my being out of date. But when the student's chief reading has been a speedometer or a sporting page or the captions on films or the modern novel — filthily modern sometimes — what can Dante's passion or Cranmer's burned hand mean to him? The movies are closing the imaginations of all the world, especially the young world. And our students are bred and fed on them. In them mere improbability and spectacle stand for creation. They have no subtlety, either of conception or of execution, no suggestion, no stimulus. The mind is not led either backward or forward, or beyond. With all their sensational effort they are prosaic, as prosaic usually as they are tasteless and inaccurate. But enough of the movies.

It is not only that youth is now hard to stir imaginatively. I am appalled sometimes at the harshness and unashamedness of their material views, their frank acceptance or approval of selfishness as the normal motive. The sensitiveness of youth to fineness is less than it was. I dwell less on noble incident than I once did, because I have sometimes suffered the rebuff of having a generous motive taken lightly or derided, or an ignoble one regarded as merely natural. I am left with enthusiasm on my hands.

Egotism and romance, I have always found, do not house well together. For romance has an element of humility, an eagerness to worship, an expectation of unmerited pleasure in the remote, the external. But the egotist has few surprises, has no mellow haze over his anticipations. I think about this sometimes when I am dining at a chapter-house. I have time for thought, for I think while my hosts are singing. Periodically the chapter says, 'Who'll we ask to dinner

Thursday?' They have heard of *whom*, but they don't care for the people who use it. And someone says, 'Let's ask old P—— and his Frau. I've just got to kill that course of his this time.' On this basis we are invited. Often we go and are compassed with pleasant young attentions. We dine. At intervals during the meal our hosts burst into song — usually just between the subject and predicate of my sentence. Do they sing a passionate ballad, gallant and gay? Do they sing of old unhappy far-off things, or of love, or war, or Alma Mater? No, they know no such songs. Even what were once called college songs are unknown to them. The Spanish Cavalier has gone into his retreat permanently. They sing — it surprises you when you first hear them — their own praises. Sometimes they sing before they begin — a blurb instead of a grace. Their own glories flavor the meat. But they don't exhaust their merits with that. The soup dishes removed, they warble again — their pin, their flower, themselves, their honor, their friendship, their supereminence. You don't know just where or how to look. How do you look when a man is telling you earnestly that he is the greatest man that ever lived? You don't look anywhere but at your wife, and you see that she is sweetly composing an appropriate thing to say when they have ended the blurb. You leave it to her. To be fair, though, there is one point on which they make no boastings; they never weave mention of their scholarship into their lays, with their other forms of eminence. I know that they are looking on me with condescending eye.

III

Well, I am only writing myself down vinegary and shriveled of nature.

But I shall let my acid sayings stand. I have not yet finished them. I am about to say something worse. I am unashamedly bored with the clamor for democracy in education. I am more bored with its results. I can ignore the clamor by avoiding the utterances of modern theorists in education; but I cannot ignore the results which come to my classroom. Outside of mere questions of human rights, democracy, in its current application, usually means mediocrity. Every addition to university curricula which has the purpose of democratizing education — and that means commonly merely preparing not too ambitious men to make a living — has tended to multiply the mediocre result and reduce the finished one. A country must have a body of men above the practical and material, whose spirit is to a degree liberated by contact with pure learning and who can see clearly, without limitation or obstruction by what are only material considerations. It would, I dare to think, be better to educate a smaller number highly and nobly than to pseudo-educate thousands, as we are doing, on the level of their own mediocrity, and to let the practical purpose of the many determine the training of all.

I confess that as the years go by I grow more aristocratic in my notions. And when I say that, I recognize a meaning in the word which it once did not have for me. There were young uninformed days when I saw aristocracy only as antipodal to liberty or equality or fraternity. Now I know, or think I know, that a race must have all these and aristocracy. I hope as eagerly as ever for the upward growth of the race. But I believe now that this is to be attained, not by making an average for everyone and holding mean and fine to that, but by developing a body of greatness which in turn

will permeate downward. It is magnificence which the colleges should create, a magnificence which even Spenser would recognize and approve. The college should be unashamedly idealistic, in my notion. It should have no shyness over a purpose of fostering love of beauty and love of thought and love of pure goodness in the youth it nourishes. In comparison with that, how dreary, how dull, the training designed only for the recognition and handling of material values.

In one more point I find myself often alien. The proud modernity of students leaves me cold — to use their own phrase. I often seem to be only a left-over from an outgrown period. I suppose my vanity is flicked. But what can you expect of students who have been taught poetry from a twentieth-century anthology instead of *The Golden Treasury*, or any golden treasury? Much of their early education has been apparently purposed to divorce the present from the past, and addressed to that end. They learn the times because these seem more nearly related to them than the eternities. They are given the tawdry, the unproved, the insignificant, merely because it is current. Thus they come into college with an exalted notion of the immediate, the passing. In history they realize no ancestry, no precedent, no foundation. I blame not them, in this case, but the instruction they have had, instruction from the uninstructed often, without perspective, without emphasis, without scale. They look on both the custom and the event of the past with indifference. Norman castle and Celtic illumination and bishop's brocade are alike merely queer to them — so out of date. They read life into none of them. They regard all that preceded this glorified modern time as merely a bridging

over to it, now negligible and decayed.

Again I am probably coloring my statement with my own unsympathy. But the fact is indubitably there. The passion of the past is largely gone from the schools. Far-away and long-ago can hardly be made thrilling terms. What emotion they once gave! And how the past piled up, in our early instruction, — its thought, its notions of beauty, its romantic custom and accomplishment, — while the present seemed greater as we learned of its inheritance from the past! Surely it is the business of a college to help man to place himself among the years of the world. But my students, alas, — hence my weariness! — prefer to think of themselves as rootless. And rootless as puffballs I fear many of them will be.

Well, that is also a part of my separation from them. They see themselves in one eternal moment and I see them growing into other moments, based on this brief one. It is not merely the years between us that put us apart. It is our view of the years. It is, for example, — or for symbol, rather, — my misfortune more than my fault that the physical beauty of youth, or what is commonly called its beauty, suffers such diminution in my mind. It is rarely that youth does not have some beauty, some charm of color, some sweetness of curve, at least some freshness of look. Much of that, I think, is lost in the present time, when the artificial color is so seldom pleasing and when sophistication so often takes the place of freshness. And still there is, or should be, some charm remaining. But it is my unfortunate habit, as I look upon the youths before me, often to add automatically ten or twenty years to their age and to see, not what is, but what will be. The misshapings of figure or feature that are now concealed in the soft lines or surfaces of

youth will be brought to view oftener than they will be corrected. The tricks of face or of gesture which are so charming or so piquant now will themselves develop unlovely lines or angularities. I see that that pleasant softened aquilineity, now lending an air of distinction, will grow sharp and clawlike, that that jolly boyish roundness will grow heavy and inundate the features, or that those neat regular features will grow pinched and meagre. I know because I have seen. Sometimes when I halt at a period in a lecture for the less nimble-fingered to overtake the speaker—brisk fingers and a fluent fountain-pen being more important than agile wits in the note-taking race—my eye has time to record details of what sits before me, and I seem to see only the material of what life is to shape, and often to shape unbeautifully. And sometimes beautifully also. Character and conduct will make their mark. But this is my degree of sophistication and the statement of it is part of my confession.

IV

Well, there it stands. How far should I take to my conscience my lack of sympathy and of proximity? And does it put me outside of the teaching attitude entirely? Something—my own egotism—makes me think that I have a thing to impart which once I did not have. I know that I have a perspective and a mellowness which once were impossible. Once I rode with my bit of knowledge like colors on my helmet. It was my possession, to use and to wear proudly. Now what I know possesses me and I am only in the midst of it. Once I saw my own individual subject of learning as a mountain in a plain—many teachers do, I know—and myself leading others up its sides. Now I see a great

plateau 'crowded with culture' and room for many dwellers on it. All I ask is to move and have small place among them.

But have I, in reaching this view, lost an emphasis which was in itself effective? Have I walked too many years companioned by my own bit of learning, seeing it daily in clearer perspective? My young instructors are more emphatic than I am. Part of one's early enthusiasm in a subject of knowledge is, I admit, not just love of the content of that subject, but pleasure in one's own command of it. It is not merely zeal for the subject, but zeal for one's self. But that very type of zeal has a communicableness due to its concentration which a mellower view does not have. My young instructors, caressing their Ph.D.'s, are often very successful teachers. If as I look at them and listen to them I sometimes am reminded of the mellow old scholar who in his ribald young days wrote of the 'scholar who's hourly expecting his learning,' I reprove myself for the recollection and feel in nowise superior to them. I am pretty sure that they refer to me as 'old P——,' but I am not disturbed. Yet they do not speak at all of these faults which I find in my students. Being young and generally gifted in some degree, they speak often and vigorously of the stupidity of their students; they use the word 'moron,' now a popular sophomoric term. I never do that. In fact I don't consider my classes, in general, unintelligent. But I have a dissatisfaction much deeper than that of my young assistants.

Thus I am out of tune. And it is only natural that I should ask myself whether my arm is growing too shortened to reach across the space between me and those whom I am supposed to be guiding.

DIZZY ARITHMETIC

WHEN NUMBERS TALK

BY A. S. EVE

I

MANY people find large numbers difficult to understand and hard to appreciate. Hence they do not follow with ease many of the interesting results which have, during the last quarter of a century, flowed in so large and increasing a stream: results which refer to the size of the universe, to the distance of the stars, or to the minuteness of the atoms and of their constituent electrons.

It is worth an effort to simplify this difficulty or remove this barrier by a few simple examples and explanations, and thus to convey an impression of the relative sizes of the objects which surround us in our world.

Men when they walk take about one hundred and twenty paces in a minute, so that a foot is placed on the ground every half-second. Hence in a working-day of eight hours they would make $120 \times 60 \times 8$ steps or paces and this number is 57,600. Continuing this for twenty days, they will have walked a million paces.

It is easily seen that they must continue for fifty-five years in order to have marched a thousand million paces. This great number is called in America a billion, a term which in England is reserved for a million times a million.

It would thus take, always at the same rate, 55,000 years to achieve

the number of paces indicated by an English billion, or by a French trillion.¹

There is, however, a simpler and more direct method of appreciation of the magnitude of large numbers. Trees breathe the air by means of little openings, mouths, or stomata on the underside of their leaves, and the number of these small mouths on a single leaf may exceed a million. On the other hand, the leaves of a single large tree may and often do exceed one million in number, so that their joint area would cover a city block measuring 400 feet each way. Thus by thinking of a tree with its million leaves, each with a million mouths, we have a quick road to appreciating a million times a million. This number would be represented by a 1 followed by twelve zeros, ciphers, or noughts (sometimes wrongly called *o*, the letter preceding *p* in the alphabet — an ill use due to telephone practice). It is very convenient to

¹	American	English	French
10^6	million	million	million
10^9	billion		milliard or billion
10^{12}	trillion	billion	trillion
10^{15}	quadrillion		
10^{18}		trillion	
10^{24}		quadrillion	

This French nomenclature (billion, trillion) originated in the sixteenth century, and was conserved by the English, while the French changed from the original, followed later by the United States.

denote a million million by 10^{12} , meaning twelve tens all multiplied together, or 1 with twelve noughts following it.

But we can readily continue further with the trees, the leaves, and their small mouths, toward the idea of still larger numbers. The population of the world has been estimated at 1500 million souls. There are certainly more than a thousand times as many trees as men. Hence we can arrive at the idea of a million million trees, each with a million leaves, and every leaf with a million mouths! Hence there are at least a million million million million stomata or mouths breathing the same air that we do, extracting the carbon from the carbon dioxide in the atmosphere and emitting the oxygen, whereas men inhale the oxygen and burn it with their food, emitting carbon dioxide.

This beautiful balance of Nature depends upon sunlight, upon chlorophyll, — many chemical miracles taking place in the living plants, — and upon those 10^{24} stomata, more or less, as the lawyers cautiously insert in their deeds.

In dealing with large figures it is often wise to use what are called round numbers: thus 3,560,481,724 can just as well be written 35×10^8 , for it is only the two figures on the left that really interest us, and the other digits or figures are not generally known with sufficient exactness to be quoted. Also 3.5×10^9 is equally good. Thus a man of 65 is more than 2×10^9 seconds old, a terrible number of seconds to be responsible for; and his heart has made about 3×10^8 beats.

II

Some examples of the quaintness of large numbers and of the unexpectedness of the results obtained may next be quoted.

Lake Ontario is a large lake, about 140 miles long and 40 miles broad, at the widest. Let us take its area at about 3600 square miles, or 10^{11} square feet. Imagine the whole population of the world placed in the lake, and they would have plenty of room to float or even to swim, for each person would have no less than 60 square feet to himself.

On the other hand, submerge them all beneath the waters of the lake and its surface would rise less than half an inch: a result easily obtained as follows. A cubic foot of water weighs 1000 ounces or $62\frac{1}{2}$ pounds, so a man of 125 pounds occupies about 2 cubic feet; for a man's body is about as dense as water, otherwise he could not just float with lungs inflated and sink when they are full of water. If then a man occupies 2 cubic feet and has 60 square feet to swim in, on submerging him the water must rise $\frac{2}{60}$ of a foot, or $\frac{1}{30}$ of an inch.

A more interesting example is, I think, due to Doctor Aston of Trinity College, Cambridge, a Nobel prizeman, famous throughout the world for his work on isotopes. The illustration is intended to convey the idea of the enormous number of molecules contained in a moderate quantity of water, each molecule consisting of one or possibly more groups of H_2O . Take a glass of water and empty it in the sea. Wait until winds, tides, evaporation, clouds, rain, and snow have thoroughly remixed that water, originally in the glass, with all the water on the surface of the earth. Now dip your glass into the sea, and you will probably recapture, on the average, about 2000 of the very molecules which were originally in the glass. And the reason for this is clear enough. Scientific men can number the molecules in a tumbler of water, and they can calculate the amount of water in the seas. Using

these numbers, it is found that the one is 2000 times the other.

The present writer has extended this idea to a quaint case not without interest.

There is a book written by Sir Arthur Shipley of Cambridge, called *Life*. He was asked to write this book by the Macmillan Company, publishers, with a view to 'making undergraduates think.' With so praiseworthy an object the book needs every encouragement, and yet so many people are busy trying to make the undergraduate think, that he often has to resist the pressure in a spirit of rebellion and self-preservation. The book helps quite ordinary people to think, too. Incidentally it points out that our two cubic feet of body consists more of water than of all other substances put together. *Punch*, in its review of this book, quoted a quaint passage: that 'even the Archbishop of Canterbury consists of 56 per cent water.'

The cubic foot of water present in any ancient historic person, at any moment of his adult life, has by this time dispersed. Thus, for example, the 56 per cent water of Julius Cæsar at the moment of his death has long since spread and mixed with the waters upon the earth quite generally, and *you*, the reader at this minute, have probably within you about a million water molecules which belonged to Cæsar at the moment of his death; for, if a cubic foot equals 25 times the volume of a half-pint tumbler, then the probability increases, not as 25, but as the square of 25, or 625. Hence the 2000 may be raised to 1,250,000. And you, the reader, have now molecules of water which were once the property of Abraham, Napoleon, Alexander, William the Conqueror, George Washington, Judas Iscariot, or any other ancient person whom you please to name.

Moreover, the air molecules which you now inhale and exhale were some of them breathed by any one of them, and in past time oxygenated their blood.

I do not know whether it is venturing too far to point out that at any time and at all times we have actually within us a part of the very body and very blood of that sublime and divine Master who nineteen centuries ago brought so dazzling and glorious a light to the rising race of man.

This conception of the use and re-use of materials was, like most things, familiar enough to Shakespeare, for we find in *Hamlet*:—

HAMLET. To what base uses we may return, Horatio! May not imagination trace the noble dust of Alexander, till he find it stopping a bung-hole?

HORATIO. 'T were to consider too curiously, to consider so.

HAMLET. No, faith, not a jot; but to follow him thither with modesty enough and likelihood to lead it; as thus: Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander turneth into dust, the dust is earth, of earth we make loam, and why of that loam whereto he was converted might they not stop a beer-barrel?

In this passage we find no suggestion of transportation or movement of the material from the East to Denmark. But in the case of air and of water we do find, by winds, rain, tides, and currents, that great circulation and motion which ensure thorough and perpetual mixing. The pack is always being shuffled and reshuffled.

The molecules of water in our blood have thus visited — many of them often — all the oceans and continents, ascended as vapor, drifted with the clouds, fallen as tropical rain or arctic snow; they have formed an intimate part of countless living things, animal and vegetable, for a period which may

be as great as a thousand million years.²

As a final instance of the consideration of large numbers we may cite a remarkable calculation due to one of the great astronomers — either William or John Herschel, but whether due to father or to son I have not been able to ascertain. The theme is discussed in what might be termed a Lucretian poem of the present Poet Laureate, Doctor Bridges.

Imagine that 6000 years ago there were a man and a woman who had four children only, two boys, two girls; let those also in due course have four children, each pair. Let there be no deaths. Then, allowing 30 years for a

²Two acute-minded friends who read this paper quickly put a critical question: How long does it take on the average for a molecule of water to circulate from the ocean to the clouds and back again? A precise answer would be difficult, but a suggestive guess can be given.

The Caspian Sea, latitude 38° to 48° , is land-locked, with fresh water in the north, very salt water in the south, fed by four rivers, especially by the great River Volga. Russian engineers have computed that these rivers discharge sufficient water to raise the level of the Caspian five and one-half feet in a year, and the rainfall in it would further raise the level at least another foot and a half, or about seven feet altogether. But the level remains almost constant, because the rise is balanced by loss from evaporation due to the sun's heat.

Now the average depth of the ocean is 13,000 feet, so that in middle latitudes it would take nearly two thousand years to evaporate the sea away, if there were no rain or rivers to feed it. Near the equator much less time would be required, and in arctic regions much more. In the cool depths of the ocean there is little movement of water due to currents and change of temperature, and diffusion must be extremely slow. Such water takes little part in the circulation we are now considering.

Over the land, where there is vegetation, a large proportion of the rainfall is promptly evaporated. Taking all these things into consideration, it might be estimated that a small particle or molecule of water circulates from ocean to cloud and from cloud back to the ocean in an average time of something like a thousand years.

generation, and supposing that the above process continues for 200 generations, there would be $2+4+8+16+\dots$ peoples all alive, where the series must be continued for 200 terms or so. This series is in geometric progression, each term being twice its predecessor, so that the sum is $2(2^{200}-1)$ or about 201 twos all multiplied together. A large number! Would there be standing-room for these people? No—they would be piled in solid heaps upon each other. They would occupy 2^{202} cubic feet or 10^{60} cubic feet.³ Hence the mass of people would rise to a height of 10^{30} feet, far beyond the moon and indeed beyond the sun, for the distance from earth to sun is less than 100 million miles or 5×10^{11} feet!

This example of rapid and impossible increase shows that if there is to be youth and renewal of life, then death is inevitable; and if death is to threaten life, then there must needs be pain.

III

The question of a quick grasp and clear representation of small and minute numbers and sizes next demands attention. There is a very convenient notation used by scientific men which might with great benefit be adopted by the public. The fraction one millionth ($\frac{1}{1,000,000}$) is represented by 10^{-6} , where the dash or minus sign before the six indicates that a fraction is contemplated. Thus an American billion is denoted by 10^9 , while one billionth part is represented by 10^{-9} .

For example, the diameter of an atom is of the order of 10^{-8} centimetres, where a centimetre is a legalized measure of length, and it is convenient to remember that an inch is a little more than $2\frac{1}{2}$ centimetres (one inch = 2.54

³ Let $10^x = 2^{202}$
then $x = 202 \log 2$
so $x = 60$

centimetres). Now it is believed on most potent evidence that atoms are built up of protons and electrons, their sole known constituents. Thus, according to Rutherford and Bohr, an atom of hydrogen consists of a proton or positively charged electron, around which rotates rapidly (10^{14} times a second) a single electron or negatively charged particle. The proton is the more massive of the two, indeed 1800 times as heavy; and if mass is due to concentrated electrical energy, then the more massive must be smaller and more condensed. Theoretically it may be deduced that the electron has an effective radius of 10^{-13} centimetres, while the proton may perhaps have something of the order of 10^{-16} centimetres as a radius. Here we have arrived at the smallest known entity; information as to the ultimate constitution of electrons and protons is not likely to be known to this generation.

We may perhaps pause to express amazement at the progress of physics during the present century, during which many of the mysteries of atoms have been unraveled through skillful experiment and acute reasoning by a small handful of men of outstanding genius. A similar tribute is due to biology, where the mystery of the Mendelian law is receiving some explanation in the marvelous properties of the subdivisions of chromosomes.

A word of caution is needed when the size of any object is stated. Take for example the sun, a spherical object of 400,000 miles radius. Is the sun wholly confined to that region? Does it not fling to us corpuscles which cause the aurora? Does it not produce magnetic effects which reach the earth and cause magnetic storms? Does not radiant energy, heat and light, pour forth and give us life upon this planet? But it may be argued that these energy manifestations have left the sun and no

longer form a part of its fiery globe. That is perfectly true; nevertheless, when we consider the gravitational field of the sun, that certainly extends to us, and beyond us to Jupiter and Neptune, holding those great planets in their elliptical orbits around the sun by some means which, in spite of Newton and Einstein, still remains in blackest obscurity.

So also when the radius of an electron is quoted as 10^{-13} centimetres we must bear in mind that a moving electron carries with it an electric field and a magnetic field extending outside the radius, decreasing indeed in intensity as we go farther and farther from the electron, but not terminable anywhere in space. It seems to be true that everything is both where it is and where it is not. Or, if that sentence is repudiated as illogical and unintelligible, then it may be said that the total physical energy of any object, part of which we localize in our imagination and call matter, extends and permeates throughout space. Distant stars attract our sun and are attracted by it. The whole universe is an interwoven meshwork, not a conglomerate of separate and independent units.

It is customary to change the unit of measurement with the size of the object measured. This common usage is not necessary or even desirable, for with a little practice powers of 10 are readily appreciated. Regardless of repetition, the writer again emphasizes the idea that 10^{24} is not hard to appreciate by one who comprehends a million. The thousand million people of the world might have, each in the world, on an average, a thousand trees, each tree with a million leaves, each leaf with a million mouths or stomata. Hence 10^{24} stomata, or — written in full — 1,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000 stomata. Note the convenience of the short notation.

We measure the diameter of a fine wire in mils or thousandths of an inch; the height of a man in feet; the height of a horse in hands; the depth of the sea in fathoms; the wave-lengths of radio in metres or kilometres; the radius of the earth in miles; the distance of the stars in light-years or in parsecs; and the confines of space in astronomical units or the distance from sun to earth.

Now all these might quite appropriately be expressed in centimetres with the correct number of tens affixed. In fact, such usage is common in scientific work, and it is used because it is the quickest in calculation and — what is more important — the clearest for appreciation.

IV

The now wearied reader, if he has followed this disquisition so far, may be relieved at a prospect of the final lap, wherein are set forth some distances, fair samples in ascending grade, from the radius of the proton (10^{-16} centimetres) to the supposed radius of the space assigned to each one of us, whereof each one of us is consummate lord, and at the centre of which space each one of us sits or stands triumphant, wherever we be in space and whatever time is for us *now*.

This radius is declared by Doctor Silberstein to be 7×10^{12} astronomical units; and an astronomical unit is 93 million miles or 15×10^{12} centimetres; so that the so-called radius of space is 10^{26} centimetres, and a line three times as long as that would perhaps go round our space, and, if so, is the longest straight line possible.⁴

All of which is noted with due reservations, awaiting interesting observations now in progress!

⁴ Curiously enough, if R is the radius of space, its circumference is stated to be πR and not $2\pi R$.

A TABLE
OF APPROXIMATE SIZES AND
DISTANCES

	<i>Centimetres</i>
Radius of proton or positive electron (perhaps)	10^{-16}
Radius of an electron	10^{-13}
Radius of an atom (about)	10^{-8}
Wave length of visible light	10^{-5}
Average distance between molecules in air	10^{-5}
Height of a man	10^2
Height of Mount Everest	10^6
Radius of earth	10^8
Distance to moon	10^{10}
Distance to sun	10^{13}
Distance to nearest star	10^{18}
Distance to Pole star	10^{19}
Ten thousand light-years	10^{22}
'Radius' of space-time	10^{26}

In front of each number, multiplying it, should stand a number between nought and ten, which does not interest us here because we are thinking of the *order* of sizes, not of the exact sizes.

This article has been written with a purpose, which is probably by this time clear enough to any reader. It is a plea for the general adoption in books, journals, and newspapers of a clear and useful notation which has stood the test of usage in scientific work.

The remarkable interest of a large part of the civilized world in the principle of relativity reveals a growing eagerness to grasp the conditions of our existence and the nature of our universe. There are other regions of modern science equally enthralling, but the language and symbols and units of science have drifted far afield from those used by the general public. The difficulty of bridging this gulf is great. A greater uniformity of numerical notation would remove one obstacle. A wise choice of units would be another aid; but this last great subject is too large and inflammatory for discussion at this time and place.

A JOURNALIST SEES LINCOLN

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD

EDITED BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD, JR.

I WAS a fine figure to be introduced to great men, that chilly evening in April. Little had been done for my wardrobe since leaving Chicago, and that little had been adapted to prairie uses. My hair, always disposed to luxuriant growth, had last been cut on the shore of Lake Michigan, except a slash from a prairie fire. I was afterward informed by a fellow citizen that his first admiration of me had been inspired by the remarkable character of my cowhide top-boots, into which a pair of coarse trousers were tucked. My shirt was a blue-checked hickory, and under its ample collar was a flowing black-silk neck-scarf, a remnant of Rochester days. On my head was a broad-brimmed slouch felt hat, black, and my complexion was of the combined tint-effects of sun and wind and winter fever. On the whole, there was no other man in Urbana just like me when I got out of the wagon and walked around to shift for myself and to strike for a new field of action.

The next morning I was ready for my first attack upon local journalism, although the outlook was anything but golden. I had already been aware that a too sanguine literary adventurer had attempted to set up an 'Agricultural' weekly journal in West Urbana. His undertaking had failed, his entire outfit being bought in for eight hundred dollars, at a sheriff's sale, by a local medical celebrity named Dr. Walker

Scroggs. He was a man of a million. Of medium height and thin, he was by no means ill-looking, and he dressed well; for in summer or winter he always had on a black frock-suit and a brilliant velvet vest of many colors. He also wore a stovepipe hat and had a pair of sharp, twinkling gray eyes.

On the ruins of the lost newspaper enterprise Dr. Scroggs had determined to establish a journal of his own planning, devoted to his isms and to a miscellaneous abuse of the many men whom he did not like. To his printing office, therefore, I made my way that hopeful morning. The paper was already three weeks old and its editor had won a sudden distinction which threatened him with libel suits and personal encounters with angry men. He had written his talk right out, in his wrath, and some of the words that he put in were of the kind mildly described as 'archaic.' It was, therefore, a dark morning for the *Gazette* and its remarkable conductor, and I had climbed into the gloom.

I

I had never seen the doctor, but there was no mistaking his personality as he sat there on the other side of the egg-stove, hugging his left knee over his right and wearing so sourly discontented a countenance. The printers were at their cases, picking type industriously, and there were no other visitors.

'Doctor,' I remarked, as if we were old acquaintances, 'you are trying to run a newspaper here?'

Only a nod and a grunt were his response, and after a moment of contemplation of the stove I added, kindly, 'You don't know how!'

That brought down his leg as he responded, 'I know that better than you do.'

I continued, 'You can't run a newspaper; but I can!'

His hands went behind his head half contemptuously as he replied, 'The hell you can! What will you take to try it on?'

'No pay at all, just now,' I told him.

I went on to make a business proposition, however, for I was well aware that he was losing money fast and needlessly. I told him that I would get out one edition of the paper, to show him what I could do. If all was then satisfactory, I would take no wages. I would agree that I would run my risk of making the paper pay its own way. As soon as I should do that, I was to have a full third partnership and control. In the meantime, at the end of the week he was to buy me a good suit of clothes and some other things and pay my board in a good boarding-house.

'Done!' he exclaimed. 'Take right hold. Take the whole d—— thing and run it! I'm going out to see a patient.'

Three days later I sent out the fourth number of the *Gazette*. The doctor was astonished when he read his paper. I had omitted some things that he had written for it and bluntly refused to put in any more personalities. He surrendered only after all the men and women he met had congratulated him upon the improved appearance of the *Gazette*. As yet, hardly anybody knew how it had happened, but folks were curious and it was time for me to put on my new uniform. That was what the doc-

tor had agreed to and he seemed even in a hurry to keep his word, making energetic remarks about having such a looking customer the editor of the greatest paper in Central Illinois. I think it was the cash account that affected him most; he still kept his own name at the head as editor, while he ceased to take any care of the literary business except as a kind of skipping critic, after each consecutive issue came out.

On one of the warm days of that autumn I was upstairs at a piece of job work which a devil had carelessly pied. I was in a state of mind; my shirt-sleeves were rolled up to my shoulders and my hands were black with ink. There may have been streaks of darkness on my face. The doctor was below, rolling out some pills, and must have been standing with his back to the open street-door when a loud voice in the doorway hailed him as 'Doc,' and inquired into the condition of his health. I did not entirely catch the doctor's responses, but in a moment he was up at the head of the stairs and at my elbow informing me, in a suppressed tone which might have been heard all over the office, 'Stoddard! Old Abe is here and he wants to see you!'

My reply was in accordance with my state of mind.

'Come right down!' he said. 'But do fix up a little. Why, Stoddard, you are looking like the devil.'

I replied that all I would do just then was make a kind of compromise. If Mr. Lincoln wished to see me, I would go down and I would wash my hands, but I would not roll down my sleeves. The doctor was not at all satisfied, but I was aware of an audible chuckle in the room below. Up to that hour I had not met Mr. Lincoln, but had heard a great deal of him and did not believe he would care much for a little ink and

light clothing. The doctor, on the other hand, considered this visit of so prominent a politician a great affair, and he was a little afraid of big men.

Mr. Lincoln greeted me cordially and plunged at once into the causes of his coming. In a minute he had me not only deeply interested but somewhat astonished. I had supposed that I knew the people and politics of that county and he had been told that I did, but so did he. He could ask about the different precincts and their leading men almost as if he had lived among them. As he was then studying Champaign County, so he was investigating the State of Illinois and other states and was getting into close relations with the current of thought and feeling, North and South. The conversation was a long one and Dr. Scroggs soon got weary of it, for he had no part in it, and he went off 'to see a patient.' Lincoln went out and I went back to my pried job, and did not at all suppose that so unimportant an interview was to have any permanent effect upon my life.

II

Somewhere along in the winter I found means to secure a small cottage near the middle of the village, and in this my sister Kate and I began small housekeeping. It contained only two rooms besides the kitchen, but it would do.

In the spring of 1859 the new political campaign opened early and the whole country was on fire with excitement. The *Gazette* was also beginning to regard itself as an important journal, for we had a circulation of over two thousand, scattered over several counties. In all the long list of possible presidential candidates, the name of Lincoln had not been spoken of in any newspaper publication that I knew anything about. As a New Yorker, a

born and bred follower of William H. Seward, I had been disposed to advocate him, but had at the same time a doubt of his ability to secure the Western vote. It was my opinion that the situation called for a Western man and I was not at all satisfied with any of the doctor's suggested candidates.

Just before I set up housekeeping I was temporarily boarding at the Doane House, the square hotel at the railway station. It was a temperance house and had no bar, but its office was a large room that had been intended for hospitality. In the middle of this office was an enormous egg-stove and near this, in the corner, was the office counter. Just beyond was the door from the dining-room.

One chilly morning in March I came to my breakfast as early as usual, and after eating it passed out through that door into the office. Just as I did so the street door opened and Abraham Lincoln came in. He had been to the post office without any overcoat and he may well have been chilly. At all events he walked toward the stove, drew up one of the much-whittled armchairs which ornamented the office, sat down in it, cocked his feet upon the stove hearth, took off his hat, and settled it between his knees. I think he always wore a very tall hat and one that was respectable for age. This hat, now between his knees, was so full of letters that one might have wondered how he managed to put it on. The volume of his correspondence was not surprising, however, for his law business was large and he was here in attendance upon the court which was in session at Urbana. On seeing him come in, I had paused at the counter, and there I continued to stand, for there was something in this man's face and manner that attracted me unusually. My old fad for studying remarkable men came upon me with power and I put away my first impulse

to go forward and speak to him. It was much better to watch him, and he appeared to be unaware of any other presence in the room. He and I were alone and he was much more alone than I.

I stood at the office counter, watching him. This morning was evidently a thoughtful one; his expression varied from minute to minute, all the while being cloudy. He read or looked at letter after letter as he opened them, and for some he did not appear to care much.

At last, however, he came to an epistle which I have wished I knew something about. It was written upon a square letter-sheet, in a crabbed but regular and very black handwriting, page after page. It seemed to interest him at once and he read on slowly, stopping at intervals as if to ponder ideas which were presented. His face at first grew darker and the deep wrinkles in his forehead grew deeper. I was also getting more and more interested. Then, if you can imagine how a dark lighthouse looks when its calcium light is suddenly kindled, you may get an idea of the change which came into the face of Abraham Lincoln. All the great soul within him had been kindled to white heat, and his eyes shone until he shut them. Before he did that, they seemed to be looking at something or other that was far away. I had seen enough and I said to myself emphatically, 'That is the greatest man you have ever seen!'

I did not disturb Mr. Lincoln or try to speak to him. I turned and made my way out of the hotel through the dining-room, and I did not pause until I had reached the *Gazette* office. I opened the door and walked in, and there at the table sat Dr. Scroggs, diligently at work upon his accustomed pills. His back was toward me and he did not turn when I came in.

'Doctor,' I shouted, 'I've made up

my mind whom we are going for for President!'

'The hell you say!' was his mild and appreciative response. 'Who is it?'

'Abraham Lincoln of Illinois!' I shouted back.

'Oh hell!' he rejoindered. 'He'd never do for President. He might do for a nominee for Vice-President, perhaps, with Seward or some such man.'

I was obstinate and at the end of a sharp controversy he yielded, for I told him that as soon as I could run off the current editions of the *Gazette* and the *Ford County Journal* I was going straight to Springfield and to Bloomington, to see William H. Herndon and Leonard Swett and procure materials for a campaign life-editorial. That is precisely what I proceeded to do, without telling too many men what were my purposes. On my return the editorial was written, perhaps two full columns of it, and it was printed; but I did not stop there. I sent a letter embodying some of it to the *Century*, a New York weekly journal then recently set up by Horace Greeley's old partner, McElrath, and it was printed with approval. Meantime I had done something else. Our regular exchange list was large, but for that week I added to it not less than two hundred journals, all over the country, particularly the West. Then I waited to see the result of my experiment, and it altogether surprised me. I had marked my editorial in the copies sent out, and when the exchange papers came in it appeared to me that hardly one of them had failed to notice it, making extracts, and to give more or less favorable comments. Many of them reprinted it in full, or nearly so, and swung out the name of Lincoln at their column heads.

Besides the editorial, the *Gazette* of May 4, 1859, had further mention of Lincoln in its local column. The two articles read as follows:—

PERSONAL

OUR NEXT PRESIDENT. — We had the pleasure of introducing to the hospitalities of our Sanctum, a few days ago, the Hon. Abraham Lincoln. Few men can make an hour pass away more agreeably. We do not pretend to know whether Mr. Lincoln will ever condescend to occupy the White House or not, but if he should, it is a comfort to know that he has established for himself a character and reputation of sufficient strength and purity to withstand the disreputable and corrupting influences of even that locality. No man in the West at the present time occupies a more enviable position before the people or stands a better chance for obtaining a high position among those to whose guidance our ship of state is to be entrusted.

WHO SHALL BE PRESIDENT?

WE have no sympathy with those politicians of any party who are giving themselves up to a corrupt and selfish race for the presidential chair, and are rather inclined to believe that the result will be a disappointment to the whole race of demagogues. The vastness of the interests depending on the political campaign now commencing gives even a more than usual degree of interest to the question: 'Who shall be the candidate?' Believing that a proper discussion of this question through the columns of the local papers is the true way to arrive at a wise conclusion, we propose to give our views, so far as formed, and we may add that we are well assured that the same views are entertained by the mass of the Republican Party of Central Illinois.

In the first place, we do not consider it possible for the office of President of the United States to become the personal property of any particular politician, how great a man soever he may

be esteemed by himself and his partisans. We, therefore, shall discuss the 'candidate question' unbiased by personal prejudices or an undue appreciation of the claims of any political leader. We may add, with honest pride, an expression of our faith in the leading statesmen of our party: that neither Chase nor Seward nor Banks nor any other whose name has been brought prominently before the people will press individual aspirations at the expense of the great principles whose vindication is inseparably linked with our success. While no circumstances should be allowed to compel even a partial abandonment of principle, and defeat in the cause of right is infinitely better than a corrupt compromise with wrong, nevertheless the truest wisdom for the Republican Party in this campaign will be found in such a conservative and moderate course as shall secure the respect and consideration even of our enemies, and shall not forget national compacts within which we are acting and by which we are bound: and the proper recognition of this feature of the contest should be allowed its due influence in the selection of our standard-bearer.

Although local prejudices ought always to be held subordinate to the issues of the contest, it will not be wise to overlook their importance in counting the probabilities of what will surely be a doubtful and bitterly contested battlefield. It is this consideration which has brought into so great prominence the leading Republican statesmen of Pennsylvania and Illinois. If these two states can be added to the number of those in which the Party seems to possess an unassailable superiority, the day is ours. The same reasons, to a less extent, in exact proportion to its force in the electoral college, affect New Jersey.

From Pennsylvania and Illinois,

therefore, the candidates for President and Vice-President might, with great propriety, be chosen. It is true that our present Chief Magistrate is from Pennsylvania, and other states justly might urge that a proper apportionment of the national honors would not give her the presidency twice in succession; but, while there are several good precedents for such a course of action, there is one point which outweighs in importance all others: to wit, *We must carry Pennsylvania in 1860*, and if we can best do it with one of our own citizens as standard-bearer, that fact cannot be disregarded with impunity. The delegation from the Keystone State will doubtless present this idea with great urgency in the National Convention.

Aside from this, there are other points in favor of the two states mentioned, which cannot fail to carry great weight in the minds of all candid and reasonable men. They have both been distinguished for moderation and patriotism in the character of their statesmen, with as few exceptions as any other states. They are among that great central belt of states which constitute the stronghold of conservatism and nationality. They are not looked upon as 'sectional' in their character, even by the South. They, moreover, are, to a high degree, representative states. Where will our manufacturing, mining, and trading interests find a better representative than Pennsylvania? Or what state is more identified in all its fortunes with the great agricultural interests than is Illinois?

The states themselves, then, being open to no valid objection, we come to the question of individual candidates. Pennsylvania has not yet determined her choice from among her own great men, but as for Illinois it is the firm and fixed belief of our citizens that for one or the other of the offices in question no man will be so sure to consolidate the

party vote of this state, or will carry the great Mississippi Valley with a more irresistible rush of popular enthusiasm, than our distinguished fellow-citizen,

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

We, in Illinois, know him well; in the best sense of the word *a true democrat*, a man of the people, whose strongest friends and supporters are the hard-handed and strong-limbed laboring men, who hail him as a brother and who look upon him as one of their real representative men. A true friend of freedom, having already done important service for the cause, and proved his abundant ability for still greater service; yet a staunch conservative, whose enlarged and liberal mind descends to no narrow view, but sees both sides of every great question, and of whom we need not fear that fanaticism on the one side, or servility on the other, will lead him to the betrayal of any trust. We appeal to our brethren of the Republican press for the correctness of our assertions.

III

After that I attended the 'Rail-splitter' Convention at Springfield and I went into the political canvass head over heels, heels over head, with all the more enthusiasm because I had nearly all the stumping of Champaign County on my own hands.

Not to dwell upon the minor incidents of the political campaign, it was over at last and Lincoln was duly elected, to my great delight. At an early date after the election he held a sort of congratulation levee at the State House in Springfield. Hearing that he was to do so, I took a day off and went over to shake hands with him, for I believed that I had a vested right to tell him how I felt about it. I went to the State House and took my place in a

long line of people who were there to get a look at the coming President. Some of them, indeed, were from far away and had come to tell him how much they had done to secure his election and how ready they would be to serve him further in one or another of the fat offices at Washington. One of these disinterested patriots was next in line ahead of me and his account of himself may have added point to Mr. Lincoln's question, when he heartily shook hands with me and looked down two feet or more into my face.

'Well, young man,' he said, 'now — what can I do for you?'

'Nothing at all, Mr. Lincoln,' I responded, 'but I'm mighty glad you are elected.'

'How would you like to come to Washington?' he asked. 'Would n't you like to take a clerkship or something?'

I was just telling him that I was pretty well fixed now and had never thought of going to Washington when a red-hot thought came flashing into my mind and I added: 'Mr. Lincoln, the only thing that would tempt me to go to Washington is a place on your personal staff!'

'Stoddard,' said he, 'do you go right back to Champaign and write me a letter to that effect. Then wait till you hear from me.'

That was just what I did, but I did not say a word about it to any living soul, unless it may have been Kate. That was early in November and before the end of the month I had about considered myself forgotten. I did not yet know Lincoln. About the first of December I received a letter of some length from him, ordering me to close up my affairs, go on to Washington, and wait there until his arrival.

Great preparations were made for the Inauguration. The address was to be delivered and the oath taken on a

temporary platform at the East Front of the Capitol, and I went and surveyed the scene beforehand. I remembered how I had managed to hear Daniel Webster and I tried those tactics again. It was at a pretty early hour of the fourth of March that I gave up the procession, the music, the military, and the dense pack of people upon Pennsylvania Avenue. I went and wormed in through the as yet not very suspicious crowd before the East Front until I secured standing-room just beyond the line at which the soldiers of the honorary guard were to stand at rest. There I waited and I was well paid for it, for I could look right into Lincoln's face while he was speaking and could hear every word he said.

I did not even try to see the President for several days, but I did go to admire the dense pack of office-seekers which had taken possession of the White House. It was two or three days later that I worked my way among them and struggled as far as the bottom of the main stairway. The stairs were a sweltering jam, but an usher at the top was managing to receive cards in some inscrutable manner. He obtained mine and it went in, and in a few minutes Nicolay came to the banisters to shout my name, while three or four eager patriots tugged at his coat-tails. I 'hollered back.'

'Do you wish to see the President?' he asked.

'No, I don't!' I shouted. 'Tell him I'm here, 'cording to orders. That's all. He'll know what to do. I won't bother him.'

I did not understand what a score of fellows found to laugh at in my reply to the great Mr. Nicolay, and it even seemed to please him. I hoped it pleased Mr. Lincoln; and it was only a few days before I received notice of my coming appointment as Secretary to sign Land Patents.

THE CITY OF REFUGE

BY RUDOLPH FISHER

I

CONFRONTED suddenly by daylight, King Solomon Gillis stood dazed and blinking. The railroad station, the long, white-walled corridor, the impassible slot-machine, the terrifying subway train — he felt as if he had been caught up in the jaws of a steam-shovel, jammed together with other helpless lumps of dirt, swept blindly along for a time, and at last abruptly dumped.

There had been strange and terrible sounds: 'New York! Penn Terminal — all change!' 'Pohter, hyer, pohter, suh?' Shuffle of a thousand soles, clatter of a thousand heels, innumerable echoes. Cracking rifle-shots — no, snapping turnstiles. 'Put a nickel in!' 'Harlem? Sure. This side — next train.' Distant thunder, nearing. The screeching onslaught of the fiery hosts of hell, headlong, breath-taking. Car doors rattling, sliding, banging open. 'Say, wha' d'ye think this is, a baggage car?' Heat, oppression, suffocation — eternity — 'Hundred 'n turdy-fif' next!' More turnstiles. Jonah emerging from the whale.

Clean air, blue sky, bright sunlight.

Gillis set down his tan-cardboard extension-case and wiped his black, shining brow. Then slowly, spreadingly, he grinned at what he saw: Negroes at every turn; up and down Lenox Avenue, up and down One Hundred and Thirty-Fifth Street; big, lanky Negroes, short, squat Negroes; black ones, brown ones, yellow ones; men standing idle on the curb, women, bundle-laden, trudging

reluctantly homeward, children rattle-trapping about the sidewalks; here and there a white face drifting along, but Negroes predominantly, overwhelmingly everywhere. There was assuredly no doubt of his whereabouts. This was Negro Harlem.

Back in North Carolina Gillis had shot a white man and, with the aid of prayer and an automobile, probably escaped a lynching. Carefully avoiding the railroads, he had reached Washington in safety. For his car a Southwest bootlegger had given him a hundred dollars and directions to Harlem; and so he had come to Harlem.

Ever since a traveling preacher had first told him of the place, King Solomon Gillis had longed to come to Harlem. The Uggams were always talking about it; one of their boys had gone to France in the draft and, returning, had never got any nearer home than Harlem. And there were occasional 'colored' newspapers from New York: newspapers that mentioned Negroes without comment, but always spoke of a white person as 'So-and-so, white.' That was the point. In Harlem, black was white. You had rights that could not be denied you; you had privileges, protected by law. And you had money. Everybody in Harlem had money. It was a land of plenty. Why, had not Mouse Uggam sent back as much as fifty dollars at a time to his people in Waxhaw?

The shooting, therefore, simply cat-

alyzed whatever sluggish mental reaction had been already directing King Solomon's fortunes toward Harlem. The land of plenty was more than that now: it was also the city of refuge.

Casting about for direction, the tall newcomer's glance caught inevitably on the most conspicuous thing in sight, a magnificent figure in blue that stood in the middle of the crossing and blew a whistle and waved great white-gloved hands. The Southern Negro's eyes opened wide; his mouth opened wider. If the inside of New York had mystified him, the outside was amazing him. For there stood a handsome, brass-buttoned giant directing the heaviest traffic Gillis had ever seen; halting unnumbered tons of automobiles and trucks and wagons and pushcarts and street-cars; holding them at bay with one hand while he swept similar tons peremptorily on with the other; ruling the wide crossing with supreme self-assurance; and he, too, was a Negro!

Yet most of the vehicles that leaped or crouched at his bidding carried white passengers. One of these overdrove bounds a few feet and Gillis heard the officer's shrill whistle and gruff reproof, saw the driver's face turn red and his car draw back like a threatened pup. It was beyond belief — impossible. Black might be white, but it could n't be that white!

'Done died an' woke up in Heaven,' thought King Solomon, watching, fascinated; and after a while, as if the wonder of it were too great to believe simply by seeing, 'Cullud policemen!' he said, half aloud; then repeated over and over, with greater and greater conviction, 'Even got cullud policemen — even got cullud —'

'Where y' want to go, big boy?'

Gillis turned. A little, sharp-faced yellow man was addressing him.

'Saw you was a stranger. Thought maybe I could help y' out.'

King Solomon located and gratefully extended a slip of paper. 'Wha' dis hyeh at, please, suh?'

The other studied it a moment, pushing back his hat and scratching his head. The hat was a tall-crowned, unindented brown felt; the head was brown patent-leather, its glistening brush-back flawless save for a suspicious crimpiness near the clean-grazed edges.

'See that second corner? Turn to the left when you get there. Number forty-five's about halfway the block.'

'Thank y', suh.'

'You from — Massachusetts?'

'No, suh, Nawth Ca'lina.'

'Is 'at so? You look like a North-erner. Be with us long?'

'Till I die,' grinned the flattered King Solomon.

'Stoppin' there?'

'Reckon I is. Man in Washin'ton 'lowed I 'd find lodgin' at dis ad-dress.'

'Good enough. If y' don't, maybe I can fix y' up. Harlem's pretty crowded. This is me.' He proffered a card.

'Thank y', suh,' said Gillis, and put the card in his pocket.

The little yellow man watched him plod flat-footedly on down the street, long awkward legs never quite straightened, shouldered extension-case bending him sidewise, wonder upon wonder halting or turning him about. Presently, as he proceeded, a pair of bright-green stockings caught and held his attention. Tony, the storekeeper, was crossing the sidewalk with a bushel basket of apples. There was a collision; the apples rolled; Tony exploded; King Solomon apologized. The little yellow man laughed shortly, took out a notebook, and put down the address he had seen on King Solomon's slip of paper.

'Guess you 're the shine I been waitin' for,' he surmised.

As Gillis, approaching his destination, stopped to rest, a haunting notion

grew into an insistent idea. 'Dat li'l yaller nigger was a sho' 'nuff gen'man to show me de road. Seem lak I knowed him befo' —' He pondered. That receding brow, that sharp-rigged, spreading nose, that tight upper lip over the two big front teeth, that chinless jaw — He fumbled hurriedly for the card he had not looked at and eagerly made out the name.

'Mouse Uggam, sho' 'nuff! Well, dog-gone!'

II

Uggam sought out Tom Edwards, once a Pullman porter, now prosperous proprietor of a cabaret, and told him: —

'Chief, I got him: a baby jess in from the land o' cotton and so dumb he thinks ante bellum 's an old woman.'

'Where 'd you find him?'

'Where you find all the jay birds when they first hit Harlem — at the subway entrance. This one come up the stairs, batted his eyes once or twice, an' froze to the spot — with his mouth open. Sure sign he's from 'way down behind the sun an' ripe f' the pluckin'.'

Edwards grinned a gold-studded, fat-jowled grin. 'Gave him the usual line, I suppose?'

'Did n't miss. An' he fell like a ton o' bricks. 'Course I've got him spotted, but damn 'f I know jess how to switch 'em on to him.'

'Get him a job around a store somewhere. Make out you're befriendin' him. Get his confidence.'

'Sounds good. Ought to be easy. He's from my state. Maybe I know him or some of his people.'

'Make out you do, anyhow. Then tell him some fairy tale that 'll switch your trade to him. The cops 'll follow the trade. We could even let Froggy flop into some dumb white cop's hands and "confess" where he got it. See?'

'Chief, you got a head, no lie.'

'Don't lose no time. And remember, hereafter, it's better to sacrifice a little than to get squealed on. Never refuse a customer. Give him a little credit. Humor him along till you can get rid of him safe. You don't know what that guy that died may have said; you don't know who's on to you now. And if they get you — I don't know you.'

'They won't get me,' said Uggam.

King Solomon Gillis sat meditating in a room half the size of his hencoop back home, with a single window opening into an airshaft.

An airshaft: cabbage and chitterlings cooking; liver and onions sizzling, sputtering; three player-pianos outplunking each other; a man and woman calling each other vile things; a sick, neglected baby wailing; a phonograph broadcasting blues; dishes clacking; a girl crying heartbrokenly; waste noises, waste odors of a score of families, seeking issue through a common channel; pollution from bottom to top — a sewer of sounds and smells.

Contemplating this, King Solomon grinned and breathed, 'Dog-gone!' A little later, still gazing into the sewer, he grinned again. 'Green stockin's,' he said; 'loud green!' The sewer gradually grew darker. A window lighted up opposite, revealing a woman in camisole and petticoat, arranging her hair. King Solomon, staring vacantly, shook his head and grinned yet again. 'Even got cullud policemen!' he mumbled softly.

III

Uggam leaned out of the room's one window and spat maliciously into the dinginess of the airshaft. 'Damn glad you got him,' he commented, as Gillis finished his story. 'They's a thousand shines in Harlem would change places with you in a minute jess f' the honor of killin' a cracker.'

'But I did n't go to do it. 'T was a accident.'

'That 's the only part to keep secret.'

'Know whut dey done? Dey killed five o' Mose Joplin's hawses 'fo he lef'. Put groun' glass in de feed-trough. Sam Cheevers come up on three of 'em one night pizenin' his well. Bleasom beat Crinshaw out o' sixty acres o' lan' an' a year's crops. Dass jess how 't is. Soon 's a nigger make a li'l sump'n he better git to leavin'. An' 'fo long ev'y-body's goin' be lef'!

'Hope to hell they don't all come here.'

The doorbell of the apartment rang. A crescendo of footfalls in the hallway culminated in a sharp rap on Gillis's door. Gillis jumped. Nobody but a policeman would rap like that. Maybe the landlady had been listening and had called in the law. It came again, loud, quick, angry. King Solomon prayed that the policeman would be a Negro.

Uggam stepped over and opened the door. King Solomon's apprehensive eyes saw framed therein, instead of a gigantic officer, calling for him, a little blot of a creature, quite black against even the darkness of the hallway, except for a dirty, wide-striped silk shirt, collarless, with the sleeves rolled up.

'Ah hahve bill fo' Mr. Gillis.' A high, strongly accented Jamaican voice, with its characteristic singsong intonation, interrupted King Solomon's sigh of relief.

'Bill? Bill fo' me? What kin' o' bill?'

'Wan bushel appels. T'ree seventy-five.'

'Apples? I ain' bought no apples.' He took the paper and read aloud, laboriously, 'Antonio Gabrielli to K. S. Gillis, Doctor —'

'Mr. Gabrielli say, you not pays him, he send policeman.'

'What I had to do wid 'is apples?'

'You bumps into him yesterday, no?

Scatter appels everywhere — on de sidewalk, in de gutter. Kids pick up an' run away. Others all spoil. So you pays.'

Gillis appealed to Uggam. 'How 'bout it, Mouse?'

'He 's a damn liar. Tony picked up most of 'em; I seen him. Lemme look at that bill — Tony never wrote this thing. This baby's jess playin' you for a sucker.'

'Ain' had no apples, ain' payin' fo' none,' announced King Solomon, thus prompted. 'Did n't have to come to Harlem to git cheated. Plenty o' dat right wha' I come fum.'

But the West Indian warmly insisted. 'You cahn't do daht, mon. Whaht you t'ink, 'ey? Dis mon loose 'is appels an' 'is money too?'

'What diff'ence it make to you, nigger?'

'Who you call nigger, mon? Ah hahve you understahn' —'

'Oh, well, white folks, den. What all you got t' do wid dis hyeh, anyhow?'

'Mr. Gabrielli send me to collect bill!'

'How I know dat?'

'Do Ah not bring bill? You t'ink Ah steal t'ree dollar, 'ey?'

'Three dollars an' sebenty-fi' cent,' corrected Gillis. 'Nuther thing: wha' you ever see me befo'? How you know dis is me?'

'Ah see you, sure. Ah help Mr. Gabrielli in de store. When you knocks down de baskette appels, Ah see. Ah follow you. Ah know you comes in dis house.'

'Oh, you does? An' how come you know my name an' flat an' room so good? How come dat?'

'Ah fin' out. Sometime Ah brings up here vegetables from de store.'

'Humph! Mus' be workin' on shares.'

'You pays, 'ey? You pays me or de policeman?'

'Wait a minute,' broke in Uggam,

who had been thoughtfully contemplating the bill. 'Now listen, big shorty. You haul hips on back to Tony. We got your menu all right' — he waved the bill — 'but we don't eat your kind o' cookin', see?'

The West Indian flared. 'Whaht it is to you, 'ey? You can not mind your own business? Ah hahve not spik to you!'

'No, brother. But this is my friend, an' I'll be john-browned if there's a monkey-chaser in Harlem can gyp him if I know it, see? Bes' thing f' you to do is catch air, toot sweet.'

Sensing frustration, the little islander demanded the bill back. Uggam figured he could use the bill himself, maybe. The West Indian hotly persisted; he even menaced. Uggam pocketed the paper and invited him to take it. Wisely enough, the caller preferred to catch air.

When he had gone, King Solomon sought words of thanks.

'Bottle it,' said Uggam. 'The point is this: I figger you got a job.'

'Job? No I ain't! Wha' at?'

'When you show Tony this bill, he'll hit the roof and fire that monk.'

'What ef he do?'

'Then you up 'n ask f' the job. He'll be too grateful to refuse. I know Tony some, an' I'll be there to put in a good word. See?'

King Solomon considered this. 'Sho' needs a job, but ain't after stealin' none.'

'Stealin'? 'T would n't be stealin'. Stealin' 's what that damn monkey-chaser tried to do from you. This would be doin' Tony a favor an' gettin' y'self out o' the barrel. What's the hold-back?'

'What make you keep callin' him monkey-chaser?'

'West Indian. That's another thing. Any time y' can knife a monk, do it. They's too damn many of 'em here. They're an achin' pain.'

'Jess de way white folks feels 'bout niggers.'

'Damn that. How 'bout it? Y' want the job?'

'Hm — well — I'd rather be a policeman.'

'Policeman?' Uggam gasped.

'M-hm. Dass all I wants to be, a policeman, so I kin police all de white folks right plumb in jail!'

Uggam said seriously, 'Well, y' might work up to that. But it takes time. An' y've got to eat while y're waitin'.' He paused to let this penetrate. 'Now, how 'bout this job at Tony's in the meantime? I should think y'd jump at it.'

King Solomon was persuaded.

'Hm — well — reckon I does,' he said slowly.

'Now y're tootin'!' Uggam's two big front teeth popped out in a grin of genuine pleasure. 'Come on. Let's go.'

IV

Spitting blood and crying with rage, the West Indian scrambled to his feet. For a moment he stood in front of the store gesticulating furiously and jabbering shrill threats and unintelligible curses. Then abruptly he stopped and took himself off.

King Solomon Gillis, mildly puzzled, watched him from Tony's doorway. 'I jess give him a li'l shove,' he said to himself, 'an' he roll' clean 'cross de sidewalk.' And a little later, disgustedly, 'Monkey-chaser!' he grunted, and went back to his sweeping.

'Well, big boy, how y' comin' on?'

Gillis dropped his broom. 'Hay-o, Mouse. Wha' you been las' two-three days?'

'Oh, around. Gettin' on all right here? Had any trouble?'

'Deed I ain't — 'ceptin' jess now I had to throw 'at li'l jigger out.'

'Who? The monk?'

'M-hm. He sho' Lawd doan like me in his job. Look like he think I stole it from him, stiddy him tryin' to steal from me. Had to push him down sho' 'nuff 'fo I could git rid of 'im. Den he run off talkin' es' Indi'man an' shakin' his fis' at me.'

'Ferget it,' Uggam glanced about. 'Where 's Tony?'

'Boss man? He be back direckly.'

'Listen — like to make two or three bucks a day extra?'

'Huh?'

'Two or three dollars a day more 'n what you 're gettin' already?'

'Ain' I near 'nuff in jail now?'

'Listen,' King Solomon listened. Uggam had n't been in France for nothing. Fact was, in France he'd learned about some 'valuable French medicine. He'd brought some back with him, — little white pills, — and while in Harlem had found a certain druggist who knew what they were and could supply all he could use. Now there were any number of people who would buy and pay well for as much of this French medicine as Uggam could get. It was good for what ailed them, and they did n't know how to get it except through him. But he had no store in which to set up an agency and hence no single place where his customers could go to get what they wanted. If he had, he could sell three or four times as much as he did.

King Solomon was in a position to help him now, same as he had helped King Solomon. He would leave a dozen packages of the medicine — just small envelopes that could all be carried in a coat pocket — with King Solomon every day. Then he could simply send his customers to King Solomon at Tony's store. They'd make some trifling purchase, slip him a certain coupon which Uggam had given them, and King Solomon would wrap the little envelope of medicine with

their purchase. Must n't let Tony catch on, because he might object, and then the whole scheme would go gafflooy. Of course it would n't really be hurting Tony any. Would n't it increase the number of his customers?

Finally, at the end of each day, Uggam would meet King Solomon some place and give him a quarter for each coupon he held. There 'd be at least ten or twelve a day — two and a half or three dollars plumb extra! Eighteen or twenty dollars a week!

'Dog-gone!' breathed Gillis.

'Does Tony ever leave you heer alone?'

'M-hm. Jess started dis mawnin'. Doan nobody much come round 'tween ten an' twelve, so he done took to doin' his buyin' right 'long 'bout dat time. Nobody hyeh but me fo' 'n hour or so.'

'Good. I'll try to get my folks to come 'round here mostly while Tony's out, see?'

'I doan miss.'

'Sure y' get the idea, now?' Uggam carefully explained it all again. By the time he had finished, King Solomon was wallowing in gratitude.

'Mouse, you sho' is been a friend to me. Why, 'f 't had n' been fo' you —'

'Bottle it,' said Uggam. 'I'll be round to your room to-night with enough stuff for to-morrer, see? Be sure 'n be there.'

'Won't be nowha' else.'

'An' remember, this is all jess between you 'n me.'

'Nobody else but,' vowed King Solomon.

Uggam grinned to himself as he went on his way. 'Dumb Oscar! Wonder how much can we make before the cops nab him? French medicine — Hmph!'

V

Tony Gabrielli, an oblate Neapolitan of enormous equator, wobbled heavily

out of his store and settled himself over a soap box.

Usually Tony enjoyed sitting out front thus in the evening, when his helper had gone home and his trade was slackest. He liked to watch the little Gabriellis playing over the sidewalk with the little Levys and Johnsons; the trios and quartettes of brightly dressed, dark-skinned girls merrily out for a stroll; the slovenly gaited, darker men, who eyed them up and down and commented to each other with an unsuppressed 'Hot damn!' or 'Oh no, now!'

But to-night Tony was troubled. Something was wrong in the store; something was different since the arrival of King Solomon Gillis. The new man had seemed to prove himself honest and trustworthy, it was true. Tony had tested him, as he always tested a new man, by apparently leaving him alone in charge for two or three mornings. As a matter of fact, the new man was never under more vigilant observation than during these two or three mornings. Tony's store was a modification of the front rooms of his flat and was in direct communication with it by way of a glass-windowed door in the rear. Tony always managed to get back into his flat via the side-street entrance and watch the new man through this unobtrusive glass-windowed door. If anything excited his suspicion, like unwarranted interest in the cash register, he walked unexpectedly out of this door to surprise the offender in the act. Thereafter he would have no more such trouble. But he had not succeeded in seeing King Solomon steal even an apple.

What he had observed, however, was that the number of customers that came into the store during the morning's slack hour had pronouncedly increased in the last few days. Before, there had been three or four. Now there were twelve or fifteen. The mys-

terious thing about it was that their purchases totaled little more than those of the original three or four.

Yesterday and to-day Tony had elected to be in the store at the time when, on the other days, he had been out. But Gillis had not been overcharging or short-changing; for when Tony waited on the customers himself — strange faces all — he found that they bought something like a yeast cake or a five-cent loaf of bread. It was puzzling. Why should strangers leave their own neighborhoods and repeatedly come to him for a yeast cake or a loaf of bread? They were not new neighbors. New neighbors would have bought more variously and extensively and at different times of day. Living near by, they would have come in, the men often in shirtsleeves and slippers, the women in kimonos, with boudoir caps covering their lumpy heads. They would have sent in strange children for things like yeast cakes and loaves of bread. And why did not some of them come in at night when the new helper was off duty?

As for accosting Gillis on suspicion, Tony was too wise for that. Patronage had a queer way of shifting itself in Harlem. You lost your temper and let slip a single '*nègre*.' A week later you sold your business.

Spread over his soap box, with his pudgy hands clasped on his preposterous paunch, Tony sat and wondered. Two men came up, conspicuous for no other reason than that they were white. They displayed extreme nervousness, looking about as if afraid of being seen; and when one of them spoke to Tony it was in a husky, toneless, blowing voice, like the sound of a dirty phonograph record.

'Are you Antonio Gabrielli?'

'Yes, sure.' Strange behavior for such lusty-looking fellows. He who had spoken unsmilingly winked first one

eye then the other, and indicated by a gesture of his head that they should enter the store. His companion looked cautiously up and down the Avenue, while Tony, wondering what ailed them, rolled to his feet and puffingly led the way.

Inside, the spokesman snuffled, gave his shoulders a queer little hunch, and asked, 'Can you fix us up, buddy?' The other glanced restlessly about the place as if he were constantly hearing unaccountable noises.

Tony thought he understood clearly now. 'Booze, 'ey?' he smiled. 'Sorry — I no got.'

'Booze? Hell, no!' The voice dwindled to a throaty whisper. 'Dope. Coke, milk, dice — anything. Name your price. Got to have it.'

'Dope?' Tony was entirely at a loss. 'What 's a dis, dope?'

'Aw, lay off, brother. We 're in on this. Here.' He handed Tony a piece of paper. 'Froggy gave us a coupon. Come on. You can't go wrong.'

'I no got,' insisted the perplexed Tony; nor could he be budged on that point.

Quite suddenly the manner of both men changed. 'All right,' said the first angrily, in a voice as robust as his body. 'All right, you 're clever, You no got. Well, you will get. You 'll get twenty years!'

'Twenty year? Whadda you talk?'

'Wait a minute, Mac,' said the second caller. 'Maybe the wop 's on the level. Look here, Tony, we 're officers, see? Policemen.' He produced a badge. 'A couple of weeks ago a guy was brought in dying for the want of a shot, see? Dope — he needed some dope — like this — in his arm. See? Well, we tried to make him tell us where he 'd been getting it, but he was too weak. He croaked next day. Evidently he had n't had money enough to buy any more.

'Well, this morning a little nigger that goes by the name of Froggy was brought into the precinct pretty well doped up. When he finally came to, he swore he got the stuff here at your store. Of course, we 've just been trying to trick you into giving yourself away, but you don't bite. Now what 's your game? Know anything about this?'

Tony understood. 'I dunno,' he said slowly; and then his own problem, whose contemplation his callers had interrupted, occurred to him. 'Sure!' he exclaimed. 'Wait. Maybeso I know somet'ing.'

'All right. Spill it.'

'I got a new man, work-a for me.' And he told them what he had noted since King Solomon Gillis came.

'Sounds interesting. Where is this guy?'

'Here in da store — all day.'

'Be here to-morrow?'

'Sure. All day.'

'All right. We 'll drop in to-morrow and give him the eye. Maybe he 's our man.'

'Sure. Come ten o'clock. I show you,' promised Tony.

VI

Even the oldest and rattiest cabarets in Harlem have sense of shame enough to hide themselves under the ground — for instance, Edwards's. To get into Edwards's you casually enter a dimly lighted corner saloon, apparently — only apparently — a subdued memory of brighter days. What was once the family entrance is now a side entrance for ladies. Supporting yourself against close walls, you crouchingly descend a narrow, twisted staircase until, with a final turn, you find yourself in a glaring, long, low basement. In a moment your eyes become accustomed to the haze of tobacco smoke. You see

men and women seated at wire-legged, white-topped tables, which are covered with half-empty bottles and glasses; you trace the slow-jazz accompaniment you heard as you came down the stairs to a pianist, a cornetist, and a drummer on a little platform at the far end of the room. There is a cleared space from the foot of the stairs, where you are standing, to the platform where this orchestra is mounted, and in it a tall brown girl is swaying from side to side and rhythmically proclaiming that she has the world in a jug and the stopper in her hand. Behind a counter at your left sits a fat, bald, tea-colored Negro, and you wonder if this is Edwards — Edwards, who stands in with the police, with the political bosses, with the importers of wines and worse. A white-vested waiter hustles you to a seat and takes your order. The song's tempo changes to a quicker; the drum and the cornet rip out a fanfare, almost drowning the piano; the girl catches up her dress and begins to dance. . . .

Gillis's wondering eyes had been roaming about. They stopped.

'Look, Mouse!' he whispered. 'Look a-yonder!'

'Look at what?'

'Dog-gone if it ain' de self-same gal!'

'Wha' d' ye mean, self-same girl?'

'Over yonder, wi' de green stockin's. Dass de gal made me knock over dem apples fust day I come to town. 'Member? Been wishin' I could see her ev'y sence.'

'What for?' Uggam wondered.

King Solomon grew confidential. 'Ain' but two things in dis world, Mouse, I really wants. One is to be a policeman. Been wantin' dat ev'y sence I seen dat cullud traffic-cop dat day. Other is to git myse'f a gal lak dat one over yonder!'

'You 'll do it,' laughed Uggam, 'if you live long enough.'

'Who dat wid her?'

'How 'n hell do I know?'

'He cullud?'

'Don't look like it. Why? What of it?'

'Hm — nuthin' —'

'How many coupons y' got to-night?'

'Ten.' King Solomon handed them over.

'Y' ought to 've slipt 'em to me under the table, but it 's all right now, long as we got this table to ourselves. Here 's y' medicine for to-morrer.'

'Wha'?'

'Reach under the table.'

Gillis secured and pocketed the medicine.

'An' here 's two-fifty for a good day's work.' Uggam passed the money over. Perhaps he grew careless; certainly the passing this time was above the table, in plain sight.

'Thanks, Mouse.'

Two white men had been watching Gillis and Uggam from a table near by. In the tumult of merriment that rewarded the entertainer's most recent and daring effort, one of these men, with a word to the other, came over and took the vacant chair beside Gillis.

'Is your name Gillis?'

'T ain' nuthin' else.'

Uggam's eyes narrowed.

The white man showed King Solomon a police officer's badge.

'You 're wanted for dope-peddling. Will you come along without trouble?'

'Fo' what?'

'Violation of the narcotic law — dope-selling.'

'Who — me?'

'Come on, now, lay off that stuff. I saw what happened just now myself.' He addressed Uggam. 'Do you know this fellow?'

'Nope. Never saw him before to-night.'

'Did n't I just see him sell you something?'

'Guess you did. We happened to be

sittin' here at the same table and got to talkin'. After a while I says I can't seem to sleep nights, so he offers me sump'n he says 'll make me sleep, all right. I don't know what it is, but he says he uses it himself an' I offers to pay him what it cost him. That 's how I come to take it. Guess he 's got more in his pocket there now.'

The detective reached deftly into the coat pocket of the dumfounded King Solomon and withdrew a packet of envelopes. He tore off a corner of one, emptied a half-dozen tiny white tablets into his palm, and sneered triumphantly. 'You 'll make a good witness,' he told Uggam.

The entertainer was issuing an ultimatum to all sweet mammas who dared to monkey round her loving man. Her audience was absorbed and delighted, with the exception of one couple — the girl with the green stockings and her escort. They sat directly in the line of vision of King Solomon's wide eyes, which, in the calamity that had descended upon him, for the moment saw nothing.

'Are you coming without trouble?'

Mouse Uggam, his friend. Harlem. Land of plenty. City of refuge — city of refuge. If you live long enough —

Consciousness of what was happening between the pair across the room suddenly broke through Gillis's daze like flame through smoke. The man was trying to kiss the girl and she was resisting. Gillis jumped up. The detective, taking the act for an attempt at escape,

jumped with him and was quick enough to intercept him. The second officer came at once to his fellow's aid, blowing his whistle several times as he came.

People overturned chairs getting out of the way, but nobody ran for the door. It was an old crowd. A fight was a treat; and the tall Negro could fight.

'Judas Priest!'

'Did you see that?'

'Damn!'

White — both white. Five of Mose Joplin's horses. Poisoning a well. A year's crops. Green stockings — white — white —

'That 's the time, papa!'

'Do it, big boy!'

'Good night!'

Uggam watched tensely, with one eye on the door. The second cop had blown for help —

Downing one of the detectives a third time and turning to grapple again with the other, Gillis found himself face to face with a uniformed black policeman.

He stopped as if stunned. For a moment he simply stared. Into his mind swept his own words like a forgotten song, suddenly recalled: —

'Cullud policemen!'

The officer stood ready, awaiting his rush.

'Even — got — cullud — policemen —'

Very slowly King Solomon's arms relaxed; very slowly he stood erect; and the grin that came over his features had something exultant about it.

LONDON FOLK

BY MORLEY DOBSON

THE folk who dwell in London town
Are learned folk and wise;
The pageantry of the wide earth
Passes before their eyes.
But there 's more than the London folk have seen,
Beyond their dead gray skies;
There 's more than the London folk believe
'Twixt sunset and moonrise.

Oh, there 's many and many a goodly sport
Well known in London town;
But I saw King Oberon of Faëry
In a wood by Merrow Down;
He had a sword of the moony silver
And a dewdrop in his crown;
He hunted a bat in the still twilight
For his skin so soft and brown.

And in London town there 's many a shop
Will sell your heart's desire:
But by the red roofs of Prior's Marston,
Which is in Warwickshire,
I came upon Robin Goodfellow
Digging a field for hire;
I gave him a silver threepenny-bit
To rest by his kitchen fire.

And in London town is the Queen of England,
Most royally fair to see:
But a road runs over Hollow Mill Cross
In the far North Country,
Where I met the Queen of Elfland riding
With a lordly company;
True Thomas rode by her left side,
And she kissed her hand to me.

It 's good to walk about London town
When one is blithe and young:
But I sigh to think of the chalk hills
Where elfin bells are rung;
My eyes are weary for red fields
The Warwick woods among;
My heart is sick for the bare high fells
Where my songs were first sung.

RELIGION IN THE FUTURE

BY W. R. INGE

I

THE trade of prophet survives every discouragement. But few prophets are at the pains to make a cool calculation of the forces the resultant of which they wish to determine. Most of us, when we make predictions, wish to encourage ourselves by declaring that our cause is sure to triumph, and to persuade others that the flowing tide is with us. We have also our optimists, whose barometer is fixed at 'set fair,' and our pessimists, who always report 'stormy.' And we have to reckon with a strong tendency to assume that the pendulum will go on swinging in its present direction.

For nearly two hundred years the Western nations have made a kind of religion of what they call progress. There is, they hold, a natural tendency, or a divine purpose, that the world shall go on improving from year to year. By progress they mean sometimes that kind of advance which may be measured by statistics, large numbers being superior to small numbers, and sometimes the victory of those causes which they have been taught to call progressive. It is a secularized, but by no means a scientific, form of millenarianism. Some even think that they can find it in the Gospels.

The study of history applies a cold douche to this facile optimism. Nature gives us nothing except at the price of labor, and the eating from the tree of knowledge always drives us out of some paradise or other. Even the paradise

of fools is a pleasant residence while it is habitable. And when we look back over the past of religion in order to predict its future, which is our present enterprise, we find that the history of religions — I will not say of religion — has been usually a history of decline. A revelation is purest when it is fresh from the mint. The early preachers of Christianity would have been astonished if they could have seen their successors hunting for their skulls and thigh bones, flogging themselves on the tops of pillars, or, like the Spanish nobleman mentioned by Las Casas, burning alive thirteen Indians 'in honor of Christ and the Twelve Apostles.' Buddha would have been equally surprised to hear that his followers are now arranging to operate their prayer-wheels by electricity. The melancholy reflection is also borne in upon us that in religion nothing fails like success. The corruptions of the Western Church were never so flagrant as during the so-called Ages of Faith, when an emperor was obliged to hold the stirrup of the *Servus Servorum Dei*.

It is not surprising that many observers have predicted the gradual decay and ultimate disappearance of all the historical religions, not excluding Christianity. The notion that mankind can dispense with religion is indeed obsolete; history gives no countenance to Comte's successive stages, in which the worship of man is to succeed the worship of God, till the

philosopher of the future, like a new Narcissus, *se mirera dans son encier*. But it is a plausible view that, as there seems to be no resurrection of dead mythologies, so Christianity will languish till a new religion captivates the imagination of men and sweeps victoriously over the world. These prophets admit that the time may be long. The Roman haruspices had smiled at each other for centuries before the monks came to relieve them. But, on this view of history, Christianity is a spent force.

This opinion is naturally inadmissible by Christians, and it is not really fortified by history. Religions are by far the toughest of all human institutions. If they die, it is usually because their worshipers have died out. The Olympians disappeared with the Greeks and Romans. The vital religion of the empire passed into the Catholic Church as one of its chief constituents; the *nomina* rather than the *numina* were changed. Christianity, thus uprooted from its soil in Palestine and turned into the religion of the European races, satisfied the spiritual and religious needs of those races so thoroughly that it became an essential part of their civilization, as it is to this day. It may be doubtful whether it will ever displace the still older faiths of India, China, and Japan; but any new religion for the white races is almost unthinkable.

II

But of course we must answer the question, What is Christianity? It would be difficult to find any common formula which would include Origen and Torquemada, the Templars and the Quakers, Newman and Kingsley, Oliver Cromwell and Thomas à Kempis. To identify Christianity with any corporation would be contrary to the whole spirit of the Gospel. Real

Christianity must, I suppose, be roughly defined as a way of living and believing based on the recorded teaching and example of Jesus Christ, whose authority is revered as final and absolute. For the purposes of this article I shall assume that this fundamental loyalty underlies all the various types of Christianity.

The two questions to be considered are, to what extent the civilization of Europe and America in the near future is likely to be influenced by religion, and what type of Christianity is likely to be prevalent.

Some will say that a Christian can give only one answer to the former question. If Christianity is true, it must increase in power and influence from age to age, till all the kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord, and of His Christ. This, however, belongs to the superstition of continuous progress to which I have already referred. Whether the human race will ultimately reach moral and intellectual heights now undreamed of, or whether, after a comparatively brief episode of change and unrest, it will relapse into a condition of stable equilibrium, like the bees under their socialistic gynæocracy of maiden aunts, no one can possibly say. Questions of this kind are not to be settled by revelation or faith. But as regards the near future we can say only this: that if the nations of the West are really progressing, not merely in wealth and scientific knowledge, but in intrinsic worth, moral and intellectual, their religion will become more ethical, more spiritual, more universal, less superstitious, and less obscurantist; while, on the other hand, if Western civilization has passed its zenith, and is now on the down-grade, we may expect to see a revival of magic, priesthood, immoral superstition, and narrow bigotry—in a word, of that kind of religion to

destroy which Christ suffered Himself to be nailed to the cross, though it has too often flourished under His name.

The type of religion prevalent in any nation cannot be much in advance of the intellectual and moral condition of the population at large. It was alleged by an English official that in Haiti the Christian sacrament sometimes ended in a human sacrifice and cannibalism; and we should not expect to find a high type of Christianity in Abyssinia. An Indian tribe which had been Christianized in the early Middle Ages, and then isolated for centuries from all contact with the West, was found to have forgotten every particle of the Gospel except the two ritual practices of making the sign of the cross and fasting in Lent. In certain circumstances these fragments of ceremonial have been proved to have a greater survival-value than any of the weightier matters of the law.

III

An American divine, some twenty years ago, wrote a book on *Coming Catholicism and Passing Protestantism*. The course of events during what has passed of the twentieth century has favored this prediction, and the partisans of the Roman Catholic Church are full of confidence that the future is on their side. The number of conversions does not seem to be very great; but the Protestant Churches are visibly losing ground in many countries, and Catholic ideas have in some cases, as in the Anglican Church, transformed the outward appearance of religious bodies which are not recognized by the Romans as Catholic. In Germany especially we are told that Catholicism is 'winning all along the line.' The fall of the Hohenzollern dynasty was a blow to Lutheranism, and the threatened disintegration of that proud

empire has driven many to look for some spiritual force which may restore unity and discipline. But it must not be taken for granted that Protestantism in Germany is really weaker than it was ten years ago. The very interesting 'Youth' movement for plain living and high thinking is spreading over the land, and the misfortunes which have overtaken Germany have deepened the religious tone, which under the rule of militant imperialism had become both shallow and coarse.

In England the Anglo-Catholics are confident and aggressive. They have become unequivocally Latin in their sympathies, and openly desire the reabsorption of the Anglican Church under the Roman obedience. But these epigoni of the Laudians and Tractarians have probably reached the summit of their success. They have no really eminent theologians, and appeal chiefly to the desire for sacerdotal magic, which is never far below the surface in religious minds of a certain type, and to the æsthetic love of ornate ceremonial. The movement is strongest in London, and in the districts fed by the London, Brighton and South Coast Railway, where devout and honorable women mostly congregate. Although Anglo-Catholicism has a long history in the Established Church, it does not seem likely to have a future commensurate with the hopes of its supporters. A schismatical Catholic Church, which divides all other Christians into those who unchurch it and those whom it unchurches, is in too illogical a position even for Englishmen. And a wholesale secession to Rome is most improbable. As Santayana says, an Englishman can hardly become a Catholic in earnest without a breach with all the habits and traditions of his race.

The Roman Catholics place great hopes on the differential birth-rate.

They point to the almost stationary numbers of Protestants in the upper and middle classes, in contrast with the unrestrained fecundity of the Irish, Poles, and French Canadians. The superior fertility of Catholics will, they hope, give their religion a strong numerical predominance in another fifty years. This fecundity, which is usually ascribed to the condemnation of birth-control by the Roman Church, exists only where the population is on a low level of civilization, or where, as in Canada, there is room for more farmers. The Boers, who are Protestants, are as prolific as the French Canadians, and for the same reason, while the French and Belgians, highly civilized Catholics, have almost the lowest birth-rates in the world. The Irish and Poles underbid the Protestants in rough and cheap labor, because they are on a lower cultural level. The Slav races all have an enormous birth-rate and death-rate; in Russia before the war, for example, the birth-rate was 44, the death-rate 28, which may be compared with the figures for Australasia, 26 and 10, giving the same net increase. The probability of America being swamped with low-grade Catholic immigrants has been reduced by recent legislation, and the fecundity of the backward Catholic peoples may be a transient phenomenon. At present, however, it cannot be denied that the differential rate of increase threatens the position of the Protestant Nordic race. It is not primarily a question of religion, but of the survival-value of expensive classes and races as compared with those who are content with a lower standard of life.

Catholicism, as Eucken says, stereotyped as final the form which Christianity reached in the zenith of the Middle Ages, and can admit of no further development except on surface matters. If modern civilization de-

mands changes of a more drastic character, Catholicism will be in a difficult position. Its strength is that it is well adapted to a stage of human culture which is likely always to be well represented, even in civilized communities. It corresponds with an idea of religion which was old before Christianity was young. The liturgy, indeed, and the theological literature, belong to the Græco-Jewish syncretism which was effected in the early centuries of the Church. It owes much to the pagan mystery cults, but it is not polytheistic. But popular Catholicism is very different. As Santayana says: 'While Mass is being celebrated, the old woman will tell her beads, lost in rumination over her own troubles; the housewife will light her candles, duly blessed for the occasion, to be protected against lightning. . . . Every spot and every man has a particular patron. . . . The miracle attributed to the Virgin under one title are far from being attributable to her under another. . . . A bereaved mother will not fly to the Immaculate Conception for comfort, but of course to Our Lady of the Seven Sorrows. . . . There is a perfect survival of heroes and penates on the one hand and of pagan funeral-rites and commemorations on the other. Add Saint Agnes's and Saint Valentine's days, with their profane associations, a saint for finding lost articles and another for prospering amourettes. . . . this, with what more could easily be rehearsed, makes a complete paganism within the Christian tradition, for which little basis can be found in the Mass, the breviary, or the theologians.'

It would be rash to assume that a religion of magic, miracle, and idolatry cannot succeed in the twentieth century. Thirty years ago most men would have said this with confidence; but there has been an unmistakable revival of the lower kinds of religion

during and since the Great War, and a rebellion against the mechanistic science of the last century, fomented not only by ecclesiastics but by certain schools of philosophy and by the new sciences of biology and psychology. Psychology especially, with its reduction of philosophy to the study of the human mind and its states, is favorable to superstition, in so far as it disintegrates the firm and coherent scientific view of reality. The opinion is widely held that both chance and miracle have been somehow rehabilitated, and that we have a right to believe (at our own risk, we are sometimes told) whatever makes us happy or helps us to be and feel good.

The educated man, especially if he has a scientific training, finds it very difficult to understand the apparent indifference to truth among the majority of believers, and the general readiness to believe the most grotesque superstitions. When we have seen a cultivated man turn pale with terror at finding himself one of thirteen at table, or have noticed that fashionable marriages almost cease in the month of May, in obedience to a pagan superstition the origin of which could be only guessed by Ovid two thousand years ago, we can no longer wonder at the severe tests which the Roman hierarchy thinks it safe to impose on the credulity of the faithful. We old Etonians are of course pleased that our founder, King Henry VI, is to be beatified; but it will surprise most of us to hear that that unfortunate monarch is credited with three hundred and sixty-eight miracles, of which twenty-three have been selected as absolutely proved, in order to warrant his beatification. But miracles are taken seriously enough in some parts of the Catholic world. Last year, when Etna was in eruption, the inhabitants of Linguaglossa took the staff of their patron saint Egidio

and carried it in procession in front of the lava stream which was advancing toward their village. The people of Castiglione, hearing this, feared that the lava would be diverted in their own direction; so, having no wonder-working relic themselves, they marched against the men of Linguaglossa to stop them from performing their miracle. The combatants were separated by the carabinieri after some casualties had occurred.

These absurdities do not trouble the educated Catholic much. Coventry Patmore wrote in his copy of Matthew Arnold's *Literature and Dogma*: 'What's the use of argufying? When all's said, I take to the Catholic religion rather than to Atheism or Protestantism as I take to ale rather than to porter or half-and-half — because I like it better.' But the question is whether this religion is likely to triumph over other forms of Christianity which at least make some attempt to come to terms with science and humanism.

IV

We may admit that the stability of Catholicism looks much more assured to-day than when Winckelmann wrote in 1768, from Rome, that before half a century had passed there would no longer be either a pope or a priest in the Eternal City.

We may also admit that in a country where the average mental age of an adult voter and breadwinner is about fourteen — and if this humiliating fact has been proved for the United States, it is unlikely that any European country could show a better record — the majority might easily be induced to believe in sporadic miracles, such as the split hailstones of Remiremont, stamped with the features of the Virgin, reported from France a few years before the Great War. But the

whole trend of modern education and experience is strongly against supernatural phenomena. Even if the grandchildren of the present generation are somewhat less intelligent than their grandparents, they will be influenced by the cumulative effect of two more generations of scientific method, based on exact research.

There is now hardly any department of human industry which does not depend on the natural sciences. They are called in as a matter of course in every kind of manufacture and in all the operations of agriculture. The modern man lives in a world where scientific methods are constantly used, and where no irruption traceable to a supernatural agency is ever established. Magic and miracle have been wholly banished from his everyday experience; and it must become increasingly difficult for him to 'believe heavily,' as Renan said, that one particular religious corporation enjoys the privilege of upsetting, at frequent intervals, the ordinary course of nature. The theory of supernaturalistic dualism is so interwoven with Catholicism, it accounts for so much of its attractiveness, and it adds so much to its prestige and power of discipline, that it cannot be abandoned, though no doubt many educated Catholic laymen have practically discarded it. The Church itself utilizes the beliefs of the vulgar rather cynically, as in the instance of the miracle-working spring of La Salette, the fame of which began with an acknowledged hoax.

Another thing which is likely to tell adversely to the prospects of the Roman Church is the increasing difficulty of maintaining the monopolist claims on which its power largely rests. In a country like Spain it may be easy to attribute every enormity to the *eretico*, whom the populace seldom sees; but in America, where people of all religions

and no religion rub shoulders every day, and where it is possible to form a fairly just estimate of a neighbor's character, it must be impossible to divide the sheep from the goats by a denominational wall of partition. The modern Catholic is not fanatical enough to believe that all his decent-living Protestant neighbors are doomed to eternal torment. The Roman Church, especially since the Reformation, has been one among many branches of the Church of Christ, and everyone can see that this is its present position. This, however, is a position which the Roman Church can never afford to accept.

It seems probable that the monopoly claim will have to be tacitly abandoned in countries where Catholics and Protestants live side by side, and with it will go the spiritual arrogance which gives so much satisfaction to Catholics, as well as the power of intimidation which they at present use with great effect. The isolation and backwardness of purely Catholic nations are likely to diminish; and the progress of industrialization is unfavorable to Catholicism, though at least equally so to Protestantism.

The irreligion of the masses is a new, strange, and ominous phenomenon. For the first time in history the masses are not superstitious, and seem indifferent to the higher claims and consolations of religion. Wherever the poisonous influence of Karl Marx and his followers has penetrated, the proletariat is bitterly antichristian and anti-religious. In England, and probably in America, the average workingman has a sincere reverence for Christ, combined with complete alienation from the Churches. His real religion is perhaps best expressed in such associations as the 'Brotherhood,' which flourishes in most of our urban centres. It is a religion without dogma, without church, and without eschatology. The only

virtues which are highly valued are kindliness and courage, though temperance and chastity are inculcated; and the moral life is presented as loyalty to Jesus Christ. The Gospel is wholly secularized; the future hope which alone evokes enthusiasm is the hope of 'a good time coming' for their own class.

I can form no opinion as to whether this greatly reduced Christianity will continue to satisfy the masses. So long as it does, Catholicism is likely to be strongest in the country districts, and institutional Protestantism is not in a better position.

I therefore disbelieve entirely in a sweeping victory for Catholicism. It is in no danger of rapid decay. Its dignity and prestige, the beauty of its services and legends, the inward peace which follows complete submission to authority, and the delicate, hothouse type of piety which it fosters, will draw into it a thin but steady stream of converts. An interesting question, which I shall not attempt to answer, is whether in the new democracies, such as the United States, Canada, Australia, and Argentina, the centralized autocracy which is at present the government of the Roman Church will be able to hold its own. There might be a political disruption of the churches under the Roman obedience, without any great change in the character of the religion.

Just as Catholicism was the last creative achievement of antiquity, so the Reformation was the creation of the Middle Ages. It was not the creation of the Renaissance, which began in the Latin countries, and tended rather to undermine Christian ethics than to plant a new and more rigorously ethical form of Christianity. The Erasmian Reformation may come about in the future; the revolt of the sixteenth century took another form.

Indeed, the *contre-coup* of the Reformation went far to dehumanize Catholicism, tightening its discipline and narrowing its scope. Arthur Clough, visiting Rome in the last century, asked indignantly how long 'these vile, tyrannous Spaniards' were to lord it 'in the country of Dante.' The Reformation was primarily a rebellion of the Northern Europeans against a rapacious bureaucracy whose open immorality scandalized their moral sense as much as their rising consciousness of nationality was insulted by an alien domination over their purses and their consciences. But the Reformers did not see clearly what they wished to do. They achieved their spiritual independence, but left untouched whole blocks of the Catholic system, which were bound to give trouble afterward. Santayana is partly right in saying that the Northern races have not yet achieved a really native civilization. As compared with the more experienced and sophisticated Latins, the English and Americans are still half barbarians.

V

Protestantism, therefore, has not yet completely found itself. It thought that in cutting off the accretions of Mediterranean paganized Christianity it was returning to the original Gospel. To some extent the claim was true; but just as Southern Europe paganized the Gospel, so the North barbarized it, mixing it with an element which certainly never came from Judæa — the Nordic code of chivalry and honor. In some ways, though not in others, Protestantism is further from Galilee than even Roman Catholicism.

The Gospel, as Santayana says, is unworldly, disenchanted, ascetic; it treats ecclesiastical establishments with tolerant contempt; it regards prosperity as a danger, earthly ties as a

burden, Sabbaths as a superstition; it is democratic and antinomian; it loves contemplation, poverty, and solitude; it meets sinners with sympathy, but puritans with biting scorn. Protestantism, on the other hand, — in its most characteristic form, Calvinism, — is convinced of the importance of success; it abominates what is disreputable; contemplation seems to it idleness, solitude selfishness, and poverty a sort of dishonorable punishment. It lacks the notes of humility, disillusion, and detachment. It is the religion of a healthy child, with pure but unchastened energies.

Protestantism is at present suffering from two causes of weakness, very unlike each other. The first is the collapse of the bibliolatry which used to be one of its chief buttresses. 'The Bible,' said Chillingworth, 'is the religion of Protestants.' The old uncritical acceptance of every verse of the Old and New Testaments as equally oracular and infallible has become utterly impossible. It could not survive even the first assaults of scholarship and critical method. But this blow has really been a blessing in disguise. For the theory of verbal inspiration not only was untenable; it committed those who held it to an irreconcilable conflict with natural science, and sometimes, as in the notorious case of witchcraft, it led the Protestant Churches into crimes from which their whole attitude toward God and man ought to have saved them. Bibliolatry has been a millstone round the neck of Protestantism, cramping its freedom and depressing its intellectual energies. The strange thing is that, as we can now see plainly, it has not and never has had any essential connection with the principles of the Reformation. The infallible Book was set up as a makeweight to the infallible Church, because some external and incontrovert-

ible authority seemed to be needed in the struggle against Rome. But the Bible has never really been the religion of Protestants. The seat of authority in religion is for them the inner light, the inspiration of the individual. Mysticism, as Troeltsch says, stands for the first time on its own feet in Protestantism.

It is of course true that the claim to personal inspiration leads to great absurdities if we forget that the Spirit of God speaks in others also, and perhaps in a special sense to the Church in a corporate capacity; but no vagaries of fanatical or unbalanced visionaries alter the fact that for the Protestant the conscience and spiritual experience of the individual are the foundation of faith and morals. This is being more fully recognized in our time than ever before. The centre of gravity in religion has shifted from authority to experience, and the battle between faith and unbelief has completely changed its ground. When this is recognized the fundamental strength of Protestantism will be understood; though, if we may venture to prophesy, it will be the stepchildren of the Reformation, and especially the Quakers, rather than the great Reformed Churches, which will show increased strength and confidence.

The other reason for the depressed condition of Protestantism is the decay of the old Puritan discipline. Calvinism is Christianized Stoicism; it has the same moral strength and the same emotional hardness which showed themselves in the disciples of Zeno. But Calvinism instituted a peculiar kind of asceticism which it put in the place of the disciplinary exercises of the Catholic Church. A man's work in the world was to be the field of his self-denial and his self-discipline. The typically godly life was to be a life not of withdrawal from the world and its

activities, but the conscientious and laborious performance of some branch of industry. It has sometimes been said that Calvinism created the type of the modern business-man. It should, however, be remembered that Calvin condemned avarice and usury, and also the manufacture of things which only subserve the gratifications of the world and the flesh. With this caution, he did encourage Christians to devote their lives to some productive industry, and it is not altogether a caricature to say that the advice of Calvinism is, 'Make and do something concrete and tangible — it does not matter much what it is.'

It is not necessary to remind American readers how large a part this teaching has occupied in the American ideal of good citizenship. It still exists in America, and in Scotland. But the divorce between religion and business is now almost complete. The progress of industrialism has removed the employer more and more from the actual and personal manufacture of commodities; the largest fortunes are made by men who know little or nothing of the crafts from which they derive their wealth; the old simplicity of life and the old scrupulousness are no longer easy to find. The great industrial machine grinds out results which are so unsatisfactory to our sense of justice that books like Samuel Smiles on *Self-Help*, popular half a century ago, arouse only bitter merriment. The ethics of money-making, without Puritanism, are not Christian.

Can we hope for a return to this, the best side of Calvinism, a recognition of the dignity and sacredness of work, as the chief means by which we may serve God in our generation? The decay of this conviction is notorious. Work is now regarded as an evil and a curse, or at best only a means of procuring the pleasures of idleness. There

is even a perverted class-morality among the handworkers which prevents them from doing their best for their employers. I can see no signs of any improvement in this respect. In England the new attitude toward work threatens the final extinction of our national prosperity, already cruelly crippled by the war and by the defalcation of our foreign debtors. We can only say that any country in which a revival of Puritanism takes place will reap a rich material as well as moral reward.

VI

Ecclesiastics are apt to be pessimistic about the future of religion, and as far as the prosperity of church corporations is concerned their discouragement is probably justified. Church life is centred in the Sunday services, and these, we must admit, do not attract even the seriously minded among the younger generation. Nor can we wonder at this, when we consider the antiquated forms of our liturgies, and the poor quality of the average sermon. But there is a great deal of diffused religious feeling and conviction in the Western nations, which may yet find some corporate expression. Protestantism has long been feeling its way toward a complete reconciliation with humanism and science, a religion of personal conviction based on conscience, reason, and spiritual communion with God. In seeking this the spirit of Protestantism is seeking to realize, for the first time, its own fundamental principles. In our more hopeful moods we may look forward to a new Reformation, which shall embody the best part of the Renaissance tradition, which can be traced back, across the long night of the Dark Ages, to the enlightened Christian philosophy of Alexandria, and to Saint Paul and

the Johannine books of the New Testament. We may even say that it has a still longer ancestry, being the spiritual heir of eight hundred years of Greek philosophy, during the longest period of unfettered thought which the human race has yet been permitted to enjoy.

Our main hopes, I think, must rest on the possibility of this new, Erasmian Reformation; and there is enough in the present situation to make such hopes reasonable. The popularity of writers like Eucken, who insist on the independence of the spiritual life and the futility of mere revivals of old types, is a sign that this appeal meets with a large and generous response in our time.

Eucken tells us that in trying to ascertain the intrinsic truth of religion we may take our stand on the summit of its development. 'Our problem begins only when religion engenders a world of its own, and holds forth such a world over against the remainder of existence, thus transforming the remaining world through and through. Religion holds before man an invisible order of things, an eternal existence, a supernatural life, and claims his soul for all this. . . . It is a belief in the indwelling of a Divine in human nature — of the living presence of an eternal and spiritual energy in the deeds of man.' 'The world of spirit has in Christianity acquired a personal embodiment and an overwhelming clearness.' 'It has planted the fundamental conviction of Platonism of the existence of an eternal order among a great portion of the human race, and has given a mighty impetus to all effort. It has also brought back the eternal into time, and has for the first time proposed to mankind and to each individual a fundamental inner renewal.' He concludes by saying: 'If Protestantism is to remain true to its

main idea, it must subjugate history to personal life, and this means a radical transformation of the traditional material.'

But we must take account of certain political possibilities, which may upset all predictions. Here the position of America is very different from that of Europe. America is now more secure against foreign aggression than any nation in history. No coalition could endanger her independence. Such clouds as may be visible on the horizon are only domestic and social troubles. Whether this security and the enormous prosperity which will accompany it are favorable to religion, may well be doubted. Jeshurun waxed fat, and kicked. But America need not fear the devastating calamities which may overwhelm Europe. The revival of Napoleonism in France, to which Americans seem to shut their eyes, points straight to another European war in the near future; and such a war would leave civilization stricken to death. It is impossible to say what the religion of a dying continent would be like.

There is another possibility, a danger which seems to some observers more menacing than it does to myself. The international forces of revolution may threaten the forces of law and order in civilized countries. If this peril were felt to be imminent, there would undoubtedly be a movement to seek refuge under the other International — the Black International, as it is sometimes called. The Church of Rome might become the rallying-ground of all who wished to preserve the treasures and traditions of civilization against a cataclysm of frenzied savagery. The revolution would attack the Church, as it has done in Russia, partly as the custodian of the three primitive instincts, — religion, the family, and private property, —

which, as history shows, stand very closely together, and partly because the Church is a formidable enemy of all tyranny that has not come to terms with itself. The priests would suffer martyrdom with the invincible courage which they always display under persecution; and the Church would become the centre of a resistance which, if victorious, would leave Romanism with an immensely enhanced prestige. But I do not think the Communists will overturn the social order. The object lesson of Russia has not been lost on the world. The dictatorship of the proletariat has ended in the tyranny of an infamous gang of homicidal maniacs. After a time, history seems to show, the blood-lust spends itself, and the terrified populace implores the protection of some ambitious soldier.

It is possible that in part of Europe there will be a revival of military monarchy in alliance with the Church — the type of government called *Cæsaro-papism*. We must not assume that constitutional experiments which are at present discredited will never be renewed. The suspicion that democracy has been tried and has failed is widely held in Europe, and seems to be growing. One nation after another is reverting to the rule of a single man. But

the Church could no longer give the monarchy the amount of support which it gave in the Middle Ages, and it does not seem likely that even an autocratic government would think it necessary or prudent to give much power to priests.

To conclude. There are some discoveries or revelations on which the human race does not go back. Of these the Christian religion is one, and modern science is another. Both have permanently enriched mankind, and it is almost inconceivable that either of them should disappear. They will have somehow to be reconciled; and I agree with Eucken that traditional Christianity will have to be drastically revised. Whether the new form of Christianity will accept or reject the name of Protestant does not much matter. It will belong, I think, to the Platonic and humanist type, which has always existed in the Church. It will be entirely independent of Rome, and will not conform to the articles of belief of any of the great Reformed Churches. But it will accept the moral teaching of the New Testament, and its devotional life will continue to have its centre in the idea of the indwelling of Christ.

THANKSGIVING

AN ANSWER TO PROFESSOR LAKE

BY G. A. JOHNSTON ROSS

I HAVE been reading again Dr. Kirsopp Lake's beautiful, sad essay on Prayer, in the August *Atlantic*, and as I set the paper down I looked out and watched the beautiful, sad autumn-leaves, fluttering to earth, and wondered whether they were a timely symbol of the Church's decadent faith.

For one must listen, and respectfully, to Dr. Lake: not only because he is a master in scholarship and insight, but because he is a master no less in that difficult art or rare endowment of nature — religious charm.

Yet surely there is something wrong somewhere. He analyzes prayer thus: 'Prayer,' he says, 'means petition, communion, aspiration, and confession.' But surely — I have it! *He has left out thanksgiving!* And, leaving that out, he has given us a picture of the future of worship which is very subtly drawn and is colored by the loveliness of pathos, but which is simply not true.

For lying behind his paper is after all the utilitarian idea: 'If prayer in some of its aspects demonstrably does us no good, come, let us be scientific, or at least determined, and abandon that aspect.' But thanksgiving is one aspect of prayer which cannot be thus abandoned; for not only does it not depend for its validity on result, but within it is folded the justification for all the other aspects of prayer.

I say, 'Thanksgiving is not dependent for its validity upon result.' Supposing

I could prove that the efficacy of prayer is a myth, I am not thereby released from the obligation of thanksgiving. The gifts I daily enjoy came from *somewhere*; science cannot tell me anything about their ultimate Source, cannot utter a single predicate about that Source. Well, that leaves me unreleased. The Source *may* be conscious of me or may not be — Science cannot tell. My business is to realize that my life is derivative and to behave accordingly. Derivative? It hangs as a matter of fact by a thread — a thread I cannot thicken or reinforce.

Thanksgiving may be totally 'intransitive'; nevertheless it is my plain duty — and it is plain common-sense and, if you like, plain good-manners as well — to recognize the position and offer the sacrifice of praise. If I have enjoyed a man's hospitality it is sheer decency to send him a bread-and-butter letter of thanks, even though I may not know and might not approve of his character in other relations. If I have enjoyed the hospitality of the Host of this universe, Who daily spreads a table in my sight, surely I cannot do less than acknowledge my dependence. The effect on me or on anybody else is not the point — even though it be true that it always pays to be mannerly.

And, if I were more careful to recognize in thanksgiving that I have nothing which I have not received, perhaps the other aspects of prayer — even

the petitioner — might begin to seem more reasonable. The Source Whom I hypothesize when I give thanks might conceivably draw near and, as my sense of debt widened, might take moral outline and reveal Himself as 'most blessed, most holy, and most free' — *especially the last*; and I might find it more rational to count on that freedom, and without restraint pour out my heart before Him.

Anyway, you can't build religion or a rationale of it on thanklessness. I don't wonder Saint Paul laid the evils of paganism at the door of ingratitude! 'They glorified him not as God, neither were thankful.' I think if a man came to me saying his personal religion was in ruins I should advise him to begin the work of reconstruction by trying not to eat food without some expression of gratitude. You smile at the idea of grace before meat being a gateway to the religious life? Is the principle really different from that which it is said the late Dwight L. Moody once applied to the case of a lady in religious distress? 'You say, madam, that you believe all that God has done for you in Christ?' 'Yes,' she replied. 'Then have you thanked Him for it?' Surely this is the idea of Schleiermacher in the simplest form: Religion is essentially the feeling of conscious dependence. No man can comprehend things like communion and confession who is not first bathed in an atmosphere of conscious grateful debtorship.

By the way, why does nobody take seriously the growing thanklessness of the population of our great cities? Dean Inge complains that our townspeople, because of their growing ignorance of history, are become *déraciné*; is it not true of their relation to that which is behind all history — the Source of the good they live upon? Not only do hosts of people, who in a sweeter civilization would have eaten

their food in the privacy of home and given God thanks for it, now eat in godless gulps in noisy public restaurants, where even a simple gesture of devotion would be sneered at; but their food is often sold to them in a prepared form which emphasizes to the utmost human ingenuity and veils to the utmost the Ultimate Source of it all. If you were to tell a little New York street gamin that we live ultimately upon sunshine, which we can neither buy nor store nor explain, he would probably say, 'Aw, quit yer kiddin''; for he lives mainly upon delicatessen, which for the most part hide from the sunshine, and for which anyway it is honestly hard sometimes to give *anybody* thanks.

We had a shrewd mayor once in New York who, when someone suggested opening certain art-galleries on Sundays to the children, said, 'Pooh! What the children of New York need is to see a cow and a calf, a sow and a litter of pigs, of a Sunday stalled before the City Hall, that the children may learn where their food comes from.'

Well! The good mayor was so far right — it would have taken the children one little step nearer religion; and incidentally would have given them new thoughts about the animals, without which it is questionable whether religion is possible among us snobbish humans. For what animals — not counting a few birds and a squirrel or two in the Park — do the children of our streets ever see, except nervous dogs and laboring horses and the gloomy prisoners of the Zoo, dying of infinite ennui?

All this means that while the way to the God of the churches *may* be through 'petition, communion, aspiration, and confession,' the way to the real God — of nature and history, as well as of the Spirit — is first and foremost through beginning with facts as they

are: with thanksgiving valid so far as it goes, whatever the further side of Deity may be; thanksgiving becoming ever more comprehensive, more self-emptying, more astonished, more awestruck, till what began as simple recognition of fact and as decent manners may end as the prostration of the whole being before a Heavenly Father, in that attitude of confidence in which without clamor we 'make our requests known' to Him, and in a submission which is the culmination of religion and the answer of all prayers — in the 'Peace of God.'

I wish I could take Dr. Lake with me in spirit back to my native Scottish Highlands. I was brought up about the feet of people who could pray. Yet when I look back I do not seem to recall these prayers as riots of petition in the sense of that insistent and illicit importunity which Jesus condemned and which apparently He gave us the Lord's Prayer to counteract. I remember these prayers mainly as chaunts of grace, the utterances of men very sensible of being the recipients of undeserved bounties and anxious, *as such*, to lay their whole case, without feverishness, before the Source of their boons; and for the rest I recall these prayers mainly as lyric expressions of awed but contented souls resting, in a holy domestication, on the shoulder of God.

In devotion like this all aspects of prayer combine: 'petition, communion,

aspiration, confession,' adoration, intercession; *but they blend into the white light of thanksgiving.*

I see still the far look in the eyes of venerable men as my Highland father thus gave out the sonorous call to worship on the Sabbath day: 'Let us resume the public worship of God, singing to His praise the Hundredth Psalm: —

'All people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice;
Him serve with mirth, His praise forth tell,
Come ye before Him, and rejoice.

'Know that the Lord is God indeed,
Without our aid He did us make;
We are His flock, He doth us feed,
And for His sheep He doth us take.

'O enter then His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto;
Praise, laud, and bless His name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

'For why? the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is forever sure;
His truth at all times firmly stood
And shall from age to age endure.'

That surely is homage that carries its own validity in its heart. And if the Church ceases to be able to pray freely *within such praise as this*, then the beautiful, sad autumn-leaves of the Church's faith will be really beginning to shudder and shrivel into the chill winter of Death.

NEW STANDARDS IN ART AND LITERATURE

BY A. R. ORAGE

I

THE secret of practical success is to have defined and possible aims and to adapt one's means toward them. Vague aims and, still more, unattainable aims are destructive of common-sense in practical affairs. Everything in this sphere depends upon the calculable and the calculated; upon cutting one's coat according to one's cloth; upon precisely adapting means to a precise end; upon the correct use of tools for a given piece of work.

But what distinguishes art from practical conduct is the substitution, as end, of the impossible and unattainable for the possible and attainable. Art cannot have a circumscribed and limited aim, on peril of reducing its votaries to the rank of craftsmen simply. Craft has its aim as good craftsmanship, the production of the intended effect by the most economical use of means. But art, though it employs craftsmanship, has not the aim of good workmanship, or the production of an intended effect. Its aim is the unattainable, the unrealizable, the impossible; and all real works of art are the by-products of a striving toward what can never be produced. Only in this aspect is art comparable with religion, whose works likewise are by-products, addenda to the search for the unrealizable Kingdom of Heaven. An art without unattainable aims is at best journeyman art, never master art; and at worst it substitutes refinement of

technique for culture of the spirit.

In no respect is modern art more defective than in precisely this and because of precisely this: that its standards and aims have ceased to be impossible. We are all practical men nowadays, and the doctrines of business have become the working rules of professed artists and writers. Just such and such a work must be produced; and just such and such a preparation, assemblage of materials, and even personal experience are necessary toward it—just so much and no more to produce the intended effect. Is it to present a section of American life or a cameo of life in Patagonia? One must have seen so much of the original, have been there for a sufficient length of time, to entitle one to the defined impression; and with this material the defined aim of presentation is presumably accomplished.

Critics, of course, succumb to this deadening influence more easily than artists. After all, artists have a conscience sensitive to the degree to which they are artists; and no amount of skill in craftsmanship, finesse, and technique, or the approval these receive, really stills an artistic conscience that has once waked and cried in the night. That artists are still capable of a degree of shame in presence even of their most successful works is evidence that the spirit of religion or the pursuit of the unattainable is not yet dead in them. Critics, as a rule, have

no such conscience; they are theologians — not saints. What are by-products for the artist are end-products for the critic; and since the critic is naturally unaware of the unattainable aim entertained by the artist, he can, even if he be so minded, divine its character and intensity only from the by-product it induces, for the invisible tree of art is known only to the artist, and the critic can judge only by the visible fruit.

For this reason it is exceedingly difficult to reinfuse art with its necessary impossible aims when once they cease to exist in the minds of artists. They are like a virtue of which the original possessor has lost the secret. The critic can see clearly enough that something has gone out of art: the fruit that drops from the invisible tree is not what it used to be; it is no longer paradisaical. At the same time the cause remains unknown and indiscoverable; and, in any case, much more than an analysis of the taste and flavor of the fruit is necessary to renew the life of the tree. Restoring art that has lost its unattainable aim is like attempting by reason to restore the youth of a religion. The source can be affected only by a fresh source, not by any of its own issues; and, in fact, no religion that has once died has experienced resurrection, and no art that has once declined has ever been renewed from within. Art cannot save art; and still less, when artists have failed art, can critics save it.

II

Hitherto there have been many happy accidents in the history of art in the West. Art has descended Parnassus through several millennia by a series of reënforced impulses, each phase at some critical moment of its development receiving from a superior

stream a new force and direction. The Greek stream, at the moment when it was about to die of its own impulse, received by accident a tributary of Egyptian art which raised its source considerably above its original level, for the Greeks, in the absence of Egyptian tradition, and even with it, were 'children.' Still later the art of the early Middle Ages was miraculously saved from imminent death by renaissance contact with the classical sources, which themselves had been reënforced from the Egyptian. Later still, and on a different plane, what has been the history of European art since the Renaissance but the finding of a common level? Here Spain had something to give France; here Holland something to give England; and recently Russia something to give the Teutonic world. But these are trivialities only, details of local distribution. Cultures much on a level cannot profoundly affect each other; not renaissances, but only 'movements,' spring from the congress of coeval cultures. And ever since the Renaissance all European art has been nothing more than waves affecting waves. There has been no new tidal movement.

The more conscientious — or, rather, conscious — of both artists and critics are aware of the facts even though they are ignorant of the cause. Everywhere the rumor runs that art is dead: not too loud a rumor, lest the world lose hope; but sufficiently loud to be plainly heard, and uttered with more anxiety than is compatible with doubt of its veracity. But before the fact shall be publicly known and admitted that 'the King is dead,' shall we not try first to revive him and, if that fail, to prepare his successor? Necromancy has its place here maybe; and in the absence of necromancy perhaps a pseudo-idol may be manufactured: a visible and imposing dummy for an invisible king.

It is in this light that the recent attempts to infuse into art the blood of savage cultures may be understood: as also the various and numerous schools of art-invention. What pro-founder sources are accessible than our common aboriginal racial roots, the black, the red, the yellow? Let us look to West Africa, to Tahiti, to the Mayas and Aztecs, to China and Japan; concurrently let invention be tried: imagism, cubism, Joyceism, planes, solids, angles, and every verbal and geometric device. Alas, our aboriginal roots are just not dynamic sources. The invisible tree of art, like the tree Yggdrasill, is fed from the sky downward: its roots are in Heaven, in the impossible, in the never as yet, and perhaps never to be, actualized; not in history but in imagination, not in any past, however ancient, but in a future only potential. Invention likewise has its limitations in the already given; and combination is not creation. Neither by transfusion of blood from inferior races nor by any fresh combination of known elements can art be restored to life. Neither black magic nor sleight of hand can raise our dead.

III

But is the case hopeless, and is culture irrevocably doomed? There is a remedy and not an impossible one: its name is ancient India. Ancient India stands in the same relation to us 'children' of Europe as ancient Egypt occupied toward the 'children' of Greece. Europe to-day is ancient Greece writ large. India, moreover, is our most ancient parent; our oldest racial ancestor; our Adam and Eve. Truly enough, her visage is wrinkled with age, and her words are a mumble of incoherence. But so must, no doubt, have appeared to the Greek child the ancient wisdom of Egypt. Pythagoras

is not reported to have found it easy to persuade Greece to go to school to Egypt. On the other hand, we are not obliged to speculate darkly in the philosophy of India. The philosophies of India are without exception no more than mummies, the enshrined corpses of once living ideas, and dead very long since. And, even if they could be revived, art can no more be saved by philosophy than by art itself. The dead cannot raise the dead. Nor need we spend any time with the Indian antiquarians. Scholarship of whatever degree is barren. No—we have, by grace, accessible to us in the remains of ancient India something infinitely more living than philosophies, and infinitely more inspiring than scholarship. We have a literature translatable and translated into our own tongue, of such dimensions and qualities that its chief work alone, the *Mahabharata*, towers over all subsequent literature as the Pyramids look over the Memphian sands. Realization of the inexhaustible significance of the *Mahabharata* would be the initiation of a modern Renaissance, as surely as the revival of ancient Egypt made possible the dawn of Greece, and the swimming of Homer into the ken of the early Middle Ages stirred the watchers of the skies to ecstatic silence on a peak in Darien.

The *Mahabharata*, competently translated into English under the supervision of the late Max Müller, and shortly to be beautifully retranslated and published under the auspices of the English Academy of Literature, is the greatest single effort of literary creation of any culture in human history. It is difficult for any mind to conceive the mind that conceived it; and the effort to do so is almost itself a liberal education. A walk through its table of contents is more than a Sabbath-day's journey. The *Iliad* and

the *Odyssey* are episodes in it: and the celebrated *Bhagavad-Gita* is simply the record of a single conversation on the eve of one of its many battles. Characters appear by hundreds, and episodes follow episodes with the infinite resourcefulness of Time. Nevertheless, there is no moment when the plan of the work is forgotten. At regular stages, by astronomical clock-time as it were, everything is gathered together or is reassembled for a fresh phase of the continuous history. In the interval, relationships have been established between scores of characters, each of whom, moreover, has undergone mutation by experience, yet, on reassembly, the whole innumerable caravan is marshaled and set off again without the least confusion in the mind of the reader. Never was writer more currently aware of his readers than Vyasa, the author. Ganeca, who transcribed it to Vyasa's dictation, had stipulated that he should be released if once the meaning should cease to be plain to him, and he was not released until the end. And Ganeca is every reader.

Scholarship, lay and 'occult,' has indulged its usual speculations in the meaning of this Cyclopean monument. It is variously the history of a soul in time, the history of the human race, the history of our planet and of our solar system; again, it is the story of the conquest of India by the Aryans, or of a civil war between the conquerors themselves. Let it be all of

these, as their authors agree to disagree. Who cares if Helen was a myth or a fact? Homer gave us literature. In the case of the *Mahabharata*, as in the case of the Bible, the theologians have sat too long upon the stone on the tomb. It is time that it were rolled away. Taken as literature simply, as the most colossal work of literary art ever created, its example and inspiration are as multiform and vital as time itself. It contains every literary form and device known to all the literary schools, every story ever enacted or narrated, every human type and circumstance ever created or encountered.

Unlike the reading of derivative works of art, the reading of the *Mahabharata* is first-hand experience. One ends it different, just as one emerges different from everything real.

But is it not precisely this that is needed for a Renaissance — something at once different, real, a new experience, and, at the same time, indubitably art? To the Greeks, Egyptian art was religion only because its standards were incomparable, hopelessly incomparable, with the prevalent Greek standards. We have only to recall the tones of the early Florentine Platonists to realize that in their eyes the classical Greeks were divine. Where but in the *Mahabharata* shall our age find a similarly fresh literary source that shall be Scripture to our literature — Scripture being literature in pursuit of an impossible aim.

ON THE IMPORTANCE OF BEING INDIFFERENT TO ONE'S ANCESTORS

With a Few Remarks on the Sea Worm

BY CHAUNCEY BREWSTER TINKER

It would be mere affectation in writing about ancestors to avoid all personal references and pretend to be indifferent to one's own. There is nothing for it but to speak out. It is comforting to reflect, however, that one cannot be personal very long; for if you go any distance backward in your analysis you presently lose yourself in a crowd that is unflatteringly promiscuous. If you ascend as far as the twentieth generation in tracing your lineage, mathematics will tell you—doubtless quite erroneously—that you have already something over a million ancestors in all, and though there are subtractions to be made from this appalling number by the crossing and recrossing of the lines of descent, the number remains large. In any case it will be too large for an inclusive view.

I

There are people all about us, no doubt, who coolly select from the mob those individuals from whom it satisfies their vanity to be descended—in indeed in this sense we all select our own ancestry. Even among our four grandparents we had, most of us, our favorites. Proximity or the mere fact of survival made us better acquainted with one than with the rest; and no doubt it was better so, for a superfluity of grandparents might prove embarrass-

ing to a child. And if, to pile Ossa on Pelion, you enter upon the next stage and contemplate the atavistic complexities of your eight great-grandparents, the problem begins to take on something of the mystery and majesty that mark all profound matters. I once met a man who could remember, besides his four grandparents, three of his great-grandparents. The sum of those ancestors—parents, grandparents, and great-grandparents—with whom he had come into something like personal contact was therefore nine, a number of bonds with the past which would, I fear, have proved disturbing to my sense of individuality.

I myself was not so blessed. There was nothing—in indeed, there never has been anything—to prevent me from conceiving of myself quite as individually as I chose. My paternal grandmother was the only one of my grandparents with whom I was acquainted—a stern, Puritan lady from the Connecticut Valley, who had read Fox's *Book of Martyrs*, and had sheltered a runaway slave-girl. Our ancestors, as I came to know them through her, were a sufficiently uninteresting group—farmers in Connecticut who, like so many others there, seem never to have done very well. The only thing that appears to have distinguished our farm from the score of sterile estates that environed it was a

cranberry bog, a sufficiently uncertain foundation on which to build any family pride.

A vague rumor, which I once heard, had it that one of our ancestors had been hanged as a pirate in the Bahama Islands. I have the most serious doubts about the historicity of this legend, though it is almost as gratifying to have a family pirate as it is to have a family ghost, and I suspect some primitive genealogist of trying thus to lend a tang of romance to an otherwise drab tradition. If he really existed, the buccaneer bequeathed nothing of his adventurous disposition to me. I do not remember that I ever longed to be a pirate. I am aware that heroic little boys, such as Mr. Barrie creates, always want to be pirates; but I was by no means an heroic little boy. My great ambition was to be a conductor on the Boston & Maine Railway. And even this desire I should have difficulty in accounting for on any theories of heredity. We were not a race of travelers or gadabouts, unless the name Tinker be taken to connect us with those wayfarers who moved up and down the roads and lanes of England mending pots and pans, lending meanwhile force and picturesqueness to the English vocabulary.

There was a fine paternalism about the old Boston & Maine. The conductors, it seemed, always shook hands with one's father, and sometimes — oh, bliss! — bestowed a salutation from Olympus upon the small boy at his side. At a certain point in the journey a brakeman dispensed ice water from a copper teakettle, and at the journey's end the blue-and-gold conductor, having collected all his pink slips, dismissed you with a warning cry to remember your 'packages, wraps, and umbrellas.' Yes, that was the life for a man! Journeying about the world, armed with a small and fascinating

device for punching holes in tickets, bestowing smiles and warning cries, obviously the god of that particular machine! In all my clerical and agricultural ancestry I had heard of none so glorious as he. In my wild desire there was, I am sure, no atavism, no snap-back toward the past. It was the soul's leap toward the glorious and the impossible — the desire of the moth for the star.

Even if we had been a race of conductors I am not sure that I should have been permitted to take any satisfaction in our relation to them, since no particular respect for ancestors was inculcated in the young of our family. There was no hint that we needed to be ashamed of them, whatever the truth might be about that dark soul who perished in the Bahamas. But in the stout old days before the New Englanders had moved out to make room for the Italians, children were not encouraged to take pride in such vanities. At the very best one's line ended in Adam and Eve, whose deplorable conduct accounted for miseries enough and was a perpetual reminder of an innate perverseness of heart in little boys. Not that we were permitted to deride or denounce poor Adam and Eve. No indeed! Had we been in their position, our teachers urged us to consider, how deplorably similar, how much worse in all likelihood, our own conduct would have been! If Adam and Eve were punished for a trifle, in a new and beautiful world, what, pray, were naughty little boys to expect who disobeyed and did n't love their fellow men or, maybe, ran away to be conductors on the Boston & Maine? It was the traditional attitude, the ancient argument, and I am glad to have heard it, not only for its inherent truthfulness, but for the views that it opens up to me. 'Dost thou hear, Hal?' said Falstaff. 'Thou knowest in the state of innocence

Adam fell; and what should poor Jack Falstaff do in the days of villainy?’

II

In our modern, scientifically trained generation it has become difficult for some persons to read the story of our first parents understandingly. We have become so imbued with the conception of progress that we tend even to interpret the fall of man as a sort of majestic catastrophe that made progress possible.

Better the mad yearning and tragedy of growth through imperfection than the serene stagnation of the ideal. The latest expression of this view that I have seen is by Mr. Neil Grant who, in the *Atlantic Monthly* for December 1923, utters this surprising theory:—

There is something extraordinarily uplifting in the thought that man, once the equal of the angels, had the courage and the will to fall down to his present level.

Mr. Grant is referring to Adam and Eve, and apparently means to be taken seriously. Falstaff, I am sure, would instantly have accused him of heresy, since he propounds the astonishing doctrine that man was once the equal of the angels. Has Mr. Grant never read Milton, not to speak of the Holy Bible? Certainly he could not have had the luck to be born in old New England in the days when children knew Adam and Eve as well as a modern youngster knows an ichthyosaurus. Any child knew that angels belonged to a different order from men; that man never had been an angel (though he had, to be sure, once been perfect); and that, for that matter, he never would be an angel, despite sentimental hymns about children who wanted to die, no matter how good he might be (though he might, in truth, be restored to the

state of primal perfection). But Mr. Grant, being modern, does n't believe in angels any more than he does in snarks. So what difference does it make if his snark turns out to be a boojum, anyhow?

It would certainly have seemed odd, to any Puritan, to take pride in a descent from Adam and Eve — odd and probably sinful. To take pride in man's descent has become a habit among the modern disciples of Evolution, and has, indeed, the august authority of the discoverer of the origin of species. In a famous passage at the very close of the *Descent of Man*, Darwin wrote:—

Man may be excused for feeling some pride at having risen, though not through his own exertions, to the very summit of the organic scale, and the fact of his having thus risen, instead of having been aboriginally placed there, may give him hope for a still higher destiny in the distant future.

How much pseudoscientific sentimentalism issued out of this! Drummond's *Ascent of Man*, a book now, no doubt, quite forgotten, expanded this view of things and provided it with a fervor somewhat unscientific. To me it all seems very remote. I accept, of course, cordially enough the whole evolutionary hypothesis; but what has pride to do with it? Pride and humiliation seem out of place in science as in history. Who can get up any pride over the fact that man survived the fifteenth century, or the fifth, or the fiftieth B.C.? I read about the Punic Wars — or did — with a certain detachment, and the more remote history of the race, in its simian and pithecanthrop stages, leaves my emotions untouched. I cannot thrill at the names Piltdown and Neanderthal. It is all so dreadfully long ago. And at this rate where is one to end? We shall soon be taking pride in the solar system.

Yet Darwin did not hesitate to express this emotional view. The most famous sentences in that famous book were perhaps these, in which he would seem to be offering a crumb of comfort to the world that he was accused of having humiliated:—

For my own part I would as soon be descended from that heroic little monkey who braved his dreaded enemy in order to save the life of his keeper, or from that old baboon who, descending from the mountains, carried away in triumph his young comrade from a crowd of astonished dogs, as from a savage who delights to torture his enemies, offers up bloody sacrifices, practises infanticide without remorse, treats his wives like slaves, knows no decency, and is haunted by the grossest superstitions.

Here surely is an appeal to the imagination and the emotions unusual in a scientific treatise. Heroic monkeys and affectionate baboons, set over against bloodthirsty and superstitious savages, open a long line of 'nature stories,' ending with Mowgli and Tarzan and other fine reversions to type. How much pure Jack Londonism there is in this attitudinizing of Darwin's! Our scientist talks as if he were permitted to choose whether he would be descended from a savage or a baboon, whereas the plain truth, which even a literary man may see, is that he is descended from both. He cannot get rid of the savages by allying himself with the baboons; he must take the disgrace of the head-hunter and the cannibal along with the glory of the chimpanzee.

Something of the bravado that found satisfaction in its descent from apes, or apelike men, or *Pithecanthropus erectus* (I do not know what the proper scientific designation is to-day), has passed away with the Huxleys and the Spencers, and the race that took pride in a new view of the universe. We are, as a

whole, conscious of an ancestry humble indeed compared with the ape and the lemur. Mr. Grant, whatever his scientific pretensions, may be taken as a fair example of that public which has learned of its past from Mr. H. G. Wells, and the anthropologists whom he, in turn, derives from. The idea, he says, is gradually soaking into the popular mind 'that man, far from being once the equal of the angels, has developed painfully and slowly from the sea worm which one fine day was daring enough to leave the ocean for the land. . . . How can we be hero-worshipers when we think of the sea worm?'

Here is a new note—humility. Instead of taking pride in the heroic little monkey of Darwin, I am humbly to recall the sea worm and, along with it, all the vast line that stretches from the amœba up through sea worm and lemur and Piltdown man. And, having confronted myself with this vast cloud of witnesses, I am to remember my extraction from the mud, and be humble. But if Darwin could be proud remembering the monkey and the baboon, why may not I be proud remembering the adventurous sea-worm, and all the plucky little vermin from whom I come and whom I so obviously resemble?

III

In answering this somewhat rhetorical question—for it can be answered—we must notice that it is much harder to visualize a sea worm than a monkey. Every child delights in monkeys, but (I suppose) only the children of biologists have a speaking acquaintance with sea worms. Darwin, moreover, however sentimental he may have been, did what all ancestor-worshipers do: he selected his forbears. Whether he was conscious of it or not, he fixed his attention on an individual

monkey and an individual baboon, as proper heroes to be descended from; whereas Mr. Grant and Mr. Wells and the modern anthropologists generally perform the far more difficult feat of remembering them in the mass. Mr. Grant does this in the interest of humility and as an opponent of hero-worship. Others have motives equally high, no doubt. But the task, even for those who have imagination enough to succeed in it, is unpalatable. Men in the mass are not admirable. Men and their ancestors through myriads of centuries, viewed in the mass, are loathsome, not because they are worms or reptiles or monkeys, but just because they are so numerous. Nothing sickens like numbers.

If you will ascend to the roof of a New York skyscraper, and look down upon your kind in the busy street below, you will there see men as maggots. You cannot look into their eyes and see the tragedy or the farce that is being enacted far within in the theatre of their hearts; therefore you see them as tiny, racing mites, appearing, in the mass, impersonal, galvanized, antlike.

If you wish to love an animal you must separate it from its kind, even if it be a lamb. Restore your creature to the pack and out goes the affection between you. You cannot love a swarm of bees, even if you are an idiot. No one except Mr. Maeterlinck, I think, ever tried it, and he, quite characteristically, selected the queen bee as the object of his more ardent attention.

When I was a boy I was greatly interested in ants and, in pursuance of Biblical precept, spent many hours in their contemplation. I grew very fond of ants and came to know something of them, but once it was my misfortune to be with a whole army of ants. From that time on my whole attitude toward that industrious race suffered

a change. Ants — thousands and thousands of them — swarmed about me, and I was both mortified and afraid. There were ants on my hands and in my face; in my shoes ants were concealed; they appeared in every part of my clothing, while hordes of reinforcements came from nowhere; and when at last I emerged from the unequal conflict it was with a fear of pismires that would, I suppose, appear contemptible to those who could not know the experience I had had.

Well, I have no desire to deluge my imagination in any such way with the incalculable myriads of my ancestors. The globe on which we live would have no more dignity for me than a crawling cheese.

I repeat that what depresses one in the evolutionary hypothesis is the promiscuous aspect of it, this tendency to regard the world as a vast breeding and hatching ground, swarming with crawling things, — sucking, snarling, breeding, dying things, — devoured by more crawling creatures, bloody-fanged, who suck and snarl, breed and die.

It is not safe to think in this wise. But there is nothing unpleasant, as any child or any savage will tell you, about conceiving of yourself as blood-brother to the animals: it has never been deemed a disgrace to call a man a lion or a girl a gazelle. It has become a commonplace for men and women alike to say that they prefer the society of their dog to that of most human beings.

Pass to the less noble animals and still the relationship is so close that it cannot be denied. To visit the Zoo is, I find, to renew my acquaintance with my friends and associates. I look into my heart, and there I find the pig and the peacock struggling for preëminence.

In all this there is much that results from early teaching, for I was always

taught that man was an animal. Even in the same breath that the child was taught that he was the child of God and heir of eternal life, he was reminded that he was dust and that to dust he should return. Even the relationship to the sea worm will surprise none that belong to that generation, for they will all recall the hymn beginning:—

Great God, how infinite art thou!
What worthless worms are we!

Is the mud of the biologist any more mortifying than the clay and dust of which the prophets were always reminding us? *Pulvis et umbra sumus.*

IV

Pride, humility, and their attendant emotions are all proportionate to the perspective in which the world is viewed. It is all a matter of proportions, sea worm or heroic monkey, conductor on the Boston & Maine or angel in glory—destroy the perspective in which they are viewed, and the emotions in which they are regarded change or disappear. Of what conceivable importance is the whole evolutionary process if you remove yourself to a sufficient distance from it? There is an advertisement in the popular magazines at the present moment which shows a clock-dial beside the countenance of primitive man and invites the reader to reflect that, if the entire career of the human race be estimated as filling the twelve hours represented on this dial, then it may be said that man has as yet lived but a minute and a quarter, according to such a reckoning of time.

Just what we are to learn from this I do not know, other than the importance of purchasing the book which is referred to; perhaps the larger implication of the emblem is that there

is plenty of time even yet for man to achieve that perfection and complete that progress which have seemed to be so seriously threatened in the past decade. But I cannot, when once this hideous conception of time has entered my mind, take any comfort in the thought of those eleven hours and fifty-eight minutes that remain. For imagine a lapse of time, say of three months, as time is computed by that dreadful clock; take, if you can, such a giddy plunge into the abyss of eternity, and then look back and ask of what conceivable significance were those twelve hours filled by the minute history of the human race, the whole evolutionary process, or even the career of the planet itself, from its inception in fire to its death in ice. A bubble bursting unheard and unheeded in the endless night of time! This way, too, lies madness, and there is no better cure for the vertiginous sickness which it begets within one than to turn to the nearest human being, and fix one's attention on a mystery less benumbing.

It is the dignity of the individual that is threatened by any study that tends merely to view him in his environment of space or to write his long history as a detail in the rise and fall of species. Earlier generations had known quite as well as we that man was an animal; that he had had a long and bewildering history on this planet, and that there were myriads of savages in the world to remind us of a humble origin. But all this did not prevent them from inquiring into the nature of the problem as well as into its history. There is a vast fallacy in all this inquiry into origins, since it rests upon an assumption that the history of a phenomenon is its explanation. When the biologists have completed their researches, and the whole history of life is known from the first bubble of

consciousness in the mud down to the full emergence of *Homo sapiens*, the explanation of it all will still elude us. *Causa latet.*

Suppose that the whole history of man could be compressed into a moving picture, and that in some dreadful 'educational film' you could watch the development of man from sea worm to Socrates, just as now we watch on the screen the development of a plant, would the mystery be less of a mystery?

In other ages the problem of man's relation to animals was stated in a different and perhaps a more philosophical way. Man, it was argued, is an animal, a biped without feathers. He was taken out of the dust. This is certain because we see that he returns to dust. He is dust, then, and he is an animal — but he is more. He is an animal that wears clothes, or some sort of extraneous addition to his person, for ornament if not for warmth; he plainly is not satisfied with the skin and hair which nature provided, but tries to fashion himself according to another pattern.

Again, man is the animal that uses tools. One of the famous assaults on the dignity of man in the eighteenth century consisted in an attempt to show that the orang-outang used a stick as a weapon, and engravings were published, notably by Goldsmith in his *History of Animated Nature*, showing the orang-outang thus armed and standing in front of rude houses which he had built for his shelter. Again, man is the animal that writes, draws, and records his invisible thoughts in tangible form, thus initiating civilization as we know it.

And so they continued. He is the animal that speaks. He is the animal that laughs.

The differences make a sum so astonishing and so important that it

seemed to demonstrate that man was something more than, or rather something in addition to, an animal. In particular were thinkers impressed with the fact that man was the animal that aspired. Unlike a dog, a bee, or an ape, he was either fretting about himself or dreaming about himself, always vexed by the desire to get something that he did not have. For which reason he, the most gregarious of beasts, slew his fellows, and took from them and remained unsatisfied. In his dreams man fabled to himself that he was not wholly of this world, that he came from afar, that he was the child of the sun, the remote descendant of a god. He was not ashamed of his kinship with animals and even courted a likeness to them; but, unlike them, he always looked forward to a good time ahead, whether it consisted in stealing a number of women from a neighboring tribe, or passing at last to a heavenly mansion prepared in advance for one so important as himself. And this, if it be madness, must still be explained. It may be that, remembering the sea worm, we ought with Mr. Grant to become humble; but the interesting problem remains why man from the beginning of his history conceived of himself as something else. To this there has been found no parallel in the animal world.

V

The conclusion from these reflections upon the general nature of man, in the days before thinkers were obsessed by the mere history of the race, was that man must be two different and strangely unrelated things, inseparably connected, yet destined one day to be dissolved. Man was *pulvis et umbra*, a shadow of the eternal cast upon the dust, a spark of fire caught in a clod. To fix your attention on one of these

to the exclusion of the other is to give up the problem; for, in its last analysis, it is the paradox of it which is its very heart. A clod, to be sure, with a history; an animal, to be sure, with ancestors; but an animal conducting itself in a most preposterous way, a divine-infernal way that, apart from man, is decidedly not of this world. For which reason such thinkers habitually taught man that he was an animal, or rather all sorts of animal, an ass in sloth, a wolf in wrath, a goat in lust, a hog in gluttony; indeed, they taught that he was below all these because he had within a standard of conduct that was of a different order of life altogether, and to which he had been disloyal. This was the spiritual part of him, and its origin was confidently taught as in another sphere beyond present experience. Dust shall return to dust, and the spirit shall go to its own place — which plainly is not here. 'Magnificent out of the dust we came, and abject from the spheres.'

Because of this high origin and high destiny, it is well not to fix too great an attention upon our ancestors in this world, for to do so is to obscure the problem which is man. You are yourself the problem; you are the theatre of a struggle between two natures for

the possession of you, and it is the issue of the struggle, not its origin, that would seem to be of importance. All that we know of the absorption of interest in one's genealogy enforces the same truth. If a man is largely interested in the social position of his grandmother, it usually militates against his humanity and his charity. It is a terrible thing to be — like a king — the victim of your ancestors; never to escape from the iron cage in which your descent has imprisoned you. If you find yourself in bonds, like a duke or a drunkard, you may, I do not doubt, take a dubious satisfaction in tracing your character to your forbears. But for the vast multitude of my own — dear human souls, unknown to me even by name — I will dismiss them all with flourish of salutation as did Charles Surface, after he had sold his ancestors to the highest bidder: 'Ladies and gentlemen, your most obedient and very grateful servant.' I wave a calm and, I hope, graceful farewell to them across the vista of years. I wish them well and, for that matter, rest eternal. And in this gesture of farewell I should like to include, in the wide sweep of my ceremonious bow, the ape, the lemur, and — well, yes — even the sea worm.

FOUR LITTLE FOXES

BY LEW SARETT

SPEAK gently, Spring, and make no sudden sound;
For in my windy valley yesterday I found
Newborn foxes squirming on the ground —
Speak gently.

Walk softly, March, forbear the bitter blow.
Her feet within a trap, her blood upon the snow,
The four little foxes saw their mother go —
Walk softly.

Go lightly, Spring, oh, give them no alarm;
As I covered them with boughs to shelter them from harm,
The thin blue foxes suckled at my arm —
Go lightly.

Step softly, March, with your rampant hurricane;
Nuzzling one another, and whimpering with pain,
The new little foxes are shivering in the rain —
Step softly.

THE YOUNG PERSON

BY A PROFESSOR

I

TO a fallacy not registered in the textbooks on logic — which might be called, perhaps, the fallacy of the status quo — we seem just now peculiarly subject. Yet it is common to all humanity, and the very sentence that registers it illustrates it. We are all fatally determined to believe that the world into which we were born has existed by divine institution since our first parents left Paradise, and is designed for perpetuity, or at least to last until the Judgment Day. It has supplied the main argument against Galileo and woman suffrage, Columbus and futurist painting; it underlies the uneasy resentment with which parents, dons, and maiden aunts have always looked on at the self-expression of the younger generation.

So stated, the fallacy is apparent. If, keeping that in mind, one may profitably consider for a moment the charges freely laid at the present time against the boys and girls growing up or just grown, and with reasonable care examine the actual state of things, the outcome may be found further along the road to reconciliation. It will be necessary also to consider how much change is absolutely imposed by the changed conditions of life today. The writer, frankly ranged in the class with parents, dons, and maiden aunts, will use the term 'we' to signify that generation, and for the one coming up the indeterminate expression 'young person,' or simply 'they.'

The charge against them falls into two parts, as it deals with matters of conduct or of opinion. They do scandalous things and hold improper opinions.

Take conduct first. Vague complaint and disapprobation, when boiled down, show that they are under suspicion on the counts of, briefly, dancing, drinking, kissing, motoring alone and often at night ('alone' means two together); in the case of girls, dress is included, or rather, going about with legs and arms bared, and without stays; and, in both sexes, marriage with divorce in view as a contingency, or the *union libre* as a possibility. That is a downright statement — comprehensive: it includes the worst that can be said.

Drinking may be first disposed of: admitted, with modification, and also with restriction to a single class — the well-to-do. In America we are in a bad way just now; but certainly the young person is better behaved than the middle-aged, and there are odd restrictions. For instance, a really nice girl may drink cocktails in public, but not whiskey and soda. Yet a really nice boy may drink milk with his meals, and will smoke less than his uncle. Indeed, the natural austerity of chaste youth can be reckoned on. In the use of all stimulants — alcohol, coffee, and tobacco — we must confess that the young generation offends less than the elder. Granting that everyone is drinking more than fifteen years ago, here, in England, on the Continent, —

let us say frankly more than before the war, — yet that will pass; and for reasons about to appear it is perhaps less of a menace to the young person than we suppose; it has done apparently less harm.

For, whatever they may do, these youngsters are what we call 'nice.' Where we know them individually, we recognize it. This is a postulate. In any discussion the starting-point must be that we can perceive this — as we know an egg is fresh — directly. Then comes the question, What things are possible to nice girls and boys? And, in case of surprise at the enumeration, How comes that possibility? Any other procedure is irrational.

II

Dancing, dressing, and the remaining counts, may come together. Consider dancing. A hundred years ago the waltz was a scandal; sixty years ago it was possible to waltz with husbands (actual or plighted), brothers, or cousins, but not with outsiders. Fifteen years ago the tango afforded another scandal, but the new dances by now are becoming matter of course again.

Most people now dress for a party as they dress for other amusements. Servants no longer put on gloves to hand plates at table, nor gentlemen to dance, nor do ladies put on stays. Why should they? Again, bare arms being permitted at dinner, why should they be improper at luncheon? Daylight is less romantic than candlelight, and less dangerous — *a fortiori* more suitable. Let us admit that these things consist all in convention, and that the convention is altered.

Certainly among the contemporaries of youth — if it may be spoken without vulgarity — legs are no more interesting than noses. A girl has danced, for charity, on the stage or on the grass,

barelegged and short-skirted, and she has bathed on the shore with neither more nor less of garmenting than her brothers and her friends' brothers. Sunburnt shoulder-blades and thighs are no menace to morality; they are unbecoming and unromantic, in either sex. The sad truth is that the human frame has ceased to be romantic.

Before proceeding, an apparently odd restriction should again be noted in dress: that extreme décolletage is not for girls. The same is true of Spanish dancers. For the pretty child who whirls upon her shapely pink-stockinet legs till all her lace ruffles swirl up like the petals of a rose, there must be sleeves in her corsage and a demure curve around her white throat and shoulders. Whoever has dressed an American daughter for a dance, in her firm white straight substantiality, knows that never elsewhere in all the world did women's clothes so little emphasize the strictly feminine contours, or so firmly suppress them.

There is another sort of young person, best known perhaps by a rather brutal title — 'Somebody's Stenog.' She is young and pleasure-loving, often pretty, almost always likable. She faces the gravest disapprobation.

A great deal of the grieved complaint, passing over into condemnation, which is current among us will be found on cross-examination or self-analysis to rise out of the way that such girls — nonprofessional but wage-earning girls — dress: their velvet frocks and transparent blouses, their silk stockings and high-heeled pumps. That is hardly fair. For these young persons, the dress they wear to the office is the equivalent of a party dress. They must take their fun where they can find their dancing, at the noon hour, or just when work ends, while they are in reach of friends with whom to walk or talk or dance. There is little to do

with party frocks in the remote suburbs where they sleep, far out, as on the spokes of a wheel, an hour or more away from the day's associates. If some neighbor is at hand to go with them to a moving picture, the same daytime dress is the only thing that could be worn.¹ They have to dance, if at all, in restaurants, and to dress for their dancing as nearly as may be like those who go in their motors to drink tea and dance in a more expensive room.

All those who went, not to college, but to a commercial school, intending to earn honest money cheerfully, have not given up thereby a wish to marry and bring up babies; they must see each other a little before deciding whom to marry. They go to moving pictures together, because there is no quiet place to talk at home. In the small houses built to rent or to sell by installments to the *piccola borghesia* there is no such thing as privacy; no doors between rooms, frequently no sitting-room but the front hall. Builders and contractors, imitating more expensive houses, intended for those rich enough to know better, have created a situation intolerable to parents and children alike. In apartment houses it is worse. The costume and customs of Somebody's Stenog and her brothers are imposed upon them, irretrievably, by the conditions under which they live, new in the experience of the world. They are already adjusting themselves; they are hammering out their own conventions. They too are really nice.

For a very long while has persisted

¹ It would be unnecessary, as it seems absurd, to dwell so long on dress, except that this is specially made a ground for denunciation by old cats of both sexes. The rouge-pot and the lip-stick are so entirely determined by convention that they may be dismissed, with the reminder that in the heart of the Victorian age, at the English court and capital, every Englishwoman of breeding was painted, not only red, but white.

the convention that a nice girl was untouchable — except, mark you, by husbands (actual or plighted), brothers, or cousins; yet history and reason alike concede that untouchability is no more a moral requisite than invisibility. In the *Arabian Nights* a lady might not be seen by any but her lawful lord; in the novels of Trollope she might be viewed but might not be kissed. In the French Gothic ivories you may see lovers sitting in an orchard, not hand in hand, though just as innocently; but the lover's hand is under the lady's cheek or her chin. The fourteenth century, it appears, felt differently from the nineteenth. Untouchability, therefore, may be dismissed as a vain imagination, without even the tribal prestige of immemorial usage, and without sound reason to sustain it. If, upon examination, neither taboo nor necessity stands, there remains no further objection.

There is a story, current toward the close of the last century, of a Turkish ambassador in London, an old-fashioned gentleman, looking on at a ball. Said he to the Englishman, his companion: 'You can do that sort of thing without perturbation, but *we* —!' When discussing the reported customs of the rising generation with our own contemporaries, we have fancied the apologue falls pat. It carries a faint but distinct sense that we are in the same absurd position as the ambassador, and that what we find conceivably dangerous to ourselves, and so shocking in them, leaves the young person safe and unperturbed.

III

If this is the fact — and a good deal of evidence seems to be at hand — if untouchability is abrogated and the young person is really imperturbable, that explains a great deal. The late

Mr. Chase sincerely felt that a portrait by Matisse was obscene, but we do not so feel; the French seem to have thought that jazz music was a case for the police, but the young person is probably immune. Most people reading the early treatises of Freud found them not only disgusting but dangerous; yet, with increasing awareness of all that lies below the diaphragm, the discussions, like ventilation and illumination of cellars, have served for sanitation. In the nineties of the last century a favorite adjective in French, and among those who followed French literature, was 'troubling'; it is a word our juniors simply do not comprehend. We may take it as certain that the 'sultry landscapes and hot-cheeked women' of Mr. D. H. Lawrence are neither so troubling nor so romantic to them as to us. Those of us who saw *Peer Gynt* played last winter were faintly shocked by the Bacchanal, but the young person was impervious.

This, however, would probably not hold of Continentals, or even perhaps of the English — not at any rate so absolutely. Two things are certain. The American is heir, in the first place, to a pioneer tradition which 'sheltered' women little more than men; and, in the second place, inherits, for climatic and other reasons, a temperament which seems, compared with the European, a little chill and dry; can therefore do with impunity what others could not — all this being suddenly heightened at the present moment by social and intellectual conditions, changing and quite new. Chaperonage becomes unnecessary, and the escapade of the night drive is more often innocent than we are willing to believe. Like the bathing-suits, such a book as *Pan* or *Growth of the Soil* makes sexual interests unromantic.

Romance is out of season. That has happened before, though we, inheritors

of a hundred and fifty years thereof, are loath to admit the possibility. Some day, doubtless, it will come back, but we feel as if we were looking out on mud flats. We shall have to accept the fact; we must learn not to resent it. One spokesman at least of the new age is not unfamiliar to readers of the *Atlantic*: the late Randolph Bourne — important for our present investigation and illuminating; there is no romance in him. We may not welcome the fact, for we elders must live through the winter of our age on romance, as the bees on the stored honey of the hive; but it accounts for many things, and justifies them. A hundred situations once ambiguous have become for youth indifferent.

They have enlarged their interests, and sex for them is only one of many. The exasperated sensuality of such spectacles as *Mecca*, or the *Walpurgisnacht* at the Opera two or three years ago, was intended for their elders, and passed surprisingly soon. Middle-aged men and women, spiritually ravaged by the war, might fancy something modeled on the Romans of the Decadence, but it left the next generation not only unscathed but careless. In the brief competition of interests the young person won out, and the young person intends — not consciously perhaps, but none the less — to put sex back into its proper place among other preoccupations. What we really resent, even in the worst vagaries of the younger generation, is not sensuality, but relative indifference in sensual things.

It has changed their attitude toward marriage, and it has taken away the bitter-sweet savor of corruption. That a figure like Paul Verlaine has no allurements for them should go a long way to console for the loss of romance the parents, the dons, and the maiden aunts accountable for their conduct.

Marriage to them is not sacramental, for they are as alien to all mysteries and sacraments as a Chinese to those of Eleusis; but it is a contract wherein they become responsible to the community, and perhaps to children, and they mean to carry it out in the way that is best for everyone. Whatever they may do or feel, they will face with frankness and sincerity. Of the conventionality which is hypocrisy, the self-delusion which is sordid cowardice, they have far less than we. They do not, in truth, need them.

IV

Their opinions may be dealt with more briefly.

The great virtue of youth — the quality for which the world must rely wholly upon the younger generation or go without altogether — is intransigence. Again as an illustration comes to mind Randolph Bourne, but there are more gracious instances, and others more notorious. If they think that they have received another revelation, as if the canon of their Scriptures might not be closed without an Apocalypse, they are in the best company. They can cite their teachers. Of our generation, not theirs, are Lord Haldane and Mr. Wells, George Bernard Shaw and James Harvey Robinson: yet no book is more interpretive than *The Mind in the Making*.

Religious, after their own fashion, they are, with an amazing energy, and while dogmas may be laid aside to be recast once again in a more creative or intellectual age, they are translating their principles into conduct which we well might emulate. True, they shall never know the consolations of religion, but they may indeed never need these, and to the rewards they earn their right.

The best currents of ethical thought

to-day flow through the minds of students and their just-elder contemporaries. The little groups that are pledged not to go again to war, not to lend their strength to break strikes, not to wrong our common humanity by racial enmities, are growing and spreading as waves bring in the tide. These people are more nearly international-minded than we, just as their outlook on life is larger and more impersonal. It was a very young poet who wrote, not in English: —

The 'bitterness' and the 'love' of which a voluptuous and elegant poet talks have nothing in common with the bitterness of the folk who suffer and the love of the comrades who fight for their fellows.

As a rule we speak and feel as if we were wanting the coming youth to say and think what we do, but of course the utmost that we really desire is for them to be like us; and forty years ago we too knew, poignantly, how far we had gone in advance of our own fathers. It is their turn now to make the move, while the best we can do is to hold the ground and not go backward.

True, we had in our day traits and impulses and passions that they lack or are indifferent to. But these things are gone irretrievably; if we look about us, studying our contemporaries, we must admit as much. Taking them as they are, by their own showing, what they stand to lose is indeed already lost. Nor are they to blame; they were born into the world as it is.

Just what has been lost since, say, the nineties, is easy enough to estimate and sum up. First, romance; this has been discussed already. Second, intellectuality — the disinterested love of the things of the intellect for their own sake. Well, the depreciation of reason is a fact, like the fall of the franc, and to be faced as such. The lira and the mark will come back in value within

a decade or a generation, but the cycle of pure reason is reckoned in millenniums and intellectuality has been declining steadily since the thirteenth century. Simply we have noticed it suddenly, as at nightfall, when it grows too dark to read.

Third, emotion. There seems no doubt that these young things feel less, on the whole, and do more, than once did we: that for emotion is being substituted energy. Abroad, however, that is probably less true than here; and moreover the disposition to say less than one feels, very marked among them, makes certainty impossible. Right here, notwithstanding, I see the menace of the future, and apprehend a real question whether the end of all this bright gallantry may not be a mortal ennui.

Fourth, sin. It is a sure sign of a new dispensation, and thereby we sit uneasily beneath it, that 'I had not known sin but by the law,' and, as the Apostle says, *sine lege enim peccatum mortuum erat*. There is no denying that while the young person is honest, loyal, plucky, willing to admit wrongdoing and to make it good, yet the sense of sin has disappeared, as completely as romance. That is not unparalleled. The sense of sin is not found everywhere, and at all times, and in all. Greeks mostly had it not, nor had the early Romans; it came from the East and swept over the latter empire. No provision is made for it by Confucius. It has been retreating in Europe ever since the Reformation. Our own generation, loosely speaking, is in the same case. Indeed, all this change in custom and attitude, which perturbs us as we think we perceive it in the younger generation, is not quite so sudden or so complete as we fancy. If, being now advised, we consider our own generation, we are aware of the same things in many whom we

know well, which we had ignored or thought sporadic; and among those who shall take our place when we have left it there are plenty no different from ourselves.

However, for each of these deficiencies — so to call them — and offsetting it, an advantage exists. Instead of romance they have energy; instead of intellectuality they have sincerity and an openness to fresh stimuli impossible within the confines of strict reason. With less emotion, it is almost certain that they are less subject to pain than we, and the detachment from sin and scruple gives greater liberty of action and the chance to try experiments that may bring great good. In surveying, so far as may be, the course of things during the last century or so, it would seem that these advantages all lie in the direct line of advancement.

V

On the pavement of Siena Cathedral — the most romantic thing in the world, exquisite and precious,

*di marmo candido, e adorno
d'intagli, —*

all inlaid with black and white marble, whereon is pictured a Wheel of Fortune — we can figure the destiny of humankind: the crowned imperial figure enthroned above; the man who holds tight at the bottom, scrambles up with alert hope on the left, and, clinging desperately on the right, still swings down and downward, unarrested. It may be that all the world is going down into the dark, and unreason and ugliness shall prevail. That something is happening, we know. If it be so, there is no stopping because we object. If it be so, it is more than likely that the coming generation, equipped as we have seen them to be both by what they possess and by what

they do without, can be more useful than we; certainly they are better adjusted to their conditions. They are clean, strong, practical. If beauty passes like a dream, yet they will know how to abolish pain.

Moreover, we are, and must admit ourselves, congenitally subject to the fallacy of the status quo, unable to judge fairly of the mental stimulus of scientific speculation, or the joy of mere healthy living, or the immense emotion of mass feeling, which belong to these strange creatures who are our children, of the flesh and of the spirit. At Siena, elsewhere in a chapel of that same Cathedral, are represented the

Seven Ages of Man, not as Jacques conceived them, whimpering and doddering, boastful and platitudinous, but full of gracious dignity, from *Infantia* who runs after flowers to *Decrepitas* making his way to the marble tomb. Every stage of life is beautiful after its kind.

We ourselves have made a mess of things; these young persons may do better. Looking back over the twenty-five years which span their lives, we suspect they could hardly do worse. The postulate was that we knew, immediately, that they were nice; the conclusion must be that we can trust them.

V. LYDIAT

BY L. ADAMS BECK

I

SHE sat and looked at the manuscript as it lay before her ready for typing.

The Way of Stars. By V. Lydiat.

It was a fine story — she knew that; and the signature satisfied her also. When she began to write she had devoted hours, days, to the consideration of that pen name, for she had a reason for secrecy which, for all I know, may never have swayed man or woman before. The strangest reason — it affected her choice of a signature deeply.

It must be unusual. It must have a certain distinction. It must be connected with her own name, and yet in no way betray it. It must leave the question of sex unanswered.

She sat down to think it over.

'V' is the most beautiful letter in the alphabet to look at and to write, the ends curving over from the slender base like the uprush of a fountain from its tense spring. 'Lydiat,' she thought, had distinction also, and was all but her own. So the question was settled and she never regretted the choice.

In reality she was Beatrice Veronica Lydia Leslie.

With this pen name a most astonishing thing had befallen Beatrice Veronica, for she won a literary success so sudden and singular that the very management of it required gifts she never before knew she possessed.

A little must here be said of her life that this strange thing may be understood.

She was the only child of a well-known Oxford don and a somewhat remarkable mystically-minded mother who died when the girl was fourteen. Her father died four years later, and Beatrice Veronica, known in her family as B. V., then betook herself to the guardianship of an aunt at Montreal. Here she tried life on the society side and disliked it cordially and instantly. There was an urge within her which cried aloud for adventure, for the sight of the dissolving glories of the Orient and contact with strange lives which called to her dumbly in books. They peeped and mocked and vanished to their unknown countries, taking her longing with them; and life lay about her vapid, flat, dominated by an aunt of fashion.

What is a young woman of spirit, not too beautiful and dangerous, to do in such a case? Beatrice Veronica knew very well. She waited until she was twenty-one, meanwhile securing the allegiance of a girl, Sidney Verrier, in like case and a dauntless enthusiast; and on a May morning of dreamy sweetness they got themselves into a C.P.R. train for Victoria, B. C., leaving two ill-auguring aunts on the platform, and away they went on a trip to the Orient, via Japan.

The things they saw, the men and women they met, the marvels which appealed to every sense! But I must not dwell on these, for they are but the pedestal to the story of V. Lydiat. Four, six, eight years went by and unheeded aunts clamored and the pavements of Montreal lacked their footsteps.

And then, in Delhi, Sidney Verrier married, and Beatrice Veronica was left to solitude.

There was no material reason why she should not continue this delightful nomad life delightfully. But she was lonely; perhaps the sight of Sidney's

bliss made her lonelier; and suddenly it became clear to her that she wanted quiet — time for recollection. She had assisted at a great feast of the spirit and had eaten to satiety. Now, imperatively, something in her heart cried, 'Enough.'

Afterward she wondered if that had been the voice of V. Lydiat crying in the wilderness — the note of preparation.

But where to go? Her aunt was still treading the daily round of bridge and luncheon parties in Montreal and the soul of Beatrice Veronica shuddered in the remembrance. But she loved Canada for all that. And then she remembered a shining city laying her feet in shining seas, with quiet gardens where the roses blush and bloom in a calm so deep that you may count the fall of every petal in the drowsy summer afternoons. A city of pines and oaks, of happy homes great and small — a city, above all, bearing the keys of the Orient at her golden girdle. And her heart said, 'Victoria' — where westernmost West leans forward to kiss easternmost East across the Pacific.

So she went there — now a woman of twenty-nine, self-possessed and capable, and settled herself in a great hostelry to choose and build her home. Her home, mark you! — not her prison. It was not to be so large as to hamper flight when the inevitable call came: —

Take down your golden wings now from their hook behind the door.
The wind comes calling from the west, and you must fly once more.

I wish I might write of the building of her home, for it developed into one of the immense joys of her life. But more important things are ahead.

It was while all this was in embryo that the thought of writing impressed itself on Beatrice Veronica. Partly because the house adventure was

expensive and she wanted a larger margin, partly because she had seen with delighted eyes all the splendid spectacle of men and cities and thought her sound knowledge of history and literature should count for stones in the sling of the writer who goes forth to conquer the great Goliath of the public. It really seemed a waste of good things not to turn all this to account.

But how to begin? She bought an armful of the magazines which make gay the streets of Victoria.

'I ought to be able to do this kind of thing,' she reflected. 'I have a good vocabulary — father thought about eight thousand words; and I have seen all there is to see. Let's try.'

She did, and ended with more respect for the average author. The eight thousand of her vocabulary were as unmanageable as mutineers or idiots. They marched doggedly in heavy columns, they right-about-faced and deployed; but there was no life in them. The veriest manhandler of a grizzly could do better. Being a young person of quick insight and decision she decided to waste no more time in that direction. She burned her manuscripts and turned her attention to planning her garden.

And it was then that V. Lydiat dawned on the horizon. Dawned — that is the only word, for V. Lydiat came and the sun came after. It happened in this way.

II

One night Beatrice Veronica fell asleep and dreamed, but not in the usual way. She was standing by a temple she remembered very well in Southern India, the Temple of Govindhar. It stood there under its palms, wonderful as a giant rock of majolica, colored lavishly in the hard fierce sunshine, monstrously sculptured with

gods and goddesses and mythical creatures of land and water in all the acts of their supernal life, writhing and tapering upward to the great architectural crown supported by tigers and monkeys — a crown gemmed with worshipping spirits for jewels, a nightmare conception of violence in form and color; the last barbaric touch to the misbegotten splendor. The dream was so vivid that it seemed as though she had awaked into it, and she stood among the palms, looking up to the blaze against the blue and wondering.

Suddenly she became aware that a man was standing near the great gate which no unbeliever's foot may pass, looking up also, shading his eyes with his hand from the intolerable sunlight. His face was sensitive and strong, his eyes gray and noticeable. She liked his figure in the light tropical clothing and recognized the air of birth and breeding. But he seemed wearied, as if the climate had been too much for him — a look one knows very well where the sun beats on the head in the lowlands of Southern India, beats all the cruel day like a mighty man of valor.

Then, as dream-people will, he came toward her as if they had known each other all their lives, and said slowly, meditatively, 'I have tried and tried. I can't do it.'

With a sense that she knew what he meant, though she could not drag it to light, she found herself saying earnestly, 'But have you tried hard enough? *Really* tried?'

He put his hand to his forehead with a tired gesture. 'I'm always trying. But *you* could do it.'

She said, 'Could I?' in great astonishment.

They stood a moment side by side, looking at each other, and then, as if from a blurred distance, she heard his voice again. 'It was said in the Vedas that if any two creatures united their

psychic forces they could conquer the world, though singly they could do nothing.'

Temple and palms dissolved into colored mist; they swam away on another wave of dream and vanished. She floated up to the surface of consciousness, awake, with the pale morning gold streaming in through the east window.

She knew she had dreamed, for a sense of something lost haunted her all day; yet she could not remember anything, and things went on in their usual course. She was planning the garden and it almost filled her mind. That evening, sitting in the hotel lounge, listening to the babble of music and talk about her, she had the impulse to write — to write something, she did not in the least know what. It was so urgent that she walked quickly to the elevator and then to her sitting-room, and there she snatched pen and paper and wrote the beginning of a story of modern life in India, but strangely influenced by and centring about the Temple of Govindhar. As she wrote the name she remembered that she had seen it among the palm trees in its hideous beauty, and now, like a human personality, it forced itself on her and compelled her to be its mouthpiece.

How it happened she could not tell. Certainly she had traveled, kept her ears and eyes open, and learned as much as any woman can who keeps on the beaten track in the Orient and consorts only with her own kind. The native and European worlds are very far apart, so far that nothing which matters very much can pass over the well-defined limits. Moreover, she was not a learned woman. Indian thought of the mystic order had never come her way, and Indian history, except where it touched European, was a closed book. Therefore this story astonished her very much. She read it over

breathlessly when she had finished it.

The critic in her brain, standing aside, watched the mouthing and posturing of her characters, and told her austere that the work was good, excellent; but something far behind her brain had told her that already. She read it over and over, ardently, lingeringly, with an astonishing sense of ownership, yet of doubt. *How* had it come? And the writing? No longer did the priggish eight thousand of her vocabulary march in dull squadrons, heavy-footed, languid. They sped, ran, flew, with perfect grace, like the dancers of princes. They were beautiful exceedingly. They bore the tale like a garland.

She tapped it out herself on the keys of her Corona and sent it to the editor of a very famous magazine, with the signature of V. Lydiat. As I have said, that matter took long thought, prompted from behind by instincts.

It was done, and V. Lydiat, a climbing star, shed a faint beam over the world. For the editor wrote back eagerly. He knew he had found a new flavor.

'Your work impresses me as extremely original. I am anxious to see more of it. I need hardly say I accept it for the magazine, and I shall hope to hear from you again before long.'

No need to dwell on Beatrice Veronica's feelings, mixed beyond disentanglement. She was not astonished that the work should be recognized as good, but — V. Lydiat! What had happened to her and how? Strange tales are told to-day of sudden brain-stimulations and complexes. Was she the happy victim of such an adventure, and if so, would it be recurrent? How should she know? What should she do? She felt herself moving in worlds not realized, and could not in the least decide the simple question of whether it was honest to accept commendation

for a thing she felt in her very soul she had not done and could not do.

But then, who? What was V. Lydiat?

He, she, or it, came from starrier spheres than hers. Wings plumed its shoulders, while hers were merely becomingly draped in seasonable materials. She knew that the visitor was a subtler spirit, dwelling beyond the mysteries, saturated with the color and desire of dead ages which can never die — an authentic voice.

Yes — V. Lydiat was entirely beyond her.

But you will understand that, though Beatrice Veronica could not enter into the secret places, it was a most wonderful thing to be amanuensis and business manager. To her fell the letters from editors and publishers, the correspondence which rained in from the ends of the earth, protesting gratitude, praise, entreaties for counsel in all things from routes to religions. These latter were the most difficult, for it would have taken V. Lydiat to answer them adequately. But Beatrice Veronica did the best she could, and her life moved onward aureoled and haloed.

She learned at last the rules of the game. V. Lydiat's ethereal approach could be secured only in the morning and with the wand of a fountain pen. She must sit with a fair sheet before her and wait, fixing her mind on some idle point of light or the persistent trembling of leaves, and suddenly the world would glide from her and she be left in another.

The strangest experience! It began always in the same way. The blue Canadian sky, the hyacinth gleam of sea through oak and pine, dissolved in unrealities of mist, and sultry Oriental skies, yellow as a lion's eyes or the brazen boom of a gong, beat fierce sunlight downward as from an inverted bowl. And then she knew V.

Lydiat was at hand. But never with companionship. It was a despot and entered in, with flags flying, to the annihilation of Beatrice Veronica. She wrote like a thing driven on a wind, and woke to find it done. The possession obliterated her, and when she could collect her routed forces it was gone.

So time went on and V. Lydiat's fame was established and she wore it like a stolen jewel, with trembling, though only in her heart.

III

One night, in moonlight warmth, with the vast Princesses of the Dark hiding in the ambush of breathless trees, she sat in the high verandah of her little house with the broad vista through pines to the sea.

That day V. Lydiat had transported her to a great and silent jungle in Cambodia, and they went up together through the crowding, whispering jungle to the ruined palaces where great kings dwelt, and passed through their sounding halls, sculptured with dead myths, to the chambers once secret where the queens looked forth languidly from wildly carved casements into the wilderness of sweets in the garden. The story had led her to a great tank of water in the knotted shade, paved with marbles inlaid with human figures in strange metals, a place where women with gold-embraced heads once idly bathed their slender limbs in the warm lymph — a secret place, but now open to cruel sunlight and cold incurious stars.

So far she herself knew it all. She had photographed that tank with its stony cobras while Sidney Verrier timed the exposure. But of the story told to-day she knew nothing.

A wonderful story, old as time, new as to-morrow, for the figures in it were of to-day, and of a magic we are begin-

ning faintly to apprehend, like a gray dawn behind mountains — people who had gone there only to see, and were captured by the powers hiding behind carved walls and eyeless windows. A dangerous place, and she had not known it then; but V. Lydiat knew better, knew it was alive and terrible still.

'I wish I knew you,' she whispered, leaning her arms on the sill and looking out toward the hidden Orient. 'You come and go and I can't touch you even while you are in me. You interpret, you make life wonderful, and perhaps you are more wonderful still. If I could only lay hold of you! *What* are you? Where do you come from? Where do you go? I hear — oh, let me see!'

Dead silence. Not even the sound of the sea.

She laid her head on her folded arms.

'I've been obedient. I've laid myself down on the threshold that you might walk over me and take possession. Have you no reward for me? Are you just some strange cell of my own brain suddenly awake and working, or are you some other — what? — but nearer to me than breathing, as near as my own soul?'

It seemed to her that she sent her soul through the night, pleading, pleading. Then very slowly she relaxed into sleep as she lay in the moonlight — deep, soul-satisfying sleep. And so dreamed.

She stood in the Shalimar Garden of the dead Mogul Empresses in Kashmir. How well she knew it, how passionately she loved it! She and Sidney Verrier had moored their house boat on the Dal Lake, not far away, one happy summer, and had wandered almost daily to the Shalimar, glorying in the beauty of its fountains and rushing cascades, and the roses — roses everywhere in a most bewildering sweetness. How often she had gone up the long

garden-ways to the foot of the hills that rise into mountains and catch the snows and stars upon their heights! It was no wonder she should dream of it. So, in her dream, she walked up to the great pavilion supported on noble pillars of black marble from Pampoor, and the moon swam in a wavering circle in the water before it. She held back a moment to see it break into a thousand reflections, and then became aware of a man leaning with folded arms by the steps, his face clear in the moonlight.

Instantly she knew him, as he did her — the man of her dream of the Temple of Govindhar.

As before, he turned and came toward her.

'I have waited for you by the Temple and here and in many other places. I wait every night. How is it you come so seldom?' he said. His voice was stronger, his bearing more alert and eager than at Govindhar. He spoke with a kind of assurance of welcome, to which she responded instantly.

'I would have come. I did not know. How can I tell?'

He looked at her, smiling.

'There is only one way. Why did n't you learn it in India? It was all round you and you did n't even notice. You don't know your powers. Listen.'

Beatrice Veronica drew toward him, eyes rapt on his face, scarcely breathing. Yes — in India she had felt there were mighty stirrings about her.

'You see — this is the way of it,' he said, leaning against the black pillar. 'The soul is sheer thought and knowledge, but prisoned in the body it is the slave of the senses, and all its powers are limited by these. And they lead it into acts which in their consequences are fetters of iron. Still, at a certain point of attainment one can be freer than most men believe possible. When this is so, you use the Eight Means of

Mental Concentration and are free.'

'Is this true? Do you know it?' she asked earnestly. 'Because if there's any certain way, I have a quest — something — someone —'

She stammered and could not finish.

'I know. Someone you want to find in the dark. Well, it can be done. You would n't believe the possibilities of the freed state of consciousness. Here, in the Shalimar, you think you see nothing but moonlight and water — nothing in fact that your senses don't tell you. But that is nonsense. You are asleep in Canada and yet you see them by the inner light of memory. Well — use the Eight Means and you will see them waking and as clearly as you do in sleep. And much more. I, who have been taught, see very much more. This place to me is peopled with those who made it and were happy here. Dead kings and queens who rejoiced in its beauty. See!'

He laid his hand on hers and suddenly she saw. Amazing — amazing! They were alone no longer.

Sitting in the pavilion, looking down into the moon-mirroring water, was a woman in the ancient dress of Persia, golden and jeweled. She flung up her head magnificently, as if at the words, and looked at them, the moon full in her eyes. The garden was peopled now, not only with roses, but with large white blossoms sending out fierce hot shafts of perfume. They struck Beatrice Veronica like something tangible and half dazed her as she stared at the startling beauty of the unveiled woman, revealed like a flaming jewel in the black-and-white glory of the night.

With his hand on hers she knew without words. Nourmahal, the Empress, ruler of the Emperor who made the Shalimar for her pleasure, who put India with all its glories at her feet. Who else should be the soul of the

garden, its perfume, and its blossom?

It seemed to Beatrice Veronica that she had never beheld beauty before. But as she watched, spellbound, the man lifted his hand from hers and the garden was empty of all but moonlight and roses once more, and he and she were alone.

'Was it a ghost?' she asked, trembling.

'No, no — an essential something that remains in certain places, not a ghost. There is nothing of what you mean by that word. Don't be frightened! You'll often see them.'

She stared at him perplexed, and he added: —

'You see? One has only to put one's self in the receptive state and time is no more. One sees — one hears. You are only a beginner, so I cannot show you much. But you *are* a beginner or you would not be here in the Shalimar with me now. There is a bond between us which goes back —' He paused, looking keenly at her, and said quickly, 'Centuries — and more.'

She was stunned, dazed by the revelations. They meant so much more than it is possible to record. Also, the sensation was beginning in her which we all know before waking. The dream wavers on its foundation, loosens, becomes misty, makes ready to disappear. It would be gone — gone before she could know. She caught his hand as if to steady it. 'Are you V. Lydiat?' she cried. 'You must be. You are. You come to me every day — a voice. Oh, let me come to you like this, and teach me, teach me, that I may know and see! I am a blind creature in a universe of wonders. Let me come every night.'

His face was receding, palpitating, collapsing, but his voice came as if from something beyond it.

'That is what you call me. Names are nothing. Yes, come every night.'

IV

Beatrice Veronica woke that morning with the sun glorying through the eastern arch of her verandah. She was still dressed. She had slept there all night. Of the dream she remembered snatches, hints, which left new hopes and impulses germinating in her soul. That was the beginning of a time of strange and enchanting gladness. Thus one may imagine the joy of a man born blind who by some miraculous means is made to see and wakes in a world of wonders.

The morning was V. Lydiat's. At ten o'clock she would betake herself to her high verandah and, folding her hands and composing her mind, look out to sea through the wide way of pines which terminated in its azure beauty. Then, as has been told before, her mind would blow softly away on a dream-wind, and the story would begin.

And at night there was now invariably the meeting. At first it was always in some place she knew — some spot she recognized from memory, haunts of her own with Sidney Verrier. But one night a new thing happened — she woke into dream by the Ganges at Cawnpore, at the terrible Massacre Ghaut, a place she had always avoided because of the horrible memories of the Indian Mutiny which sicken the soul of every European who stands there.

Now she stood at the top of the beautiful broken steps under the dense shade of the very trees where the mutineers ambushed, and he was below, beckoning her.

'Well done, well done!' he said, as she came slowly down to where the holy Ganges lips the lowest step. 'This was a great experiment. You could never have come here alone — I could not have brought you until now, and I

had to fight the repugnance in you; but here you are. You see? We have been putting stepping-stones, you and I, each from our own side, and now the bridge is made and we hold hands in the middle. You can come anywhere now. And listen! I too am learning to go where I have never been. The world will be open to us soon.'

He looked at her with glowing eyes — the eyes of the explorer, the discoverer, on the edge of triumph.

'But why here — in this horrible place?' She shrank a little even from him as she looked about her. He laughed.

'That is no more now than a last year's winter-storm. They know. They were not afraid even then. They laugh now as they go on their way. Be happy, beloved. They are beyond the mysteries.'

Of that dream she carried back to earth the word 'beloved.' Who had said it she could not tell. Was it — could it be V. Lydiat? She did not know. Also she remembered that she had dreamed of the Massacre Ghaut at Cawnpore, and took pains to search for pictures and stories of the place to verify her dream. Yes — it was true. Things were becoming clearer.

Her power in writing increased very noticeably about this time. V. Lydiat was recognized as holding a unique place among writers about the Orient. On the one side were the scholars, the learned men who wrote in terms of ancient Oriental thought, terms no ordinary reader could understand; and on the other, the writers of the many-faceted surface, the adventurers, toying with the titillating life of the zenana and veiled and dangerous love-affairs, a tissue of colored crime. But V. Lydiat recorded all, and with a method of his own which approached perfect loveliness in word and phrase. The faiths of the East were his — in India

and China alike, his soul sheltered under the wings of the Divine, at home in strange heavens, and hells which one day were to blossom into heavens.

'I'm only a pioneer. You too,' he said to her one day, — she could dream the day as well as the night, — sitting in the gardens of the Taj Mahal. 'It will be done very much better soon. See how we are outgrowing our bounds and feeling out after the wonders — the essential self which hands on the torch when we die? Die? No — I hate that word. Let's say — climb a step higher on the ladder of existence. Every inch gives us a wider view of the country. You see?'

She liked that 'You see?' which came so often. It was so eager — so fraternal in a way. Yes, they were good comrades, she and V. Lydiat.

'Do you know I write for you?' she ventured to ask. 'I have often wondered if you speak as unconsciously as I write.'

'No, no. I know. I always know. Longer ago than you would believe you used to write for me. We are in the same whirlpool, you and I. Our atoms must always be whirled together again. You can't escape me, B. V., however hard you try.'

'Do you think I want to?' she asked.

But in daily life she clung to her secret like grim death. She would not have been burdened with V. Lydiat's laurels for the world. The dishonesty of it! And yet one could never explain. Hopeless — who would believe? And, apart from that, she had a kind of growing belief that he would enter on his own one day. Not that she understood him as more than a dim dream-influence, but the realization of a presence was growing, and she herself developing daily.

There is no space here to tell of the wondrous sights she saw, holding his hand. Beatrice Veronica bid fair to

be a remarkable woman if some day the inner and outer perceptions should unite.

But what was to be the solvent? That, this story can indicate only faintly, for the end is not yet.

She went out less into her little world — not shunning it, but so enfolded in secret joys that it seemed insipid enough. People liked her, but she moved in her own orbit and it intersected theirs only at well-defined points. Her soft abstracted air won, but eluded. It put an atmosphere about her of thoughts not to be shared.

V

One day came a letter from Sidney Verrier, now Sidney Mourilyan, from her husband's plantation in the Shevaroy Hills in Southern India. She wrote from the settlement of Yercaud. 'Not a town,' she wrote, 'but dear little scattered houses in the trees. We have even a club! — think of it, after the wilds where you and I have been. I wish half the day you would come. You would like it, B. V. — you would like it! The heliotropes are almost trees; the jasmines have giant stars. The house is stormed with flowers, almost too sweet. Don't you hear the East a-calling? At all events you hear me, for I want you. It's a cold country you're in — frigid pines, and stark mountains, and icy seas. Do come out into real sunshine again.'

'And listen, B. V. — there's a man going round by Japan to Canada. A man called Martin Welland. I should like you to know him for two reasons. First, he can tell you all about us and this place. Second, I find him interesting. If you don't, shunt him. My love, my dear B. V., and do come.'

There was more, but that is the essential.

It was about four months later that

Beatrice Veronica was rung up in her verandah. The imperative call annoyed her, for she was writing. A man's voice.

'Miss Leslie? I think Mrs. Mourilyan told you I was coming this way. My name is Welland.'

Polite assurances from the verandah.

'Yes. I am at the Empress. May I come and see you this afternoon? I have a small parcel from Mrs. Mourilyan.'

With her Chinese servant she made the little black-oak table beautiful with silver and long-stemmed flowers in old English glass bowls. If he went back to Yercaud he should at least tell Sidney that her home in 'that cold country' was desirable.

He came at four and she could hear his voice in the hall before she saw him. She liked it. The words were clear, well-cut, neither blurred nor bungled. Then the door opened. A tall man, broad-shouldered; a sensitive mouth and deep-set eyes. Possibly thirty-eight or so. All these things flashed together in an impression of something to be liked and trusted. On his side, he saw a young woman in a flowing blue-gray gown, with hazel eyes and hair to match, a harmony of delicate browns enhancing a pale face, with faintly pink lips, and a look of fragility which belied the nervous strength beneath.

The parcel was given — a chain of Indian moonstones in silver, very lovely in its shifting lights. And then came news of Yercaud.

'I heard of you so much there that you are no stranger to me,' he said, watching with curious interest while she filled the jade-and-pink Chinese cups with jasmine tea from a far-off valley in Anhui. It fascinated him, the hands flitting like little white birds on their quick errands, the girl, so quiet and self-possessed, mistress of herself and her house.

'You have a delightful home,' he said at last, rather abruptly.

'Yes. When you return do try to convince Mrs. Mourilyan that I don't live in a hut on an iceberg. You agree with me, I know, that only Kashmir and one or two other places can be more beautiful than this.'

'I fully agree. Yet it misses something which permeates India in places far less lovely. It lacks atmosphere. Just as the dead leaves of a forest make up a rich soil where all growth is luxuriant, so the dead ancience of India makes the air rich with memory and tradition. You can't get that in these new countries.'

'I know! Here it's just a lovely child with all the complexities ahead.'

'I can understand that. And they tell me the climate is delightful. I wish I could stay here. I may come back some day, but I have to return to India for a while in any case.'

'You have work?'

'Yes, and no. I have collected an immense quantity of notes for several books on Indian subjects, but — now you will laugh! — I shall never write them.'

'But why — why? I know there's an immense opening for *true* books about the Orient.'

'I think so too, but you'll allow it's a drawback that I am entirely devoid of the writing-gift. I have my knowledge. I have the thing flame-clear in my mind, but let me put it on paper and it evaporates. Dull as ditchwater! You see?'

That last little phrase sent a blush flying up her cheek. It recalled many things.

'Yes, I see. But then, could n't you put it in skillful hands?'

He turned suddenly on her.

'Could *you* do it?'

'I? I wish I could, but I am doing work at present —'

'Literary?'

'Of a sort. Secretarial. I write from dictation.'

'May I ask what sort of things?'

With a curious reluctance she answered, 'Indian,' and said no more.

He seemed to meditate on that; then said slowly: 'It seems that you have experience of the very things which interest me. Tell me, for I have been so long in the wilds, is there any writer nowadays taking the place with regard to things Indian which Lafcadio Hearn did with things Japanese? A man who gets at the soul of it as well as the beautiful surface?'

With her eyes on the ground and a sense of something startling in the air, she answered with a question: 'Have you ever heard of V. Lydiat's books?'

'Not that I know of. Up in Kulu and beyond, the new books don't penetrate. A man or a woman?'

'People are not certain. The initial might mean either, but the critics think a man. The last is called *The Unstruck Music*; the one before *Dreams and Delights*; the first *The Way of Stars*.'

'Beautiful names. Can I get them here?'

'Oh yes. But I can lend them to you.'

They talked happily long after that in a curiously intimate way which gave her secret but intense happiness.

When he went off he carried *The Way of Stars* and the rest under his arm, and they parted like friends.

VI

That night she had no dream and next day she tried even more eagerly than usual to get in touch with V. Lydiat, but in vain. The oracle was silent. It frightened her a little, for the whole thing had been so strange that she always touched it with a certain doubt. She sat patiently all the morn-

ing, hoping and sorely disturbed; but the Pacific hung a relentless azure curtain before her fairyland and the pines dreamed in their own sunshine and made no way for palms.

At one o'clock the telephone rang.

'Welland speaking. May I come and see you this afternoon?'

It was impossible, for she had an engagement, but she named the evening at eight. He caught at this—his voice was evidence of his eagerness. He came a minute or two before the time, and a book was in his hand. She knew the cover with the drift of stars across it before he spoke, though he broke out the minute he was in the room.

'The most amazing thing! I hardly know how to tell you. You'll think I'm mad. It's my book—mine, yet I never wrote a word of it.'

They stared at each other in a kind of consternation, and the little color in her face died away. She felt but could not control the trembling of her hands.

'You mean—'

'I mean—there are my notes one after another, but expressed in a way I could never hope for, *exquisitely* expressed. But it's mine all the same. A cruel, enchanting robbery! You don't believe me—how could you? But I can prove it. See here!'

With passionate haste he pulled a roll of paper from his pocket, and pushed the typed sheets before her. The first story in *The Way of Stars* was called 'The Lady of Beauty.' The notes began: 'Notes and scene for The Beautiful Lady,' and went on *seriatim* with the scaffolding of the story. Rough notes—nothing more—but precise.

'The way it's done here, in this book, is the very way I used to see it in my dreams, but it was utterly beyond me! For God's sake, tell me what you think.'

She laid it down.

'Of course it's yours. No doubt of that. But his too. You blocked out the marble. He made the statue. The very judgment of Solomon could n't decide between you.'

'That's true,' he said hopelessly. 'But the mystery of it! The hopeless mystery. No eye but mine has ever seen that paper till now.'

Silence. A gray moth flew in from the garden and circled about the lamp. The little flutter of its wings was the only sound. Then, in a shaken voice very unlike its own usual sedate sweetness, she asked, 'Mr. Welland, do you ever dream?'

'Awake? Constantly.'

'Asleep?'

She saw caution steal into his frank eyes and drop a curtain before them.

'Why do you ask? Everyone dreams.'

She gathered up all her courage for the next question.

'Were you ever in the Shalimar?'

'Certainly. Does anyone ever go to Kashmir and miss it?'

He was fencing, that was palpable. It gave her hope for a golden gleam through her fear. She clasped her shaking hands tightly in each other.

'I have the strangest dreams. I can bring back only snatches. Yet I know there is a wonderful connected story behind them. I dreamed the Shalimar not long ago; I brought back one image — a woman in an old Persian dress sitting by the black Pampoor pillars and looking down into the water where the moon dipped and swam all gold.'

'Yes, yes, go on,' he breathed.

'There were flowers — white flowers. I never saw them there in the daylight.'

'Unbearably sweet,' he interjected. 'The scent is like the thrust of a lance. I know, I know. But there was another woman. I can't remember her face.'

'How did she stand?' asked Beatrice Veronica.

'Near me — but she could see nothing. The day still blinded her, until —'

'Until you laid your hand on hers. Then she saw.'

Another long silence. Only the beating of the moth's wings. He leaned forward from his chair and laid his hands on the clasp of hers. Their eyes met, absorbing each other; the way for the electric current was clear.

'I remember now,' he said very softly. 'It was you. It was you at the Temple of Govindhar. At the Massacre Ghaut of Cawnpore. Ah, I dragged you there against your will to show I was the stronger. It is you — always you.'

What was she to say? With his hands on hers it was a union of strength which put the past before both like an open book. She remembered all the dreams now. Impossible to tell them here, they were so many — like and unlike, shaken shifting jewels in a kaleidoscope held in some unseen hand. But jewels. They sat a long time in this way, rapt in wordless memories, their eyes absorbing each other — the strangest reunion. When speech came it brought rapture which needed little explanation. They bathed in wonder as in clear water; they flung the sparkle of it over their heads and glittered to each other in its radiance. When had such a miracle been wrought for any two people in all the world? The dreams of the visionary were actual for them, and Heaven and earth instinct with miracle.

'When we are married — when we pass our lives utterly together, the bond will be stronger,' he said, kissing her hand passionately, two hours later. 'We shall be awake, with reason and intellect as well as vision to help our work; we shall do such things as the world has never dreamed, prove that miracle is the daily bread of those who

know. Two halves of a perfect whole made one forever and ever. You see?'

He looked at her a moment with shining eyes and added, 'The wise will come to us for wisdom, the poets for beauty, and we shall make our meeting-places the shrines of a new worship.'

Beatrice Veronica agreed with every pulse of her blood. The Great Adventure, and together!—what bliss could equal that marvel?

They were together perpetually, and surely human happiness was never greater than that of these two adventurers with the blue capes of Wonderland in sight at last over leagues of perilous seas. In another image, their caravan halted outside the gates of Paradise, and in a short few weeks those gates would swing open for them and, closing, shut out Fate.

But she did not dream of Martin Welland now, nor he of her. The discovery and all it involved was so thrilling that it brought every emotion to the surface as blood flushes the face when the heart beats violently. The inner centres were depleted.

They were married and Paradise was at hand, but for a while the happy business of settling their life engrossed them. It would be better to live in Canada and make long delightful visits to the Orient to refill the cisterns of marvel, they thought. A room for mutual work must be plotted in the bungalow; then there was the anxious question of a southern aspect. Then it was built, and it became a debatable decision whether some of the pines must fall to enlarge the vista to the sea. Friends rallied about her on the news of the marriage, and rejoiced to see the irradiation of Beatrice Veronica's pale face. Then they must be entertained.

Then the endless joyful discussions as to whether the author should still be V. Lydiat or whether collaboration

should be admitted. These things and many more filled the happy world they dwelt in.

VII

Can the end be foreseen? They never foresaw it.

The hungry claim of human bliss fixed its roots in the inner soil where the *Rosa Mystica* had blossomed, and exhausted it for all else. That, at least, is the way one endeavors to state the mysterious enervation of the subconscious self which had built the stepping-stones between them to the meeting-point.

She went hopefully to her table when they had settled down, and he sat beside her doing his utmost to force the impulse across inches which had made nothing of oceans. It was dead. He could think of nothing but the sweet mist of brown tendrils in the nape of her neck, the pure line from ear to chin, the delights of the day to be. She sat with the poor remnant of his notes before her—for nearly all had been exhausted in the three books—and tried to shape them into V. Lydiat's clear and sensitive beauty of words. It could not be done. Her eight thousand words marched and deployed heavy-footed as before. They were as unmanageable as mutineers or idiots. There was no life in them.

So it all descended to calmer levels. They slept in each other's arms, but they never dreamed of each other now. They had really been nearer in their ghostly meeting by the Taj Mahal or in the evil splendors of Govindhar—far nearer, when she wrote and could not cease for joy, than when Martin Welland sat beside her and struggled to find what had flashed like light in the old days. They had to face it at last—V. Lydiat was dead.

It troubled them much for a while, but troubled the world more. The

publishers were besieged with questions. Finally these also slackened off and died. V. Lydiat was buried.

They thought that if they returned to India for a time the dead fire might rekindle under those ardent skies. But no.

One day, at Benares, standing near the great Monkey of Durga, Martin stopped suddenly and a light came into his eyes. 'B. V., I've just remembered that one of the most learned of the native pandits lives near here — a wonderful old fellow called Jadrup Gosein. Let's go and state the case to him. The wisest man I ever knew.'

The holy man was seated under the shadow of a great image of Ganesa, the Elephant-Headed One, the Giver of Counsel, and when they sat themselves before him at a measured distance the case was stated.

There was a long pause, a deep silence filled with hot sunshine, and the passing of bare feet on sun-baked floors — an extraordinary peace and remoteness.

Jadrup Gosein meditated profoundly, then raised his serene dark face upon them with the dim look that peers from the very recesses of being, dazed as with excess of light. His words, incomprehensible to Beatrice Veronica, had the deep resonance of a bell, near at hand but muffled.

'There was a man long since,' he began, 'to whom the high gods offered in reward of merit a tree, very small and feeble, — a suckling, as it were, among trees, — with feeble fibrous root, accessible to all the dangers of drought and sun, and of a family of trees unknown to him whether as to blossom or fruit. And he beheld it with doubt. So, seeing this, they offered instead a

rose from the Earthly Paradise, crimson and perfumed, its hidden bosom pearly with dew like tears. And he said: "The tree may die, and should it live I am ignorant of its virtues, but the rose is sweet in my hand. I choose the rose." So they gave it. And the wise Elephant-Headed One said: "O fool, what is a rose compared with a divine tree of roses which bears myriads of blossoms forever and ever? A gathered rose is dead." My children, you have chosen the rose. Yet, in another life, remember and cling to that which is rooted in the past, present, and future, and flowers immortally.'

Then he dismissed them kindly and returned into his thought.

'He means,' said Martin with a troubled brow, 'that ordinary household happiness shuts a man in from the stars. B. V., do you remember the flute of Pan? He tore the reed from the river and murdered it as a reed to make a flute for the god?'

'But we're so happy!' she whispered, clinging against him to feel the warmth of his love. 'The outer stars are cold. I don't regret V. Lydiat. I have you.'

Martin sighed. 'You had both. You have only me now.'

All day he was clouded with a sense of something lost and gone which could never be replaced. But that regret also slipped away. They forgot. It faded into the light of common day and they were extremely happy. They never could account for the way they had come together in the lost dream-world. The clue to that mystery escaped them once and forever. Jadrup Gosein could have told them all about it, but they never thought of asking him the one question which really mattered.

BUCOLIC BEATITUDES

I. BLESSED BE THE DOG

BY RUSTICUS

My dog has but one eye. He was the beginning of things. Just how far he has controlled my destiny, just how far he has shaped the lives of those about him, will never be known until the dull human mind has evolved a keener perception of the real values of life and has learned to become conscious of influences too subtle to be recognized by man in his present fallen estate. This is certain: he was the beginning of things. It was he who opened the door and led the way.

I have always felt that I owe that dog an apology which only a life of devotion can express. The bitter truth is — I bought him. What I paid for him is one of those personal secrets which will remain locked in my bosom to the end of time. It is one of those sacred things that even an Internal Revenue Inspector must dismiss in reverent awe, and the Head of the Household must rest content with the explanation that there are but two hidden things in my life: one is the price paid for the dog in question and the other is the extent of my devotion to my wife. After the matter is presented in these terms, further inquiry seems indelicate.

But the bitter fact remains — I did buy him. A dog should never be purchased, should never be made the subject of barter and dickering. A dog may be rescued from abuse, he may be bestowed and accepted as a gift, he

may be borrowed and never returned, he may be found and kept, and, in cases of real necessity, he may be stolen in a dignified manner — but he should never be bought. I have heard of men who make a livelihood from the purchase and sale of dogs. I can conceive of them as good husbands and kind fathers, but they still seem to me inhuman monsters engaged in a sinister traffic.

There seems to be one relationship in a social structure now completely dissected and exposed under the microscope of social investigators which remains inviolate — a relationship that owes its immunity from investigators to the stupidity characteristic of investigators, who ignore the significant and tear the obvious and unimportant into worthless tatters. That relationship is the profoundly significant one existing between a good, bad, or indifferent child and a dog.

With what wealth of ritual do we bestow a name upon a child; with what ecstasies of formality do we celebrate her taking a mate; and yet with what casual indifference do we give that child the first dog! We create a contact — as our scientific friends like to call it — the importance of which no one can conjecture, with a callous unconcern which is the only proper measure of our ignorance.

Here if anywhere is an excuse for formality and the most elaborate and

significant ritual. Here is a real chance for genuine good cheer and the sincerest merrymaking, quite unlike that forced and somewhat doubting hilarity that characterizes the average marriage-feast. For in this case we perform the one act allowed us in this earthly pilgrimage in which we are sure to be right; we cannot make a mistake. And certainly when that crowning moment of our existence comes — when as in the fairy tale we make the one wish allowed us — we should do it with a high degree of decorum and with all decent elaboration of detail.

I say we cannot make a mistake — I mean from the child's standpoint. We may create a relationship trying to the dog, by giving him to a very inferior child upon whom he must lavish years of loving instruction before improvement appears, but we cannot hurt the child by giving him a bad dog, for the simple reason that there is no such thing, broadly speaking, as a bad dog.

There is the occasional dog, of course, who has not withstood the corrupting influences of human associations as well as his more fortunate brothers, but even he is vastly better than no dog at all.

And once the contact made, the relationship established, what unlimited vistas of speculation lie temptingly before the reflective mind! Those two little figures on the hearthrug — one in the image of man, one showing the sleek and perfect lines of a half-wild creature. Two heads together — one of tousled gold, the other close-cropped and tapering to nostrils of nervous sensitiveness; a relaxed and callous paw held firmly in a dimpled human hand. What are they saying to each other? What lies back of those limpid canine eyes, half closed to the glare and warmth of the hearthstone? Something is going on between them, some delicate trans-

mission of emotion, thought, or stimulus which we know is infinitely good for the soul of the child and we can hope does no harm to the dog.

An unfamiliar footstep is heard, and the picture changes. The relaxed and languid creature is transformed in an instant from a musing, tolerant playmate to a bristling bundle of potential destruction. He stands, alert and vibrant, muscles tense, set for any contingency, ready for any emergency and any sacrifice. The emergency passes, and with an apologetic shake to relieve the tension of his muscles, and a half-sneeze to clear the dryness of expectant fangs, he settles once more upon the hearthrug to resume his mystic communion with the only person in the household with whom he is on terms of complete mutual understanding.

These are the perfect hours of childhood and doghood. They pass, like all perfect things, and are followed by long hours of separation while the child is absent in one of those institutions ingeniously contrived to remove him from the priceless opportunities of improvement in the society of a dog and to lighten the duties of idle parents in exchange for a fleeting familiarity with what is cryptically called the 'l.c.d.' And while the child is incarcerated in one of those centres of juvenile infection what prodigies of patience does the dog perform!

In my own case there happen to be two avenues of return from these dreary absences, and for long before the hour of arrival they must be watched. Owing to the entire absence of one eye this is a delicate operation, but Cerberus has found one point where with the least muscular exertion he can sweep his tiny horizon with his one remaining eye. And so he waits — not with the imbecile nervous tension and restless pacing of his master, but

relaxed and resting. Suddenly he becomes alert; the peculiar rattle of a certain rear wheel on a certain automobile is recognized by those miraculous ears long before the solitary eye can see the car. He is off — the long vigil is over. Once more life is sweet and full of interest and adventure.

It is idle to prate of the lessons he teaches. They have been told and retold. Patience, loyalty, devotion — we know them all. It is in the finer shades of his relationship with those about him that his quality appears. His is a wonderful life. Countless hours are spent in investigation. Every nook and cranny, every tree and every stone, every dark and mysterious hole, every living creature in pasture, garden, or stable must be run to earth. What sort of data is he gathering, I wonder? What use does he make of it? I do not know, but it is being stored away and tabulated for future reference in a vastly more usable and convenient form than any card index devised by the bungling brain of his master.

These are the busy hours of dog life. How often we encounter him bent on some important errand! I have a friend, the only adult I ever met who really knows a dog — and by the same token he is that rare thing, the gentleman. He too enjoys a long and solitary tramp, and he often meets on the highways and in the wood paths his various canine acquaintances bent on matters of importance. He makes a practice of saluting them with a cordial but respectful 'Good morning' or 'Good afternoon,' with perhaps a passing allusion to the fine weather. This by way of tribute to a fellow creature with mutual tastes.

But Cerberus knows that all work and no play is a dangerous method of life, and so hours are devoted to recreation. The duties of guardianship and the demands of education are laid

aside and he shows us how to play. Madly, intently, with no thought of appearances he rushes into play. Preferably with others, but alone if necessary, and the simplest things suffice; a stick, a stone, a floating bit of feather is all he needs. No elaborate toy, no calculated programme, no long planning, no arguments and disagreements as to the *terminus ad quem*, resulting in half-hearted enjoyment or utter boredom (the usual result of human recreations) — nothing but utter abandonment to the pleasure of the moment. I envy Cerberus his play more than I ever envied my neighbor's laboriously acquired and oppressive wealth.

Play over, then comes rest — rest as complete and perfect as the play. Stretched on the grass or before the fire, relaxed and languid, every muscle slack and every nerve quiet, he sinks to slumber profound and absolute. Sometimes a bit of joyous memory steals into his slumbering mind; an ear will cock, a paw will twitch, but for an instant, and he is again at perfect peace.

Then the call will come. Duty summons in the form of some sound inaudible to human ears, some suspicious odor too delicate to disturb a human nostril, and he is up. Back in harness, recreated, rested, ready for any demand upon that marvelous supply of nervous energy. And a neurasthenic generation wonders at it, while Cerberus patiently tries to teach by actual practice the simplest rudiments of health to a stupid and inattentive class of grown-up dunces.

That much vaunted and greatly overestimated thing called intellectual life, which humans use as a convenient excuse for all sorts of self-indulgence, is to Cerberus only the nice adjustment of dog data, knowledge, and experience to the needs of his complex relationships with those about him. These

adjustments are delicate and intricate, for Cerberus lives, moves, and has his being, not in a world of understanding fellow-dogs, but with creatures duller than he and filled with every form of prejudice and conceit. Add to this the fact that these same folk represent to him, not men and women, but for all practical purposes of immediate recognition and other important dog-matters nothing more or less than a moving forest of male and female legs. How would you prosper, my proud dog-baiting relative, if your point of view was from eight to fifteen inches above ground, and if your horizon line could be extended beyond a few paltry yards only by a painful lifting of the head or the securing of some vantage point for observation?

I fear, my friend, you would cut a much sadder figure than Cerberus at his worst.

And so his days pass. They are full of work and rest and play and, above all, a constant effort to square his dog mind to a man world. He does it pretty well; he does it better on the whole than man squares his to a God-made world. At least his effort seems more sincere, his attitude vastly more dignified and honest.

The day's work is over. Childish hands are clasped in sleep, maternal cares are soothed in the first sweet sleep of night, and paternal irritabilities are in the process of partial elimination

by pipe and book and armchair and open fire.

Cerberus lies with his head across his master's foot, a convenient arrangement allowing contact to replace sight on the blind side; and the seeing side commands the door. The autumn wind sways bare branches against the tiny house. Faint odors of apples and other products of the little farm seep up from the cellar, where in modest store they flank the winter's firewood piled in orderly array. The year is dying. Cerberus stirs in his sleep. I lay my hand upon his lean side. I pause to feel the rapid beating of his little heart, scarcely slowed at all even in sleep. Would that some power could slow it down; it will wear out all too soon — and then!

A door creaks. He rises; no bristling fury, no growling menace, only an orderly and methodical investigation of every corner of the room and hall. Then a dignified return and sleep resumed. A subtle compliment to his master's competence, a mere gesture of coöperation with a trusted superior — this is one of those delicate adjustments of dog life to a man-made world. Of these Cerberus is a past master.

He sleeps. His 'trusted superior' glances at the title of the book he is reading and lays it on the table. No need to read now, when Cerberus teaches. The book is a scholarly treatise on *The Mastery of Nerves*.

THE GREAT MR. CHURCHILL

BY IAN COLVIN

I

It was said in the war that although we had not invented an unsinkable ship we had succeeded in producing an unsinkable politician, and, whatever else may be said of Mr. Winston Churchill, it will be conceded that his buoyancy is nothing short of amazing. The two great catastrophes of Antwerp and the Dardanelles failed to sink him. He has been several times upon a lee shore, battering himself to pieces — or so it seemed — upon the rocks of various obdurate constituencies. The vessel might seem to be derelict, detached without any hope of salvage or any powerful party political tug to tow it out of danger; and yet, somehow or other, it has always floated away, not merely to the open sea again, but into some prosperous harbor of ministerial office. The last case is the most remarkable of all. Mr. Churchill had detached himself, or had been detached, from the Liberal Party; he had refused to call himself a Conservative; he had been defeated in a whole series of elections and by-elections; he had defied the Conservative Central Office in the famous fight of the Abbey Division. Yet he succeeded in floating into Parliament in the wake of the recent great Conservative flood tide, and was straightway appointed, by Mr. Stanley Baldwin, to one of the chief departments of State. Such a success might well be of interest to America, where I have heard that success is worshipped.

I am encouraged to write frankly on

the subject by the fact that your country shared with my own the honor of — or the responsibility for — the production of this great man. If upon his father's side he is the son of that most brilliant of 'young' Conservatives, Lord Randolph Churchill, and the descendant of the great Duke of Marlborough, on his mother's side he looks to the family of Jerome and the city of New York. In our study of a great man we should begin before the birth, and although I am ill equipped in the history of the family of Jerome, I might suggest that in the history of the family of Churchill, and especially the greatest of the Churchills, there might be found some clue to this success.

Here in England, where we believe in heredity, we remember that the great Duke understood very well how and when to detach himself from one cause and to attach himself to another, and we find this trait distantly referred to, and piously admired, in Mr. Winston Churchill's life of his father: —

Lord Churchill's name will not be recorded on the bead-roll of either party. The Conservatives, whose forces he so greatly strengthened; the Liberals, some of whose finest principles he so notably sustained, must equally regard his life and work with mixed feelings.

As with the father, so with the son. I suppose the Liberals, and certainly the Conservatives, regard the work and record of Mr. Winston Churchill 'with mixed feelings.'

II

To begin at the beginning, our great man was born on November 30, 1874. As he has not yet written his own life we know too little of his youth, but in one of his father's letters, dated January 15, 1893, we find that the trait of 'unsinkableness' began early. 'I am happy to say,' Lord Randolph Churchill wrote from Bournemouth, 'Winston is going on well, and making a good and on the whole a rapid recovery. He had a miraculous escape from being smashed to pieces, as he fell thirty feet off a bridge over a chine, from which he tried to leap to the bough of a tree. What dreadfully foolhardy and reckless things boys do!'

It may have seemed foolhardy and reckless, but after all it is exactly what Mr. Churchill has been doing with complete success ever since — jumping from bridges to boughs, and from boughs to bridges, over abysmal chines, at prodigious risk, yet without fatal consequences.

It is appropriate that this adventurous spirit should have proposed for himself a career in the army. From Harrow he went to Sandhurst, and got his commission in 1895. There being no war within the British Empire at that time, he served with the Spanish forces in Cuba; but we were never long without war in those happy times before the League of Nations, and in 1897 he saw fighting with the Malakand Field Force on the North West Frontier of India. In 1898 we hear of him as orderly officer with the Tirah Expeditionary Force, and in that same year he was fighting in the Nile Valley, and was present at the battle of Khartum. In the midst of these adventures he found time to write a novel, *Savrola*, which interests us chiefly as showing upon what the young soldier's mind was at work. It is a lurid tale of revolution,

written a little in the style of Bulwer-Lytton, and, first appearing in *Macmillan's Magazine*, was published as a novel in 1900. The hero, Savrola, has a fine gift of rhetoric, and a complete command of all those catchwords of liberty which are the revolutionary stock in trade. Red flags, revolutions, bombs, and barricades surround and adorn his triumphant career.

Then came the South African War, in which the young Churchill took an almost leading part as correspondent of the *Morning Post*. Is it necessary to say that he was the centre of his own picture, the hero of his own tale? How he was captured in an armored train, taken to Pretoria, thrown into prison, escaped after reading Carlyle's *Frederick the Great* and John Stuart Mill's *Essay on Liberty*, managed to cross 280 miles of hostile territory to the Portuguese border — all these things, and many others, are they not written in his book, *London to Ladysmith via Pretoria* (1900)? The characteristic picture he drew of himself hiding in a deep ravine amid a clump of trees still lingers in the minds of his admiring countrymen: 'My sole companion was a gigantic vulture, who manifested an extraordinary interest in my condition and made hideous and ominous gurglings from time to time.'

It was not the last time that the vultures were cheated of their prey as they watched our subject's apparently, but deceptively, prostrate body.

But now we must come to politics, for in 1900 Mr. Churchill was elected as Conservative member for Oldham, and he entered politics toward the inglorious end of that great Conservative administration which was to be defeated, heavily and decisively, at the end of 1905. He notes in the life of his father that in 1880 the tendency of the day was 'strongly progressive' and that the position of the Conservative Party, on

the other hand, was 'weak in the extreme.' And again: 'The sympathy and the intellect of the nation were estranged . . . outmatched in debate, outnumbered in division, the Party was pervaded by a profound sense of gloom . . . jeered at as the "Stupid Party," haunted by the profound distrust of an ever growing democracy, conscious that the march of ideas was leaving them behind.' All this might have been said by the unkind of the last days of the Balfour administration. Yet there were, at least, two men in the Party at that time who refused to be left behind in the march of ideas: Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, who tried in vain to save the Conservatives by unfolding his great policy of Imperial Preference, and Mr. Winston Churchill, who so strongly objected to Imperial Preference, or had such little faith in its saving power, that he joined the other side.

The Liberal Party, of which Mr. Churchill thus became a member, was hardly the place where we should expect to find a cavalry lieutenant and the son of Lord Randolph Churchill. Mr. Churchill's bias, as I am happy to testify, had been toward Nationalism — a patriotism almost of the jingo kind, flushed indeed with an imperialism of the South African War, and tinged with an inherited sense of a class designed for rule. The Liberals cared for none of these things. They had not quite dared to oppose the war, but they had gathered courage with the mistakes of our South African generals, and had almost reached the side of the Boers by the time it ended. They had indeed, as a party tradition, a certain grudge against the British Empire, a certain hostility toward both the navy and the army. There were, it is true, shades of distinction within the Party itself: Mr. Asquith and Sir Edward Grey (now Lord Grey) led the Liberals of the Right, and were

rather friendly than otherwise toward the Empire, against which the Radicals of the Left, led by such sharpshooters as Mr. Labouchere and Mr. Lloyd George, kept up a constant and harassing fire. The Prime Minister of those days, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, maintained an unsteady balance between the two extremes, but leaned rather to the Right than to the Left, and we may suppose that it was to strengthen his Right hand rather than his Left that he made Mr. Churchill, who had been returned as Liberal member for Central Manchester, Under Secretary for the Colonies.

The Liberals, although they did not like the traditions of their young recruit, were fain to admire his talents. He was an orator and a pamphleteer at least as brilliant as his father, and like his father he had a fine talent for the business of politics. In 1908 he became President of the Board of Trade, and in 1910 Home Secretary.

III

In that autobiographical fragment, *The World Crisis, 1911 to 1915*, our hero tells the world that when he was appointed Home Secretary he began to discover the activities of a regular and extensive system of German-paid British agents. This discovery, he says, dominated his mind for seven years, so that he thought of little else. 'Liberal politics, the People's Budget, Free Trade, Peace, Retrenchment and Reform — all the war cries of our election struggles began to seem unreal in the presence of this new preoccupation.' That may be so, but to a man of Mr. Churchill's energy even the German espionage system was insufficient to fill the whole day, and he came in touch with a thread, or rather with a live wire, of another no less formidable conspiracy, in a fashion so dramatic

that I must say something of it here.

On the sixteenth of December, 1910, the London police, suspecting a burglary, tried to force a jeweler's shop in Houndsditch, and were met by bullets which killed three and wounded two others. In pursuit of the criminals they stormed a house in Stepney on the third of January, 1911. Thus began the famous 'Siege of Sidney Street,' in which Mr. Churchill took a dramatic and — need I add? — a central part. The struggle was as thrilling as anything in *Savrola*: for seven hours picked shots of the Scots Guards and Army police returned the fire of the anarchists, Mr. Churchill directing operations from a coign of vantage. Then the house went up in flames, and its whole garrison, two foreign desperadoes, deservedly perished in the conflagration. The names of the queer fish dredged up by the police in this strange affair — Jacob Peters, Yourka Dubof, John Zelin (alias Rosen), Mina Vassileva, George Gardstein, and Peter Piatkow (alias Peter the Painter) — have a more familiar and significant sound now than they had then. It was, in fact, — if he had only known it, — Mr. Churchill's first introduction to the Bolsheviks.

It is possible that the Liberals did not quite like their Home Secretary in so startling a rôle, nor were they altogether reconciled by the energetic measures he took to quell the industrial rioting at Tonypandy in South Wales, and the railway strike of 1911. These incidents suggest the man of action, the ex-officer of cavalry, rather than the enthusiast for the principles of Liberalism. They even shocked some of the old women among the Conservatives: 'In recent times,' said Lord Robert Cecil, 'no Minister had in so few months committed a greater series of outrages on Liberty and Justice.'

But now events were sloping darkly down to the tremendous cataclysm in which all such trifles were lost and forgotten. At the moment the politics of our country were wholly absorbed in an Irish Crisis: Ulster threatened armed resistance to separation. Mr. Churchill, who was by this time First Lord of the Admiralty, threw himself into the fray. 'Let the red blood flow,' he exclaimed, as he ordered a battle squadron and flotilla to Lamlash, a base convenient for Belfast. Long afterward Mr. Churchill explained that he gave these orders in the hope that 'the popularity and influence of the Royal Navy might produce a peaceable solution even if the Army had failed.' Yet it is not, after all, altogether surprising that the Germans drew larger and darker conclusions from these alarms and excursions. 'How could they,' Mr. Churchill himself reflects, 'discern or measure the deep unspoken understandings which lay far beneath the froth and foam and fury of the storm?' How indeed? It was a deplorable and costly error. The Germans should have better understood how far our political play-acting could go! In the midst of this possibly too realistic drama came war, and amid the 'darkened scene of Europe' Mr. Churchill — as he suggests, upon his own responsibility — 'pulled over the various levers which successively brought our naval organization into full preparedness.' The credit for these eleventh-hour precautions has, however, been disputed by the envious.

I should be the last to refuse our hero due credit for his share in winning the Great War, but there is some danger that the uninstructed reader of the aforementioned work might gather that Mr. Churchill was sole autocrat in the Admiralty, and not advised, and to some extent controlled, by an extreme-

ly efficient board of real experts in war. When we find him using such phrases as this, for example, 'I said to the Admirals, "Use Malta as if it were Toulon,"' we might think that all the decisions and moves in that intricate and deadly game of chess called war were made on our side by an amateur. But these impressions might easily be exaggerated. There were others.

It may be admitted, however, that the headstrong young man took a larger part in this technical matter than was altogether safe or prudent. 'Looking back with after knowledge and increased years,' he himself confesses, 'I seem to have been too ready to undertake tasks which were hazardous or even forlorn.' One of these was the unlucky Antwerp intervention at the beginning of October 1914. The higher Belgian Command had decided to evacuate the weak and antiquated defenses of the peaceful and extremely vulnerable seaport. Mr. Churchill upon the instant determined that Antwerp must be saved and that he must save it. He persuaded his colleagues to allow him to go 'to ascertain what could be done on either side.' He persuaded them also to allow him to throw a regiment of extremely valuable marines and a corps of untrained naval volunteers into the breach. Nay more; he himself, as he tells us, 'strongly argued with the Belgians against evacuation,' and even took a part in directing field operations, with the result that Antwerp narrowly escaped entire destruction, the Belgian army was very nearly cornered, and part of our naval brigade was forced over into Holland, where it had to remain for the rest of the war.

Then we had the even more serious business of the Dardanelles, that 'legitimate gamble,' as Mr. Churchill afterward called it, which cost us so terribly dear. In the second volume of

The World Crisis, Mr. Churchill describes — with, I trust, exaggerated emphasis — the influence he brought to bear upon our experts to force them into this forlorn hope. 'Nothing that I could do,' he complains in one passage, 'could overcome the Admirals now that they had definitely stuck their toes in.' And again he tells us that Lord Fisher, his First Sea Lord, explained to him his resignation on May 16, 1915, in the following words: 'You are bent on forcing the Dardanelles, and nothing will turn you from it — nothing — I know you so well!'

Whether in spite of or because of these and other political interventions, the course of the war did not go prosperously for Mr. Asquith's administration. The House of Commons and the country contrived — with some slight shadow of excuse — to lay at least part of the blame on the First Lord of the Admiralty, and Mr. Asquith was forced to a reconstruction which left Mr. Churchill out. Our hero thereupon bade a dramatic farewell to the House of Commons, and once more drew his sword from its sheath. But it was not for long. Mr. Asquith fell and Mr. Churchill, remembering that Mr. Lloyd George had been the 'first to welcome him when he crossed the floor of the House on the Free Trade issue in 1904,' returned from the shell-ploughed fields of Flanders to the political arena. The new Prime Minister, in fact, was a kindred spirit. He also was 'winning the war' by his native genius, with an even slighter equipment of military science, and he found a place for Mr. Churchill, first as Minister of Munitions, and then as Secretary of State for War and for Air.

IV

I must pass quickly over the later part of his share in the history of the

Coalition. As Secretary of State for the Colonies he was deeply involved in the not altogether fortunate experiment in Dominion Home Rule which resulted in the Irish Free State. He took part in the negotiations with the Sinn Fein delegates, and even went so far as to express his admiration for the late Michael Collins, in whom, perhaps, he may have seen the hero of *Savrola* come to life. There were four ministers of the Coalition chiefly concerned in those negotiations — Mr. Lloyd George, Mr. Austen Chamberlain, Lord Birkenhead, and Mr. Churchill — and upon them was concentrated the blast of resentment which had been gathering strength for some time in the Conservative Party. The Die-Hards were not very strong in the House of Commons, but they were strong among the rank and file of the Conservative Party in the constituencies, and, moreover, they expressed the national sentiment. In my article on Mr. Stanley Baldwin, in the *Atlantic* for August 1923, I described how the storm gathered force until at last it swept all before it in the famous Carlton Club meeting. There is no need to retell the story here, since Mr. Churchill was not a member of the Club. As a Liberal Member of the Coalition, however, he suffered the full consequence, and shared in the resulting fall.

Then began what I might call the political *Wanderjahre* of our hero. He had long before been driven out of North West Manchester by Sir William Joynson Hicks, and had found refuge in Dundee, a busy and none too agreeable city in the East of Scotland. There he was now defeated by our one-and-only prohibitionist, Mr. Scrymgeour, and the pacifist and pro-German, Mr. E. D. Morel, who had by this time joined the Labor Party. He was defeated again at West Leicester, and a third time in the Abbey Division

of Westminster. A notable change seemed to come over Mr. Churchill's politics as he moved through these successive defeats from the north to the south of these islands. At Dundee he had flirted with Socialism, and supported the nationalization of railways; at West Leicester he was distinctly 'reactionary,' and at Westminster he proposed for himself the rôle of leading a new anti-Socialist party. He was, in fact, making a stronger and stronger bid for Conservative support, as he saw the breach widen between the Liberals and himself. Yet he hesitated to burn his boats and clung desperately to a middle position of 'Constitutionalist,' between the Liberal sea and the Conservative shore. These coy reservations delayed complete reunion, and although the Conservative 'machine' might have been willing to ignore them, Conservative electors were stubbornly distrustful.

I witnessed the dramatic defeat of our hero at the Abbey election. The ballots were being counted at the tables in the Caxton Hall. All three candidates and their immediate friends were gathered on the floor; Mr. Churchill paced restlessly to and fro like a caged lion all through that anxious morning. Some indiscreet friend anticipated the count by calculations of his own; the rumor flew round that Mr. Churchill had won; there was a cheer, a wild shaking of hands, a fluttering of handkerchiefs. But the counting proceeded; pitiless Destiny in the shape of the Returning Officer announced the horrid truth: Mr. Churchill had been defeated by forty votes. 'Ah,' said the critics, 'he is dead. He has been buried in the Abbey!' Little did they realize the resiliency of our hero. His rise was to be no less dramatic than his fall.

There was one circumstance in particular which favored the revival. Mr. Churchill had denounced early and

strongly the Revolutionaries of Russia, whom Mr. Lloyd George had inclined to patronize. He had faithfully described to the British public the manner in which that 'terrible sect' had infected Russia with the virus of Bolshevism; this and such a barbed phrase as 'bloody baboonery' had stuck in the public mind, so that, as the danger of Communism visibly increased, Mr. Churchill came to be looked upon as a gladiator on the side of Society. The great man, it is needless to say, rose to the occasion. As his distance from the Radicals grew wider, so his denunciations waxed always the stronger, till he came to be generally regarded as a sort of British Mussolini.

By this time Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and his Government were being forced more and more under the dominion of Moscow. The more they went to the Left, in obedience to the extremists of their own party, the more the country looked to Conservatism for its protection, and the better it suited Mr. Churchill's new rôle of Savior of Society. He found an unobtrusive Conservative vacancy in the sylvan shades of Epping Forest, and there, without ever actually calling himself a Conservative, he received Conservative support and was swept into Parliament in the wake of the great Conservative victory.

V

And now to come to the greatest triumph of all—for the tidal wave of Conservatism did not merely drag him in its wake; it caught him up and tossed him into the topmost office, almost, of the new administration. Exactly why Mr. Stanley Baldwin chose Mr. Winston Churchill as his Chancellor of the Exchequer has never been—and probably never will

be—completely explained. By sacrificing not merely the fatted calf but the national cow in honor of the Prodigal Son, the new Prime Minister risked offending all those elder brothers of Conservatism who needed no repentance. He even risked his own inheritance—since there are thought to be no bounds to Mr. Churchill's ambitions. To have a cuckoo in one's nest is a misfortune; to put one there might be thought a folly. It is commonly believed that a long intrigue had been going on among certain politicians and certain magnates of the press to bring about the downfall of Mr. Baldwin and restore to power the old Coalition or something like it. Such a combination would have included—so it is said—members of Mr. Baldwin's present administration, and was even intended to embrace—eventually—Mr. Lloyd George himself. The calculation was, it may be supposed, that an electoral stalemate would have reproduced the former three-party position in Parliament, an ideal state of affairs for such a cabal; but the completeness of the Conservative victory threw out all the fine-laid plans of the plotters, and left them—or such of them as belonged to the Conservative Party—entirely at the disposition of Mr. Baldwin.

Now Mr. Baldwin is magnanimous to a fault: it is probable that he knew all about the intrigue, although he included some of the intriguers in his Government. He chose, in fact, the members of his administration for their ability and without respect to his personal feelings toward them, or theirs toward him. But in the case of Mr. Churchill, to whom he owed, and who owed him, nothing, he may have thought that trust and generosity would beget loyalty, and that a bold

experiment might procure him a faithful as well as an able colleague.

Mr. Churchill — or so his friends say — is the sort of man who gives faith for faith, magnanimity for magnanimity. It is probable that he has always been by instinct a Conservative; his career suggests instincts of patriotism and courage — not altogether sicklied o'er with the pale cast of Liberalism. The husks that the swine did eat could never have been to him a congenial diet, and the prodigal brings back to his party great political talents which should never have been estranged.

We shall see. There are, on the other hand, a good many Conservatives — including some of the staunchest and least self-seeking — who are disappointed and almost estranged by this appointment. They allege that Mr. Churchill has made at least one capital blunder in every one of the many offices he has held; that — what is worse — he has never shown any sign of political principle; and that his only consistency has been in the pursuit of his own political fortunes. They argue that the leopard does not change his spots nor the Ethiopian his skin, and they fear that even the brilliancy of the new Chancellor is erratic and may lead to some far-shining and illustrious calamity.

There is another objection to the appointment which might be argued with more show of reason. Mr. Churchill may be a gladiator in the fight

against Communism; but he has in his career brought down upon himself the animosity, not only of the Communists, but of a very large number of working-men and ex-service men of all parties. Nor has he ever shown any perception of the truth that the Revolutionary movement cannot be fought by rhetoric alone, nor altogether by violence, but should be met by the fundamental remedy of protecting our industries, and so restoring the unemployed to employment. He has never, in fact, drawn the economic lesson from the old adage: 'Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do.' If he remains a Free-Trader, he will be of little service — and may even be an embarrassment — to a Government pledged to the 'safeguarding' of industries and Imperial Preference.

Mr. Baldwin once said that he owed much to his friends; they certainly are not the sort of people who claim anything in return for their fidelity. Yet it might be said for them — what will not be said by them — that out of them Mr. Baldwin might have formed an administration, less showy, perhaps, but more trustworthy, less glittering but more solid, less brilliant but better principled, on whom he (and the nation) might have counted from the first and to the uttermost. He has preferred to make an experiment in fidelity; he may be justified by the result, but in the meantime it is still permissible to congratulate him on the ample margin of his majority.

INDEPENDENCE OR CIVILIZATION?

BY H. H. POWERS

THIS world of ours may not be very comfortable, but it remains interesting. Life is a bit unsettled and not altogether happy, but it does not stagnate. The traveler finds compensation for lessened privilege in the new element of adventure that present conditions provide. Whether he travel east or west, north or south, he stands a fairly good chance of happening upon a revolution or witnessing the passing of a time-honored institution. Greece, Spain, Brazil, Egypt, and Ireland follow each other in quick succession and crowd to the front of the stage so lately occupied by the great players.

I

We landed at Alexandria in late August and made our way through the cotton and sugar plantations of the Delta till the outline of the Pyramids and the minarets of the Alabaster Mosque announced our arrival at the world's oldest seat of government. From the station our up-to-date automobile glided along broad asphalt streets to our hotel. We performed the very necessary ablutions and in the golden light of sunset walked out to make our acquaintance with the Egyptians.

We had scarce started when, a block away, we heard a terrific beating of drums or tom-toms. I said, 'An Arab wedding,' and we turned in the required direction, hoping for the diversion always dear to the traveler. But a couple of youths who passed heard my

remark and said, 'No, not a wedding.' And sure enough, as we approached we saw no gayly caparisoned camel or bridal palanquin, no clown performing antics at the bridegroom's expense, but a crowd headed by a flag and drums and trying its best to appear martial. The personnel was not impressive. Boys predominated, moved by the universal craving for excitement, ready to shout for anything that promised it. The leaders seemed to be students who, here as elsewhere, were inclined to take themselves seriously. A few had reached years of discretion, but the years were more in evidence than the discretion.

The procession passed and we walked on, only to encounter it again near the centre of the city, more numerous now and more noisy. In front of the Continental Hotel it came to a halt and massed around the entrance. On the hotel terrace the self-constituted leaders — young fellows, with red fezzes — took their position while one of their number, chosen apparently for his voice, led the vocal performance. This was conducted in true Arab fashion as an antiphonal service, each stentorian utterance of the leader being followed by a concert response from the crowd, as I had heard it a hundred times from an Arab boat-crew or gang of workmen, whether collectively or individually engaged. Any kind of simultaneous activity on the part of Arabs seems to evoke this responsive service, a service often out of all proportion to the activity in question.

My knowledge of Arabic did not enable me to follow the drift of the discussion, but its general purport was evident. There was much gesticulation and waving of sticks or whatever the demonstrator had available for such purpose. The whole was meant to be very menacing, but the element of bluff was only too apparent. What was it all about?

I turned to three British Tommies who stood near, watching the performance with quiet amusement. 'They are demonstrating about the Sudan,' said one of them in answer to my inquiry. 'The Government has sent the Egyptian troops back to Egypt and British soldiers are on their way from India and Malta.' 'Are you going to have trouble?' I asked. 'I hope so,' was the reply. 'We have been kept shut up in our barracks for days to avoid trouble. We would soon settle matters with that crowd if we had a chance.'

I confess I shared their confidence. I had a feeling that I would risk those three Tommies single-handed against that noisy, unthinking crowd.

But what was the trouble about? On this point the soldiers threw little light. They seemed to know and care little about it. Theirs not to reason why. I remembered reading that the Egyptians were agitating for the evacuation of the Sudan by the British and its annexation to Egypt. Papers at the hotel told me the rest. The Egyptian Prime Minister, backed by a carefully fomented agitation, had started for London, hoping to secure from an anti-imperialist Labor Government in Westminster the surrender of the Sudan and its incorporation in the new Egyptian kingdom. But the agitation, carefully staged for diplomatic effect, had gotten out of hand. Egyptian troops in the Sudan, whose vaunted discipline was to guarantee the security of the country,

had mutinied and committed grave depredations upon the railroad property which they were set to guard. On the other hand Sudanese troops, forgetting their alleged desire to be united politically with their Egyptian brethren, had suppressed the mutiny with bloodshed and rather unnecessary harshness. A hurried attempt to charge this to British soldiers collapsed in the face of clear proof that there were no British troops in the vicinity.

Simultaneously the students of the military academy at Khartum had taken up arms in protest against some ruling of their superiors and had been disarmed only after a siege. As before, the particular grievance seems to have been unrelated to the larger problem. Agitation had merely loosed the bands of that discipline and loyalty upon which the Prime Minister had relied as his chief argument. Hence the repatriation of Egyptian troops and the other precautionary measures so promptly adopted. Ramsay MacDonald had acted according to the best tradition of Curzon and Beaconsfield. Such was the news of the hour. But not of the hour was the problem of the Sudan.

II

The Sudan is an extensive region lying between the southern boundary of Egypt and the equator, or, more broadly, between the Sahara Desert and the valleys of the Congo and the Niger. Its natural boundaries are vague save in the east, where the highlands of Abyssinia shelter the only African people that has been able to maintain its ancient independence. Though well watered and covered with tropical vegetation in the south, the vast majority of the Sudan is semiarid and only less desert than the great waste to the north.

This vast area is sparsely inhabited

by a variety of African tribes, among whom are some of the blackest men on earth. Their faces of polished ebony are occasionally seen in the streets of Cairo, where they never fail to arrest attention. Mohammedanism has made extensive conquests among them in comparatively recent times without greatly modifying their customs or their mentality. Previous to the advent of the European explorer and the conquest that speedily followed, the Sudan possessed only a primitive tribal organization and the rudimentary civilization which is its concomitant.

The mushroom imperialism of the Khedives overran this vast territory almost unopposed and annexed it to their ephemeral empire, only to lose it as suddenly a few years later. Brief as was the Egyptian occupation, however, it had its permanent results. It effectually destroyed that which preceded it, the early tribal organization and, above all, the seclusion which had hitherto sheltered native life. It put Darkest Africa upon the map and thrust the Sudan into the arena of modern imperialism. The withdrawal of Egypt did not restore the *status quo ante*. The work of Baker and Stanley could not be undone. The sentimentalist may bewail this intrusion of militant civilization upon idyllic barbarism. He will do well to allow no imprudent inquiries into the slave trade, funeral immolations, and so on, to disturb his comfortable illusion. Happy the barbarism that has no chronicler.

Whatever the horrors of the native system, however, the Sudan was not immediately the gainer by its passing. The Egyptian administration, at that time the most abominable that ever wore the livery of civilization, was mitigated in the Sudan only by the fact that it hardly had time to declare its true character. Its collapse, dramatically epitomized in the death of Gordon,

was followed by a native tyranny so appalling that its victims would have hailed Nero as a benefactor. The reader of Slatin Pasha's *Fire and Sword in the Sudan* will get a faint conception of the hell of those brief years of native rule and self-determination. The change from native barbarism to Egyptian rule, and then in turn to native tyranny of the newer type, was undoubtedly a progression in cruelty and human degradation. When the colossal tragedy was ended, whole provinces were depopulated, watercourses were dried up, and fields once green with tillage had been reclaimed by the remorseless desert.

This condition might seemingly have continued indefinitely had it not been for the much deprecated imperialism of Europe. Impelled by considerations of urgent self-interest as well as of humanity, Britain had assumed the unwelcome task of reorganizing Egypt. France, moved by a sudden caprice, had refused to coöperate, and then, the task once in hand, repented the advantage thus accorded to her rival and sought in vain the opportunity that she had previously refused. Angered by her exclusion, she assumed an attitude of implacable hostility toward Britain and toward Egypt as her protégé.

Of all her efforts to foil the beneficent undertaking, efforts which form the blackest chapter in her recent history, distinctly the most diabolical is connected with the Sudan. Colonel Marchand was sent across Africa from the west to plant the French flag on the waters of the upper Nile and proclaim the annexation of the Sudan to France. On the face of it this transaction may not seem particularly reprehensible. The Sudan had been abandoned and was a no-man's-land to the civilized nations. There was nothing in the ethics of the time to require the con-

sent of the natives, who, indeed, had largely disappeared. But this innocent-looking transaction had another character and a more sinister purpose. It was an attempt to aim a mortal blow at Egypt and through Egypt at Britain. The river which is the lifeblood of Egypt traverses the Sudan and the waters could be diverted on to its thirsty soil. Even a partial diversion would create a perpetual low Nile, making irrigation impossible and reducing Egypt to a desert.

This was the weapon with which France expected to recover her former paramount position in Egypt and not a little beside. She of course repudiates the sinister intention of starving the Egyptians, and in a way justly, for she counted that the threat would be sufficient. She was undoubtedly right.

But the weapon was not to be so easily grasped. Colonel Marchand completed the difficult task assigned to him and raised the tricolor, as directed, at Fashoda, an obscure post on the upper Nile. But he met here a British colonel, — unheard of till then, — one Kitchener by name, who told him to take the flag down. When he refused, the peace-loving Sir Edward Grey uttered in the House of Commons, for the first time in my memory, those ominous words, 'an unfriendly act,' as the construction which Britain would place upon a continued refusal. The flag came down.

But the incident had been the making of the Sudan. Henceforth the Sudan was a stake of the first importance in the great game of the nations. No prudent guardian of Egypt could leave the door open to such an attack from the rear. Preparations were soon begun for the recovery of the Sudan, and despite the determined opposition of France — who, by virtue of an earlier agreement, possessed a virtual veto on the necessary expenditure — it was

successfully accomplished by one of the most masterly expeditions of modern times. The amazing reconstruction of the country followed — reconstruction that soon surpassed Egypt herself in public order and economic progress.

The recovery of the Sudan was undertaken on behalf of Egypt, and the cost of the campaign and the preliminary outlay for reconstruction were made a charge upon her treasury. England, on the other hand, furnished the brains and a large part of the military force. She also loaned the money, which Egypt was not allowed to appropriate from her well-filled treasury. It was a joint undertaking, though primarily in the interest of a single partner. It was perhaps in recognition of her temporary and uncertain position in Egypt, and of Egypt's inability ever to hold the Sudan against a European Power, that Britain decided to give to the Sudan the unique status of a condominium. Both flags were to fly side by side, and Britain and Egypt were to be responsible as equal partners for the government of the country.

So long as Britain controlled Egypt this was tantamount to British rule, far more so than in Egypt itself, for the partnership could be construed as freeing Britain from the hampering conditions which made her task in Egypt all but impossible. To this greater freedom of action was due in no small part her marvelous success in restoring the prosperity of the much-harried land.

III

But now Egypt seems slated for independence. An agreement has been reached that upon the fulfillment of certain conditions, all having regard to imperial and foreign interests, the British army of occupation is to be withdrawn and British surveillance over Egyptian affairs is to cease. We need

not discuss the wisdom of this much-debated step. That is on the lap of the gods. Nor will we consider — though relevant to our inquiry — just how far this prospective independence is to be taken literally. Suffice it to say that the Egyptians take it very seriously, quite ignoring the fact that independence is dependent upon wisdom and power and can never be a reality without them. Though they have as yet taken no step to fulfill the stipulated conditions and British troops still occupy their capital, they assume independence as an accomplished fact. Flushed with the consciousness of their new importance, the partnership irks them, the more so as the mere momentum of the situation leaves all real direction in British hands. Hence the demand that Britain shall withdraw and the Sudan be reannexed to Egypt. Nor is it surprising that to accomplish their ends they rely on clamor rather than on the fulfillment of contractual obligations. It is clamor that has won the day so far.

It is to be feared that declamation against foreign tyranny and apostrophes to the rights of man have more weight in London and in Boston than an impartial appraisal of realities. The fact that they do not in the least stand for these parlor-ideals does not disturb their parlor-allies.

But they have other and more respectable arguments. There is the very valid argument that the Sudan is the key to Egypt, that it controls the Nile, the source of her life. There is the further argument that the conquest of the Sudan and the expense of its earlier administration were a charge upon the Egyptian treasury. Against these the brains of a Kitchener and a Cromer are negligible in Egyptian accounting. To an Egyptian Egypt's title is clear.

But if the status of Egypt has changed, that of the Sudan has changed

also. The Sudan was recovered to protect Egypt, but it has developed possibilities of its own, which are neither subordinate to Egyptian interests nor altogether harmonious with them. The Sudan is no longer a tail to the Egyptian kite, and it is that in part which is worrying the Egyptians.

The Nile, as is well known, is at flood during part of the year, at which time an immense volume of water is carried quite unutilized to the sea. During another and longer period the Nile is low, and its waters are raised to the level of the growing crops by an incredible amount of human toil. If the Nile falls too low or remains low for too long a period, there is famine in Egypt. To prevent this, dams have been constructed which impound the surplus waters and, by releasing them as needed, maintain a relatively high Nile throughout the year, thus permitting a perpetual succession of crops without seasonal intermission. One of these dams raises the level of the river ninety-eight feet and creates a reservoir two hundred miles long. But despite the fact that the water thus impounded is expressed in figures otherwise required only for German marks, it is but a fraction of the flood which rushes through the narrow valley. There are obstacles, to be sure, to the further impounding of this flood. The water, when heavily charged with silt, must not be arrested: to do so would rob Egypt of its annual fertilization and would soon silt up the reservoir. But it is believed that more can be utilized than at present. In particular the White Nile, which traverses the equatorial regions, spreads out into vast marshes choked by aquatic plants and loses its water by evaporation. To open a channel for the release of those waters would both reclaim the marshes and greatly increase the waters available for irrigation.

And for every drop of water thus economized the Sudan has need. There are vast areas capable of reclamation and of incalculable productivity if the waters of the Nile can be made available. The need at present is not for more water in Egypt. The supply is normally sufficient, occasionally excessive. The Sudan, on the other hand, is insatiable. Here, in addition to numerous tropical products, some of them peculiar to the region, can be grown the cotton and sugar for all Europe — if water is supplied. Here is the true field for expansion.

The great problem is thus no longer the security of Egypt, but the reclamation of the Sudan. It is to such vast projects as the clearing of the White Nile, the impounding of the Blue Nile by a dam perhaps surpassing that of Assuan, and the reclamation of an unproductive region comparable to our own arid West, that the energies of the guardians of the Sudan are directed. Egypt has been rescued from the paralyzing tyranny of Ismail, her population doubled, her credit raised from Bolshevik to British standards, her courts transformed from engines of brigandage into instruments of justice, and her peasants turned from slaves and paupers into fat proprietors of the lands they till. Britain, in deference to pressure both from Egypt and from her own idealist doctrinaires, surrenders Egypt to the keeping of her future Ismails and turns to the larger problem of converting a desert a third the size of the United States into a garden which shall support a dozen times its present scanty population, while obtaining, on terms lucrative to them, the cotton which the boll weevil denies to the mills of Manchester.

This vast programme of civilization finds scant sympathy with the Egyptian. If he has heard of the scheme — rare exception — he is opposed to it.

To provide water for his fields is the most ancient and constant of his cares. The proposal that he share the precious waters of the Nile with the Sudanese arouses his instinctive apprehension. The careful computations of experts have little weight with a people not one in ten of whom knows his own age. And there are more farseeing if not worthier objections. The planters of Egypt are not unmindful of the possibilities of Sudanese competition. Opposition on this ground is not magnanimous, but would our own Southern planters react differently under like circumstances?

But Egyptian opposition to British policy in the Sudan, though an important consideration from the standpoint of world interests, is not the chief motive of Egyptian imperialism. The demand for the control of the Sudan rests on one of the oldest and most universal of human instincts. The desire for freedom, about which we hear so much, is but the obverse of another desire equally universal and imperious: the desire to rule other men. Thucydides in a noteworthy passage makes a Spartan orator say: 'I do not blame the Athenians for desiring to rule other men, for this is natural; but I blame others for allowing themselves to be ruled.' The Spartan, unlike certain moderns, accorded equal validity to two equally universal and natural instincts. Freedom is a concomitant of superiority. The inferior can never have more than a permissive freedom, which is as hollow as it is precarious.

Now, limited as is the Egyptian's intelligence, he has no difficulty in seeing that the peoples who are really free are rulers of other peoples. His aspiration for freedom, therefore, expresses itself in the perfectly natural desire to rule somebody else. The Irishman who took a job for a dollar and sublet it for a dollar and a quarter was only a little

more frank than other men when he explained that it was worth a quarter to boss — a sentiment, by the way, which explains in part the Irish situation of to-day. This instinctive imperialism of the Egyptian is perfectly natural and, however ill-judged in its manifestation and inimical to world interests, is an indispensable condition of his ever amounting to anything.

But it does not in the least follow that this protoplasmic instinct of imperialism should have unrestricted right of way. The Sudanese have something to say about that. Above all, the world has something to say about that. The Sudanese are too few, too weak, and too ignorant to speak effectively for themselves. Somebody must speak for them and the spokesman can be only Britain. But Britain will speak and must speak also for herself and for the world interests which are in her keeping. The vast projects which are now under way or in preparation are the conception of her engineers and the repository of the savings of her people. The Sudan has become a vital part of the world-embracing industrial system upon which depend not only the lives of the British people but the stability of the present world-order. A population ten times that of the Sudan and infinitely more vital to the welfare of humanity is interested in its fate. Upon the decision in principle rests the future of civilization itself.

IV

The Sudan is a typical case in imperialism. There is hardly a feature of the case that has not its counterpart wherever one people controls another which is inferior to itself in numbers, in culture, or in social and political organization. It will be instructive to note some of these features and the principles which they illustrate.

First of all, the occupation of the Sudan was a necessity. That necessity became both apparent and urgent after the Marchand expedition, but it did not originate then. The Sudan is strategic territory, held by savages, yet vitally related to a more civilized land and a civilized world. These savages have raided Egypt from the dawn of history, sometimes feebly, sometimes in force, even at times occupying the throne of the Pharaohs. The last of these raids, following the fall of Khartum, taxed the resources of the British Administration and would have overwhelmed Egypt if left to herself. The threatened raid of France was but the continuation of this policy on the larger scale that characterizes modern operations. Kitchener was but continuing the policy of the Pharaohs in occupying this strategic territory as the only effective defense against savage depredation.

Contrary to prevalent opinion, this is typical of imperialist ventures generally. Of the numerous annexations and other extensions of control which have marked the recent phenomenal expansion of Europe, scarcely one has been made gratuitously or even voluntarily. For the most part they have been made with reluctance and only after every other means of protecting the border had been tried in vain. The classic statement of this compulsory forward policy was given by Prince Gortchakoff in 1864: —

Raids and acts of pillage must be put down. To do this the tribes on the frontier must be reduced to a state of submission. This result once attained, these tribes take to more peaceful habits, but are in turn exposed to the attacks of the more distant tribes against whom the State is bound to protect them. If, the robbers once punished, the expedition is withdrawn, the lesson is soon forgotten. In order to put a stop to this state of permanent disorder, fortified posts

are established in the midst of these hostile tribes, and an influence is brought to bear on them which reduces them by degrees to a state of submission. But other, more distant tribes beyond this outer line come in turn to threaten the same dangers and necessitate the same measures of repression. The State is thus forced to choose between two alternatives — either to give up this endless labor and abandon its frontier to perpetual disturbance, or to plunge deeper and deeper into barbarous countries. Such has been the fate of every country which has found itself in a similar position. All have been forced by imperious necessity into this onward march, where the greatest difficulty is to know where to stop.

Prince Gortchakoff had in mind the experience of Russia, which he accurately describes. A British writer quotes it as perfectly portraying the situation on the Indian frontier. An Egyptologist would recognize it as summarizing the experience of Egypt in her tedious advance up the Nile. There is no truce between civilization and savagery. There is conflict — not only in principle, but literal conflict between savage and civilized men, conflict that is unavoidable and must end in the triumph of one or the other. Civilization means respect for property and hence the accumulation of wealth. Savagery means the lack of such respect, and consequent poverty. But it means also that the destitute savage will pillage his civilized neighbor. He wants what the neighbor has and sees no reason why he should not take it. If religious sanctions are necessary to justify the taking, they are easily forthcoming. All this is normal and inevitable.

In this conflict the civilized man is at a serious disadvantage. If he sits still, the savage does n't, for his interest is in depredation. While the raid of the savage nets him rich loot and inflicts enormous damage upon his civilized neighbor, the punitive counter-raid of the latter brings back nothing and is

but briefly deterrent. If border lawlessness continues, civilization perishes and savagery is automatically perpetuated. There is but one remedy, the imposition of order upon the savage and his forcible subjection to the principle of civilization. This necessity is obviously present when a civilized people advances its frontier of habitation against savage tribes. It is less obviously but not less really present when the frontier of world commerce is advanced into untamed lands. It must carry its own protection and impose the conditions of its existence. India and China have never raided English soil, but times without number they have raided English commerce, which is just as real and just as legitimate a foundation of English life.

The alternative to the existing imperialism in the Sudan is not independence, but another and far more objectionable imperialism. The demand is that the Sudan should be surrendered, not to its own people, but to Egypt. The last thing the Egyptians are thinking of is the independence of the Sudan. They make no secret of their intention to administer the Sudan from Egypt and by Egyptians. The preposterous claim that the Sudanese and the Egyptians are one people will deceive no one who ever saw either. If the Sudanese are to be united with any other people on the basis of kinship it should be with the Americans. They would find here some three or four times their number of near relatives. An Egyptian domination would be utterly alien and there is every reason to believe that it would be profoundly unsatisfactory to the Sudanese. Under British rule the Egyptian agitator may capitalize existing dissatisfaction and play upon religious prejudice, but no administration of which Egyptians are or ever have been capable would be accepted by the Sudan without resistance and bloody coercion.

And here again the case is typical.

There is not an alien administration in the world to-day which could be withdrawn without giving place to another equally alien and far less satisfactory. Assuming that America could withdraw from the Philippines or Britain from India without opening the door to France or Germany or Japan, the withdrawal in either case would result in a régime quite as imperialistic as the present and far less considerate or human.

Woe to the Moros of Mindanao if ever the Tagalogs and Ilocanos of Luzon bear rule over them! The Moros are under no illusions on the subject and have petitioned the Governor-General to appoint only American governors of their island. The situation in India is even more serious. One of the constant problems of the British Government is to keep peace between the seventy million Moslems and the two hundred and fifty million Hindus, whose hostility flames up on the occasion of every festival. As the Moslems are warlike and accustomed to bear rule, the odds are fairly matched on the greatest race-struggle for which the world offers opportunity. The struggle could not end in self-rule, but only in subjection of one race to another. Similarly, the withdrawal of Britain from South Africa would leave the natives at the mercy of the most intolerant of white rulers, unless perchance the tables were turned, assuredly with no triumph of a higher principle. It is doubtful whether there is a case of alien rule in the world to-day which could be replaced with even an approximation to self-government. England may take the place of Germany or Japan or the United States, but the natives cannot displace either, even with her consent.

Again, the Sudan needs alien rule as a protection against pitiless internal exploitation. This may come from natives or from aliens of higher and more

efficient race. The native exploiter is familiar. We have but to recall the Mahdi and the Khalifa to realize something of the misery which a savage people can inflict upon itself. The political doctrinaire who urges self-rule for such peoples is either blind or woefully callous. Probably no savage tribe now under alien rule has ever suffered from its rulers anything like the horrors that it has inflicted upon itself. But there is another danger less familiar and perhaps more serious, the danger of being exploited by irresponsible aliens whose superior intelligence and energy put the savage entirely at their mercy. The world has had examples of this pitiless private exploitation under an apathetic or incompetent local government. The exploitation of the Putumayo by rubber-collectors is a familiar example. The thoughtless critic will point to the British Malay States, confessedly almost perfectly governed, as an example of alien rule in the interest of economic exploitation. Does he imagine that the tin mines of Malaya would not be exploited by Englishmen under native rule? What would happen would be that hard men, men with unlimited energy and no scruple, would bribe native rulers and enslave native populations, working them under the lash for their own private profit. It would be alien rule as much as the other, but conscienceless and irresponsible. The native who has treasure in his keeping has no choice but to submit to alien rule. The question is whether it shall be responsible and humane or arbitrary and brutal. British rule in Malaya exists quite as much to protect the native from the exploiter as to protect the exploiter from the native.

V

This suggests a fourth feature of the Sudan situation which again is of some

significance to our larger problem. A principal reason for the retention of British control in the Sudan is the existence of interests of large import to the British nation and to the world at large, but of little concern to the native. Alien control invariably develops these interests and that increasingly, not by favoritism, but by creating conditions which make possible this larger economic development. In turn, these interests inevitably seek a continuance of that control.

Here is the rub. These alien interests and the alien control which is falsely assumed to exist solely for their sake are anathema to certain curiously assorted groups in both England and America. Those shouts from the hotel steps in Cairo will be echoed in London and in Boston by the most constant and incongruous of human partnerships — irresponsible idealism in league with the meanest of human jealousies. Idealism furnishes the phrases, the slogans, and jealousy the animus. We shall hear cries of 'Egypt for the Egyptians' and pleas for self-determination, both irrelevant to the question at issue. We shall hear of British despotism, with discreet silence as to Mahdi horrors and Egyptian misrule. But most of all we shall hear of British exploitation, of the industrial subjection and economic servitude of helpless peoples. Britain has redeemed Egypt, but — horrible thought — Englishmen have made money in Egypt! For every dollar added to the wealth of Egypt, a dime has been added to the wealth of England. The thought is one to bring a shudder to the righteous soul of Sinn Fein. It is hardly less abhorrent to those Americans who are still chasing the redcoats down Bunker Hill. Their keen eye detects along the trail of British advance in the Sudan the mark of the cloven hoof. What is the reclamation of the Sudan but a scheme to stock

English cotton-mills and make the Sudanese industrial slaves of Britain? The fact that twenty millions of one of the most advanced of human races earn their daily bread by converting foreign-grown materials into articles for human service, and must perish if those materials are in default, counts for nothing against the fact that England is '*exploiting* the Sudan,' turning waste waters into the desert places, protecting the child-folk in the fruits of their toil, buying their products in open market, all in the hope of ensuring a livelihood to her people. This jealousy of economic exploitation, even the most constructive and beneficent, is the obsession of certain circles and has at times controlled our foreign policy. Seek if you will, on foreign soil, places for deserving Democrats, but dig no ore from the ground, make no garden in the desert, and create no implements of civilization. If you indulge in these reprehensible activities do so at your own risk. If your property is confiscated by a predatory Government or looted by bandits, and your life is forfeit, you are getting what is coming to you. In this submundane meanness, as in supermundane idealism, the harebrained agitator on the banks of the Ganges or the Nile finds his natural ally.

It is time to challenge the assumption which underlies this preposterous fallacy. We of all nations, we who hold our land not by right of primitive squatter-sovereignty but by power to possess and subdue and create, should be immune to such sophistry. The accident of birth gives no prescriptive right. The fact that in the aimless wanderings of the race a savage tribe has pitched its wigwams on a diamond field or a coal mine, whose existence it has not guessed and whose use it does not understand, gives no rational claim to exclusive possession. Egypt does not belong to the Egyptians; no, nor America

to the Americans. Both belong to the world; and tenant rights are based on world interest and convenience. The fact that tenancy is disturbed and limited as little as possible is but the expression of this same convenience. But limitation there must be, and that in inverse ratio to the competence of the tenant. The weak, the ignorant, and the slothful races cannot expect to remain undisturbed in their habitat. It is much that they are allowed to remain at all, a concession rather to the humanity of their betters than to their own right. Interference, guidance, and control are the indispensable conditions of this tolerance.

This is imperialism, the assertion of world ownership over local tenancy at will. This world interest is asserted, to be sure, through self-interested intermediaries, precisely as in the economic field the common interest is secured through profit-making individuals. The method is imperfect in the one case as in the other, but infinitely more efficient than any available substitute. England can no more profit from the Sudan without benefiting the world than a merchant can get rich without benefiting his customers.

Imperialism, though often abused, is not an abuse. It is but the principle of selective guidance applied to groups in the largest human affairs. Our interest is not to decry it, but to perfect and enforce the rules of the game. Consciously or unconsciously the chosen nations must be governed by the spirit of trusteeship. A broad-visioned and generous spirit must characterize those who would aspire to the great trust. How far formal mandates and official audits will contribute to this end, only experience can determine. Doubtless our chief reliance in this relation, as in others, must be the spirit of sportsmanship, which in the long run comes with the playing of the game.

VI

One important question remains which profoundly affects our conceptions of practical policy. Is imperialism a permanent or a temporary necessity? There can be no question that the tendency in our day is to regard it as of temporary and even of brief duration. The tutelage of weaker peoples is accepted by many with the understanding that it is to be very brief, a generation being often regarded as sufficient to fit such a people for independence. In support of this view attention is called to the remarkable progress sometimes made under favorable conditions, the emergence of gifted individuals with capacity for civilized leadership, and so on. Thus we are reminded of the rapid transformation of the Philippines and the very capable service rendered by distinguished Filipinos as judges, administrators, and the like.

There can be no question as to these facts, but their significance is easily exaggerated. Conformity under control is no index of conformity when that control is removed. Examples of retrogression under such conditions are too numerous to permit of doubt as to the tendency. Above all, the performances of the exceptional individual are deceptive. The question is not whether he knows enough to lead, but whether his people know enough to make him leader. Rapid transformations are notoriously untrustworthy. To convey ideas is the work of years; to develop instincts requires millenniums. And it is instincts that determine race-status. Even under continued tutelage gains will accumulate but slowly. With its withdrawal every trace of the uplift influence may disappear. The experience of the Jesuits with the Indians of Paraguay is a classic example.

It must not be forgotten that the condition of these weaker races is often

due to climate and other environing influences that we cannot hope to change. They therefore represent a genuine adaptation to environment. Hence the conclusion sometimes heedlessly reached, that we should leave them alone and not try to foist upon them a civilization which is in essence a misadaptation, unfitting them for survival. If they are the only ones concerned — yes. But we are dealing with a world in which no race liveth unto itself and no race dieth unto itself. Both they and their resources belong to humanity, and these races must make, as we must make, the sacrifices required for its service. We cannot leave them to their indolent siesta if they hold in accidental and unconscious keeping the energies needed for advancing civilization.

We must therefore dissent from the view prevalent in certain quarters that imperialism is to be a temporary policy, a sort of missionary enterprise undertaken by advanced races, to confer upon those less favored the benefits of their superior civilization, exploitation of their resources being sternly suppressed the while as illegitimate. Precisely the contrary is true. Exploitation is the primary and legitimate aim of imperialism, and the conferring of an alien civilization, with its constant tendency to misadaptation, is incidental, a thing to be held within conservative limits, dictated by experience.

We need not blind ourselves to the enormous dangers which attend this exploitation or forget the wretchedness of native life, so much of which is obviously capable of remedy. Let us frankly admit that imperialism is beset with immeasurable difficulties and dangers. But difficulties and dangers to the virile are a lure rather than a deterrent. They do not invalidate the great human synthesis, however much they may retard it.

What is the goal toward which we are moving? Is it a condition of local self-sufficiency and independence, a self-sufficiency in which each people shall have its own protected and respected preserve in which it shall live undisturbed, the sole determinant of its own procedure? Are we to abrogate the law of competition and survival of the fittest and unite in a world league for the preservation of races that Nature has seemingly consigned to the discard? Is world harmony to be secured by voluntary forbearance on the part of the more potent races? I do not so read either history or the signs of the times. Such synthesis as has hitherto been effected has been the result of race assertion along imperialist lines. The Roman achievement was an imperialist achievement, and despite the barbarian invasions the work of Rome was an enduring work. It is the basis of the strongest cohesions to be found in the world to-day.

The lesson of our own time is not less certain. The advance of civilization has been an imperialist advance. The imperialist nations have not only extended their sway; it is they who have most rapidly advanced their civilization at home. Despite the rapid advance of the protected peoples, — an advance often construed as portending early self-sufficiency, — it may be doubted whether the gulf between leader and led is not widening with time. Meanwhile the requirements for effective independence are increasing with every advance in science and social organization.

The Sudan again furnishes the required illustration. A vast territory with valuable potential resources, it is a desert and must remain so if left in the hands of its native population. It requires for its development the accumulated capital and the intelligence and skill of more favored peoples. The

engineer must curb and control the lawless river on an imperial scale. Hundreds of millions of garnered savings must be expended in hope of distant returns. Security must be provided against mismanagement and depredation. There must be guarded frontiers and safe highways and busy railways and hurrying steamships. There must be a reconstruction of the whole fabric of a social, industrial, and political life. This is beyond the power of any population born and bred in such a habitat. It depends of necessity upon foreign intervention. Failing this, the Sudan remains, like half the world beside, the domain of barbarism and cruelty, the home of the fetish and devastating superstition, the breeding-place of social malaria, and an apple of international discord.

VII

The world has its fads, like the individual. One after another, it lifts up into fantastic prominence the principles which underlie the social structure. Each of these principles has a certain validity and limited application. No one of them is universal and paramount or bears in itself the healing of the nations. Yet that limited validity and fine equipoise are seldom remembered. Each in its turn is the subject of exaggerated confidence. A century ago the world pinned its faith to legitimacy. Attributing its woes to one who had risen to power with no other warrant than personal genius, it sought relief in the restoration of traditional leadership. There was a certain efficacy in the prescription, but it failed to accomplish the task required of it.

To-day the fad is self-determination. The principle is sound and even the most despotic of rulers never wholly ignores it. But the self-determinism of our day is as extravagant as the legitimism of Metternich, and as certainly

doomed to disappointment. With no attempt to define the nebulous entity that is to be thus determined, or to ascertain what form the determination is to take, we join, incontinent, in the demand of every disaffected unit for that liberty which is half the time nothing but restiveness under the inevitable restraints of civilization. It matters not that essential unities are dismembered, that barriers laboriously removed are reërected, and that the most noisome prejudices and antipathies are hallowed and perpetuated. It matters little that the demand is specious and insincere, the private exploitation of a people by a selfish and tyrannous minority. Small matter, too, if it arrests the movement toward unity and perpetuates the babel of tongues. If the children cry for it they must have it, though it prove a sharp-edged tool in their hands. Object not that independence will mean chaos and that the patient building of generations will be destroyed. The protagonists of Philippine independence avow their preference for the Philippines governed like Hell by Filipinos to the Philippines governed like Heaven by Americans. Self-government, however bad, is to be preferred to alien government, however good. Such is the obsession of the hour. In the face of such an assumption all argument from comparison of results becomes irrelevant. Equally invalid are all the lessons from history whose pages record nothing more impressive than the constructive achievements of alien determinations. The apostles of self-determination are not moved by such consideration. They are the prophets of a new dispensation which now, for the thousandth time, is heralded as the hope of humanity.

These fads and exaggerations are disturbing and costly, but we need not be greatly alarmed. The whole process of constructive evolution is fitful and

wasteful as we account such things, but it is inexorable. Its path is marked by the wrecks of fatuous hopes and new dispensations, which it has crushed and brushed aside in its remorseless advance.

We may regret the sacrifice, the pain, and the waste, but we need never doubt the result. Others may 'faintly trust the larger hope,' but ours is a different faith. In the words of Spencer: 'Men at last go right because they have first tried all possible ways of going wrong.' And the wrong ways are simply the ways which do not lead us out of the woods. Countless may be the victims along this road of fatuous experiment, but that matters only to them. The right road will be found at last, and the future will belong to those who find it.

What likelihood is there that this road will differ radically from the road that we have followed to date? Nature is before all else a realist, and in a world of fairly constant realities may we not expect from her a fairly consistent procedure? If so, will not the masterful peoples continue to assert their mastery? Is it likely that roving bands of savages will be confirmed in possession of resources acquired by accident of birth but held unwittingly and unused? Is it probable that the world will let fields lie fallow or ore remain undug because chance occupants are too feeble or sluggish to develop them? Is it desirable that it should do so?

Or, viewed from another angle, is it likely that the world will wait for child-peoples to grow to the measure of these

great requirements, when it can displace them with better stock? Is there anything in Nature's procedure for the last few million years to warrant the hope of ultimate race-equality? And if not, what would be the result of this much-invoked race-forbearance, save to give the child of the future a Hottentot for a father instead of a white man?

The abuses of imperialism are notorious and the cruelties attendant upon the race-struggle are often appalling. They are largely unnecessary and should be eliminated. The barbarous elimination of inferior races or their reduction to servitude is forbidden in the interest of the superior races themselves. But with fullest recognition of these necessary limitations, the great fact remains that there are superior and inferior peoples; peoples that can lead and peoples that cannot; peoples that have harnessed Nature and peoples that have not; peoples that can redeem the waste places and peoples that cannot. To deny this is the sheerest affectation. To hope that it will be otherwise is utter folly. Imperialism, whatever its limitations, is the basic principle of Nature. The leveling and equalizing principle is abhorrent to Nature. All synthesis has thus far been based on inequality and the recognition of superiority. An element of coercion has invariably been required to secure that recognition. Independence with inequality is an iridescent dream. The progress of humanity is a progress from independence to dependence.

Which shall it be—independence or civilization?

AN AMERICAN PLAN FOR PEACE

BY SISLEY HUDDLESTON

THROUGHOUT the confusion and the strife of the past six years there has been a longing that some practicable scheme should be devised to prevent a clash of arms in the future, and as it becomes obvious, not only in the European sphere but in the American orbit, that war, so far from becoming impossible, looms dangerously near, there has been a revival of the demand for some infallible recipe with which to cleanse the world of war once and for all. A specific of this kind is not easy to discover. The habit of fighting is deeply ingrained in human nature, though one cannot accept the contention of certain European thinkers that war is the normal condition of things and peace a mere necessary respite. With the development of science we have reached, or have almost reached, a point at which fighting, unless ended, will mean the eventual annihilation of the human race; at any rate, the disappearance of our present civilization. The powers of destruction have increased enormously and will continue to increase. The economic interdependence of the world has grown so greatly that any dislocation produces something like chaos.

But where is the check to war to be found? A method of American origin, exceedingly simple in itself, is being discussed by European statesmen, and is beginning to be taken up seriously in England, in France, and in Germany. It is not the first time that an American idea has entered European politics. Since 1914 the United States has

played a great part in the shaping of Europe. President Wilson during the latter war years became the prophet whose every word was anxiously awaited and who guided events more than any other man in the world. He did not, it is true, invent the general ideas of peace and righteousness among nations, nor did he invent the idea of a league of nations which would serve as a kind of conscience for mankind; but he did bring back these ideas to Europe from America, and in spite of fluctuations of feeling it is certain that America has, of recent years, taken a sort of moral leadership. Perhaps one should cite the drafting of the Dawes Report and the settlement between the Allies and Germany which was based upon it as the latest, most striking example of American influence in Europe.

Europe is thus ready to hearken to the voice of America. Although the proposal to conscript wealth in the event of war has not yet been accepted officially in European countries, it has already made considerable headway. If it is really pushed in America, and practical steps are taken after the presidential election to make it applicable, Europe cannot fail to be converted. Though the European Governments have not yet stirred, they are watching with the keenest interest the progress of a suggestion which has been adopted as a plank in the platform of both the great parties in the United States, while the churches in Europe and leaders of public opinion there are only waiting to see whether such

a scheme can indeed be worked out. The writer found the French Prime Minister extremely sympathetic, though he has not yet declared himself openly for wealth conscription in the event of war. The British authorities are also cautious and a little skeptical, but they are ready to welcome the plan if it is shown that it can be enforced. They point out that it is, in effect, the adoption in special and temporary circumstances of the system of State control which was, in fact, adopted by Great Britain during the final stages of the war, and they admit that it would be better to prepare such a scheme in advance rather than leave it to hasty improvisation. I have talked of it also to distinguished Germans, who agree that it is undoubtedly logical and feasible and desirable that a State should prepare an inventory of its resources and be able to mobilize them immediately if the occasion arises. Men of many nations engaged in many different professions, with whom I have discussed the possibilities, acknowledge that, if it were made clear to the citizens of every country that in any future conflict their property as well as their persons would be drafted, chauvinistic instincts would be suppressed. Newspapers in Europe have not as yet dealt generally and fully with the subject, but there have been here and there significant and encouraging references to it. So far one must register private rather than public acquiescence and advocacy, but the ground is prepared.

The principal doubts arise because the scheme is not comprehensive, but then it has never been put forward as comprehensive; it cannot replace the method of arbitration — that is to say, the reference of disputes between nations to the League or to the International Court of Justice; it cannot replace mutual promises of assistance against an aggressor; it cannot replace

general disarmament. But it is an admirable adjunct and if once accepted in the various countries will do much to render war unpopular if not impossible. Altogether it must be said that the progress of this new American idea in Europe is not unsatisfactory, and during the coming months it will be discussed with increasing interest.

I

It should be recalled that the proposal has been expressed in a single sentence as follows: 'In the event of a declaration of war the property, equally with the persons, lives, and liberties, of all citizens shall be subject to conscription for the defense of the nation.' If wars arise chiefly from political, territorial, and sentimental causes, they are often fostered by economic considerations, and when once war begins it is continued longer than need be because vested interests in war are immediately established. Anyone who had the smallest inside knowledge of the Great European War must have been struck with the number of people who enriched themselves from 1914 to 1918 and for some time afterward. For these people the war was a good thing. Whatever were the feelings which animated the bulk of the fighters, it cannot be denied that behind the armies in places of safety were those who were making money and whose professed patriotism may rightly be regarded as tainted.

Every country had its profiteers, and these profiteers were among those who most urged on the troops. If no profits whatever could in future be made out of a national tragedy — for war whether it is won or lost is, as we now see, a tragedy for all the belligerents — then at least we should be sure that only unselfish motives were animating the peoples engaged in fighting. But some-

thing more than the impossibility of making profits out of war is needed. The declarations of the great parties in America which appeal strongly to the best minds in Europe provide for the conscription not only of war profits but of property of any kind which may be required for the successful prosecution of war. One may doubt whether the diplomatists in 1914 would have been allowed to push matters to extremes had there been in existence laws by which private property was automatically placed at the disposal of the State.

Not to respect property in time of peace would be revolutionary; it would be putting into practice the theories of an obsolete socialism; but in war time abnormal conditions are created, conditions which, if they justify conscription of persons, surely equally justify conscription of property. It is strange but true that many men will risk their lives who will not risk their pockets. Human nature being what it is, they will go forward to fight with alacrity and even enthusiasm, but they would be alarmed and altogether reluctant to approve a declaration of war if war meant that not only were they themselves placed in jeopardy, but their possessions also were to be taken out of their control. If patriotism had to be expressed in every country by readiness to be conscripted, and to have all wealth conscripted, it is calculated that every country would hesitate and would almost certainly decline the sacrifices which would be required from each individual citizen. Men would be touched at their most vulnerable point. War would be less easy if men and women were aware that not only the soldier in the trenches would suffer, but the whole nation would be required to make a real sacrifice. Everything that has happened in Europe during the past decade strengthens this contention.

It is true that, especially in the countries of Europe, financial sacrifice was common. If a few persons enriched themselves, the result of the war for the people was the depreciation of their savings as expressed in their national currency, the imposition of staggering taxes, and a financial and economic chaos which affects adversely the vast majority. Since the war, trade has diminished and unemployment has been rife, but these results came, as it were, indirectly and unexpectedly. While the fighting lasted there was no unemployment in any European land, and the community for the most part was materially better off than in days of peace. It was, indeed, only in the days of peace that the misery which was the outcome of war was realized.

The object of the present plan is to bring home to everybody in advance the necessity of immense sacrifices, and therefore to create in each country a greater reluctance to run risks which could be avoided by the submission of any dispute—if the ordinary diplomatic methods failed—to arbitration.

II

This is no insidious socialistic attack on capital. It must not be imagined that by this method advantage is being taken of abnormal conditions in order to strike at the rich. Indeed, the American Legion has been the driving force behind the idea in the United States, while in Europe it is not the socialistic fishers in troubled waters who have caught it up, but the men of good will who desire by this means to preserve the fundamental structure of society. It has been objected that the Bolsheviks in Russia could never have accomplished their object in time of peace; but, when their country had been weakened by the long years of warfare, and authority had betrayed

its corruptness, its rottenness, and its helplessness, then came the chance of the extremists to seize power, to abolish capital, and to set up a new socialist system which makes no appeal in any country outside Russia, and which has defects that are patent. What guaranty, it is asked by European opponents of the idea, have we that we are not preparing the way for the Communist, who has shown that any violent interference with the existing state of society can only shatter civilization as we know it?

To this question the answer is easy. It is not any weakening of the State, but, on the contrary, the strengthening of the State which is advocated. The Bolsheviks succeeded simply because the Russian Government had not prepared for the utilization of its resources. Those countries which will thus prepare, instead of leaving things to chance, will be safe from any sudden seizure of resources by the malcontents. Certainly there is not the slightest desire on the part of the Republicans and those Democrats who have cheered the suggestion to the echo, or on the part of those Europeans who are essentially conservative in their ideas, to attack capital. What applies to capital applies equally to labor. It is well known that not only were the wealthy immune during the war, — not in their lives but in their property, — not only did the profiteers become the nouveaux riches, but the workingmen in Europe who did not go to the front received higher pay than they had ever received before. The European States impoverished themselves to keep their citizens of all classes contented. While millions of men were falling on the battlefield, there was organized in each belligerent country — in England, in France, and the rest — a system which squandered money in the most amazing manner. Workmen were paid at ex-

travagant rates for munition-making, and women who had never before been employed were offered large salaries for various services. The standard of living rose. A large proportion of the population of most countries engaged in the war would acknowledge that they never had such prosperous times.

Few object to the raising of the standard of living. It is highly desirable that there should be a permanent increase of the welfare of the masses. But the welfare engendered by war is fictitious and fleeting. What one objects to is that while a section of the nation is enduring almost unimaginable hardships another section should be battenning on those hardships, and should feel that war is an excellent institution. It was regarded as proper to compel the soldier to undertake the most deadly tasks for the merest pittance, while rewarding the civilian with larger wages than he had previously enjoyed or could enjoy in a period of peace. One man was forced to enlist in the most dangerous trade without remuneration, and another man was bribed to work in comfortable and highly paid occupations. Many wage-earning families showed sinister and selfish disregard of the darker realities of war. In too many cases there was no desire that war should cease, but a blunting of feelings and an unacknowledged cynicism.

To encourage sentiments of this kind among civilians who have it in their power to shorten or to perpetuate war is dreadful. One cannot blame the masses, whose imagination can hardly extend beyond their individual situation at a particular moment; it was difficult for them to appreciate the truth about the active warfare, especially as this warfare was written up in such manner as to represent it in its most romantic and picturesque light. Nor could they be expected to foresee consequences to themselves in a future

which could not be remote. The fat years were to be followed by lean years and widespread unemployment.

III

England, perhaps, offers the best example. She has had a particularly unfortunate experience in the reaction which followed — as it was bound to follow — the war. With the shattering of industry and commerce which were not directed to the supplying of war materials, there were periods when no fewer than two million persons found themselves out of work. As I write, the total of the unemployed in England is 1,162,700, and the tendency is again upward. Further, taxation was raised to such a point that the whole nation groaned under a burden which was almost impossible to bear. France has financial, as distinguished from economic, troubles which were never anticipated. Germany has suffered as no people would have consented to suffer had the consequences of war been realized. Had the German people been conscious of the demands which were to be made upon them they would have contrived to stop those who precipitated them into war. Had the inhabitants of Russia known that everything would go into the melting-pot they would have halted upon the path on which they were being led. This is equally true of Austria and Hungary, and indeed of all the belligerents.

It is, I think, obvious that had some such proposal been translated into legislative form before 1914 in Europe there would have been a definite stand against the war. The present proposals contemplate a conscription of man power — and indeed of woman power — of a kind somewhat similar to that which was exercised to secure soldiers. Everybody — man or woman — should be at the service of the State. Money

should be used as sparingly as possible; the workman should no longer be a workman in a free labor-market, but an industrial conscript; his position should not be better than that of the soldier except in the sense that the dangers which he would face would be fewer. There should be no age limit, and the older men, pressed into the service of the State, would then be less inclined to egg on the younger men and to become the somewhat despicable patriots — whose sacrifices were being made by proxy — that they became in all the European countries. The same method should be applied to the women who, rejoicing in their own immunity, often had no other occupation than to attempt to shame every young man into performing what they considered to be his duty. I must not, of course, be misunderstood as depreciating the noble work which was done by a large body of older men and of self-sacrificing women, personally engaged in many capacities in positions not exempt from danger.

Although labor should be mobilized and although laws should be passed in advance which would compel every man, woman, and child to take an allotted place in the ranks in the event of war, — although there should be no more *embusqués*, as the French disdainfully called those who took refuge in Government offices and other well-paid places of safety, — the principal purpose of the plan is to suppress the war profiteer properly so called. Government employees or wage-earners are not fairly described as profiteers; but there sprang up everywhere during the dreadful years an army of people who were engaged in buying and selling to the Governments at exorbitant prices, or in other ways assisted in increasing the prices of commodities. Some effort was made to limit such profits, not only by fixing certain prices, but

by instituting a tax known as the War Profits Tax or the Excess Profits Tax. But this legislation was scamped and hasty and, in all European countries, proved inadequate, and there were many ways of evading even the nominal obligations. The favorite method was to invest the profits in the business, that is to say, to turn them into capital. In France in particular it is notorious that immense profits were thus made from which the State has never benefited. It has, for one reason or another, been impossible to collect a good deal of the revenue due from this source. Now surely it is not unreasonable nor is there anything which savors of socialistic doctrines in declaring that profits of this kind should be in their entirety confiscated by the State. The weakness of the German Government in dealing with its profiteers has been amazing; and while it is possible for a few men to add to their riches by encouraging war, the danger of nationalist movements which will strive for the *revanche* is greatly increased.

In the recent discussions on the Amnesty Bill in France it was pointed out that deserters, who had on the outbreak of war flown to a foreign country to escape their military obligations, had engaged in trade and had enriched themselves. Was it fair, it was asked, to extend to them a pardon? Those men who had evaded the laws of their country, and while their fellows were fighting had piled up profits abroad, should not be allowed to come back with impunity and enjoy their gains. Perhaps it is better to be as generous as possible now that the war is over; but it should be made clear that in no country in future will the war profiteer be tolerated.

IV

We should consider, too, the effect in Europe of the further declaration

that property which does not in any way represent the profits of war should also be liable to conscription. It is not necessary to suppose that this proposal literally means that a capital levy will be raised immediately war breaks out, or that it will ever be enforced unless circumstances render a capital levy imperative. It may be sufficient to lay down the principle. Had the principle been adopted from the beginning, clearly many of the financial difficulties of Europe to-day would not exist. The problem of Allied debts would scarcely have arisen. There are, of course, objections to the capital levy in practice, for it is not easy to liquidate capital on a large scale. Such liquidation might produce confusion and would be liable, unless the strictest care were taken, to cause economic injury to the country which insisted upon it. But in spite of the undoubted objections, it is nevertheless an admirable thing that it should be put upon record that capital, like labor, may be called upon to pay its quota, and that countries should in the event of war first use their own financial resources before looking to other nations for loans. The borrowing of money abroad, the piling-up of indebtedness which can never be removed, meant the artificial prolongation of the European War. Without foreign loans a war must necessarily come to an end when the property-owners of a country are no longer willing to contribute to its maintenance. There is therefore a useful lesson to be learned from the European War, which was largely waged upon subscriptions from abroad after the belligerent Powers had frankly renounced the collection of sufficient money from their own citizens. Nobody cared about the cost until the war was over. The authorities, in future, should be given large powers which could be automatically used. Those powers in themselves will tend

to check war. Instead of running a war on borrowed capital which can never be repaid, the banks inside a country should be compelled to raise loans at small interest, and the big businesses as well as the banks should be controlled. It is well known that the metallurgical trades, for example, are benefited in a material sense by war although the country in which they exist may fall into bankruptcy. Doubtless the individual mine-owner or iron-master is full of the milk of human kindness and would do nothing to secure profits at the expense of human life; but, as has been pointed out, there is such a thing as group-greed. Companies and trusts and *Comités des Forges* and the like lose all sense of humanity and even of patriotism. Great shipbuilding firms, contractors on a large scale, and others may batten on war while the nation is going headlong to ruin.

Countries should be made to pay for the luxury of war, and they should first look to their own citizens, who must not, as has been the case during the past ten years, be allowed to make huge sums of money at the expense of the State. The State should be enabled on the outbreak of war to institute without delay a War Industries Board and a War Finance Board which would strictly control industry and finance, and would bring the industrialists and the financiers into line. At the end of a war it would certainly be a great advantage for the overburdened State to impose, once and for all, an immense tax which would have to come from capital rather than from income. As much as twenty-five per cent has been demanded in England in the shape of income tax, and indeed, where extremely large incomes are concerned, the percentage is very much higher. Even from the point of view of the taxpayer, it would be better for him to surrender

a portion of his capital to the State rather than continue to pay year after year a quarter of his income. From the point of view of the State, the speedy obliteration of war debts would be preferable, and the capital levy is more than permissible in abnormal times when the State should recover its equilibrium as early as possible.

V

Take the case of France. In France the franc has depreciated by two thirds of its value—that is to say, the bondholder has a real income today which is worth one third of the income he had before the war. Whether it is called a capital levy or not is of no importance; the fact remains that the rentier has, while nominally keeping his capital, lost two thirds of his income. The depreciation of the franc is due to the difficult financial position in which the French Treasury finds itself, and the French Treasury could have put itself right if it had frankly called upon bondholders to surrender a portion of their bonds. Both the State and the bondholders would have been in a much better position.

We are too often frightened by mere names; we prefer to surrender two thirds of our income rather than have our capital touched. But to some sort of capital levy—that is to say, to the extinction of paper capital—it would appear that the French will sooner or later have to come.

At the very highest, it is estimated that the revenue of the French State from taxation will be thirty milliard francs. Even to raise twenty-five milliard francs, heavy taxation, which it is hard to collect, has been imposed. Out of this twenty-five or thirty milliard francs of revenue the State must pay fifteen and, according to some estimates, over eighteen milliard francs a

year to the bondholders. The disproportion is appalling. The country is being taxed in order to pay interest to what may be regarded as a privileged class; and yet the term 'privileged class' is unjustified, for the rentiers are really badly treated, in that their income is a fixed income which, owing to the fall of the franc, has diminished in real value to an extent which would hardly have appeared possible a few years ago. In one way or another the war must be paid for, and the question is whether it should be paid for by gradually increased taxation year after year and by placing the State bondholders at a disadvantage as compared with the industrial bondholders, or whether the State should immediately proceed to take whatever is required from its citizens, rich and poor, thus preserving its currency and obviating the necessity of heavy annual taxation.

I do not desire, however, to discuss in detail this vexed problem, but it is surely fair to suggest that if a community goes to war the community should understand in advance that it will be called upon to make monetary sacrifices as well as sacrifices in human life. It will not understand unless there is given in advance power to the State, not only to raise taxes, but to obtain all the capital it may need for the prosecution of the war and the final liquidation of the war. It has been protested by prominent bankers that funds to prosecute a war and to liquidate a war should be obtained in a manner that will disturb the business life of a nation as little as possible, and that will not deplete or destroy the income of the people more than is absolutely necessary to meet the exigences of war. With that everybody must agree. But directly or indirectly the income of the people will be depleted. There is no more misleading cry than the foolish cry raised in England that business

should continue as usual during hostilities. Business cannot continue as usual, and the question is as between two methods: one method tends to deceive the people and the other method tends to open their eyes to the fact that ultimately they must pay, and that no enemy country will pay for them.

The European peoples were deceived as perhaps peoples have never been deceived in the history of the world. They were assured that Germany would pay for the war if the Allies would only continue it long enough to defeat Germany. It is because, in pursuance of this fallacy, we have endeavored to make Germany pay, that the whole of the Continent has suffered more than it need have suffered for six years, and that financial and economic confusion still prevails. It has been declared that capital, which is a shy bird, would if menaced fly to cover; but in any community which is really animated by patriotic sentiments such an attitude on the part of capitalists is unthinkable. They must show the same loyalty as the common man.

VI

It would be facile to drift into a demonstration that stricter governmental control of men, of material, and of money, in time of war, would make for the efficient prosecution of war. This is, however, a side issue. The purpose of the proposal is not to make it easier to prosecute a war but to prevent war. This must be borne constantly in mind. It is possible that, in other ages, men have delighted in fighting. In our own times it would seem that man is by nature a fighting animal, for the armies of Napoleon which had no purpose but conquest followed him wherever he went, prepared to endure any hardship, happy enough that they should show their

physical superiority over the men of other nations. Even in the last great war there is no doubt that millions of men were moved chiefly by the sense that at last an opportunity had occurred for them to escape from the dull daily round of existence.

It is deduced from the evidence that mankind will always love war, and that nothing will bring peace upon the earth. But in no age as in our age, in spite of appearances, has there been such consciousness of the evils of war, and in no age has there been such consciousness of the solidarity of mankind. Undoubtedly progress is being made and, beyond a peradventure, peace can be achieved. The earth has become a small place. Every country finds its interests interlocked with those of every other country. The traveling facilities of to-day make for a better understanding. The rapidity of communication helps toward the realization of a common civilization. Commerce in its modern development makes us more and more interdependent. Our culture is more or less the same the world over, and when one nation suffers every nation suffers. No longer can we live in water-tight compartments; no longer is war a little thing that can be regarded as apart from our general life. Chaos in one place means chaos in every place. We have been drawn together as never before, and we are becoming aware of the necessity of adopting friendly relations toward each other, and of helping each other. We cannot pass by on the other side; we cannot be simply on-lookers. The rôle of the good Samaritan is no longer a rôle which we are at liberty to fulfill or not to fulfill. So intimately bound up are we with each other that to fight to-day is precisely as though the members of our body were to quarrel among themselves and were to attempt to injure each other.

In striking at our head our arm would be committing suicide. The destructiveness of modern warfare has brought home to us the horrors of fighting, which can no more be localized. We recognize that no future war could be confined to the men in the field. It would, if pursued to its logical end, bring about the destruction of all that is precious to us.

And morally also there has been a considerable advance. The mental attitude of nations is becoming more and more the mental attitude of individuals who have been taught in their private relations the advantages of self-restraint and of mutual forbearance. In an earlier age the average man was accustomed to personal violence, but to-day the average man has little or no experience of violence; he does not think in terms of violence. The fighting instinct has in communal life disappeared, or at least rarely manifests itself in civilized communities. Now it is obvious that the order which has been introduced into private life must, consciously or unconsciously, extend itself until it becomes the rule of national life. The fighting instinct is, owing to the personal habits of men everywhere, being eliminated, and it would be strange indeed if men who have set up courts of law for the legal settlement of their personal disputes were not to adopt the same principle in international affairs.

VII

But with the growth of this detestation of violence in every sphere, with the attempt to set up International Courts of Justice and Leagues of Nations, and to have recourse to the arbitration of special tribunals, there exists a greater desire for profits than has ever existed before in the history of the world. The business instinct has, as it

were, taken the place of the fighting instinct, and the business instinct, if we are not careful, will prove to be as dangerous as the fighting instinct. In any long view, there are more profits to be made out of peace than out of war, and business men are undoubtedly aware of this fact. But there is nevertheless an immediate temptation; and it is precisely to destroy the possibilities of profits in war time that the promulgators of the present plan urge its universal acceptance.

The higher consciousness of our common interests needs to be fortified, and it is essential that the Governments should eradicate the selfishness that was shown by profiteers, little and big, of all classes, in all nations, and that war should be shorn of the only glamour that it still possesses — that of providing profits for a portion of the community.

No country which agrees to mobilize all its resources in time of war, to abolish the middleman, the profiteer, the civilian who can in present circumstances continue to work for private gain, can possibly lose. It would discourage war; but if war, in some fit of madness, or through the bad faith or the atavism of some other country which has not adopted a similar plan, were to be forced upon it, then it would not suffer, but on the contrary would, by this mobilization of the whole of its resources, be in a superior position, and would beat its enemies much more certainly than if every man were striving for his own hand and private interests were to be mixed with national interests.

The origin of the suggestion is doubtless to be traced far back, but it would be unfair not to give full credit to the *Christian Science Monitor*, which for-

mulated and advocated the proposition for the maintenance of peace by eliminating profit and privilege from war. Since it set out its plan — which is admittedly a partial though an exceedingly important plan — the idea has been caught up everywhere. All organizations of World War veterans emphatically favor it. Measures have been specifically introduced in Congress, and the Conventions, both Democratic and Republican, have pronounced in its favor. In European countries its progress may be slower, but serious thinkers in all lands have been attracted by the proposition, and are doing their best to propagate it and to make it practical politics. But if America takes the lead, as she has often taken the lead in matters of this kind intended to promote the advancement of humanity, — as indeed she took the lead in the founding of the League of Nations and of the International Court of Justice, — it must not be supposed that America is putting herself at a disadvantage as compared with other countries which, in this respect, for particular reasons, are more backward. The idealism of America is an idealism which is solidly planted on the ground. It is an idealism which, far from weakening any country which possesses it, will give it a formidable strength of organization which will make the most bellicose enemy hesitate before attacking.

In short, the advantage of this scheme, which is simple, practical, and effective, is that while it is designed to prevent war, it does not reduce, but, on the contrary, increases, the means of self-defense. Sooner or later this plan will be advocated by every international assembly and in every national parliament.

GEORGIA AND VERMONT — A CONTRAST

BY WENDELL BROOKS PHILLIPS

For many years I observed with intense envy the Englishman traveling in America. From Dickens to Arnold Bennett he brought with him a brilliant and fascinating sport which he practised with the utmost enjoyment — the sport of observing Americans and talking about them. We listened with dazed wonder, and did nothing. We liked America too well to go to England and turn the tables on him; and it never occurred to us that we could get the same sort of fun by watching each other.

But one day a liberating thought struck me. If an Englishman could get an exquisitely painful delight from writing twenty pages about an American sleeping-car, why could n't a Georgian, covered with cotton dust, see something to amaze him in a Vermont sugar-house? Or a Vermonter, who had spent half his life throwing chunk-wood into the cellar, have his mind broadened by discovering that in Georgia there are no cellars?

I basked in this thought; and my happiness was intensified by the realization that I was better qualified to write this treatise on 'America as Seen by an American' than any other living person. I remembered how non-partisan I was; for I was born in the only State which had seceded from both the Union and the Confederacy — West Virginia. As a part of old Virginia it had left the Union, and then had insisted on seceding back again to show that there was n't any such thing as secession. Great numbers of

people had the jarring experience of going to bed in the South and waking up in the North.

Then I thought by what a mellow process my ancestors had migrated. Coming over from England on the good ship *Arabella*, a few years after the advent of the Mayflower, they had comfortably settled themselves in western Massachusetts and southern Vermont, where they lived for several generations and became numerous. There were hardly any of the New England traditions that they did n't pick up on the way. Then in 1816, made restless by a series of very cold winters, they loaded their traditions and other household utensils into ox wagons, and set out for West Virginia, which had just been discovered by Daniel Boone. After killing off all the Indians and wolves, they waited for seventy-five years or so until I was born. Then they decided to leave.

This time my parents went to Georgia, where their New England traditions were still in such good repair that we were known as 'Yankees'; and my father preached in one of the few Congregational churches which enlighten those vast waste-lands south of the Mason and Dixon line. Although I am known as a Yankee in the South, I have never been able to get any Vermonter to admit my condition. So I am a man with two countries — or with none; and each time I return to Vermont or Georgia I have strangely mixed feelings of coming home and of visiting some beautiful foreign port.

Several years ago I was living in a pleasant little city ten miles from Atlanta. I had spent the previous year in Vermont, and all my impressions were heightened by the contrast. The morning sunshine was deliciously bright, and the air was too soft for early spring. Dogwood and azalea gleamed from the hillsides, and seedling peach-trees, with their riotous pink bloom, almost impeded the sidewalk that led to the public square a mile away. Rambling houses, with large yards full of irresponsible but pleasing shrubbery, bordered one side of the street; untouched woodland, all too soon to be cut up into city lots, lined the other side.

I was n't going anywhere, but I suddenly caught sight of an interesting figure in front of me, who evidently was. He was an old man of seventy-five, and to my surprise he wore the gray uniform and hat of the men who fought under Lee. The easy surety of his unhastened step and the erect height of his figure caught my attention. His beard was white, but his cheeks were fresh-colored; he had a fine forehead and a handsome nose. As I overtook him he turned toward me with courteous dignity.

'I have often seen you pass, sir, and have meant to ask you to come in. If you're a stranger, I want you to feel at home. My name is Colonel Hayes, and I live up there on the hill.'

I thanked him, gave him my name, and then asked: 'What is the band playing for, up on the square? Is some sort of celebration going on?'

'Why, yes; this is the hundredth anniversary of the founding of Dekalb County. You will see an historical pageant of all that ever happened here. We have been getting ready for it for weeks. I am to march at the head of the Confederate veterans,' he added proudly, laying his hand on his sword.

As we approached the square, the burst of music grew louder. The lawns and porches were covered with spectators, and the actors in the pageant scurried for their places. It was easy to see that neither past, present, nor future was to be neglected. The very products of the town were personified. Pretty girls disguised as milk bottles or spring chickens chatted and flirted with blocks of Stone Mountain granite.

Ferdinando de Soto was huddling his savages into their places. 'Why in heck don't you Indians *act* like Indians? Quit bumping into Oglethorpe's settlers!'

'Aw, shut up, Jim! You don't know yerself whether we happened before Oglethorpe or after him.'

'We happened *before* him, you poor fish! Oglethorpe won't be born till I've been at the bottom of the Mississippi a hundred years. Look out for Eli Whitney's cotton gin! Let it get up there in front of the Civil War!'

After a great deal of chatter and confusion and prancing of horses, the different parts of the pageant were properly arranged, and the whole started forward to the sound of music and the waving of banners. The care which had been spent in the preparation of the floats was amazing. Here came a farm wagon, pulled by oxen, and filled with men and women who represented old-time country people. The women wore sunbonnets, and the men cracked long blacksnake whips. Lanterns, bundles of fodder, and homemade baskets were carelessly tied on the back, while half a dozen gaunt yellow hounds trailed behind. Of even greater interest was a miniature log-cabin on wheels, with an aged Negro uncle sitting in the doorway. He was no make-believe uncle, but a real one, who had n't been allowed to change his clothes or anything. In front of the door was fixed a persimmon tree,

in whose branches a live possum blinked sleepily.

The part of the pageant which aroused most acclamation was that which depicted the golden days 'befo' de wah.' (There is still only one war in the South. The World War was merely a skirmish between foreigners.) A stately barouche of the days of Andrew Jackson was drawn down the street by shining black horses, and it was followed by a float representing an old-time garden, where a blooming girl in hoop skirts listened bashfully to her dashing lover as he leaned against the white gate. The costumes they wore were not makeshifts, but had been taken carefully from some old trunk that escaped the destructive eye of General Sherman on his march to the sea.

I watched all this with keenest pleasure, and with a comparative eye. How pretty the girls were, and how conscious they were of being girls! There was a general air of physical comeliness, of healthy well-being about the crowd. Among the old people—and there were many of them—I noted the serene, cheerful eyes, the gracious manner, the consciousness of not having lived in vain. I saw none of those sour, wizened, disappointed faces that I confess have constantly pained me in New England, whether in the Boston subways or in the back country. Nor did I see on a single face the thwarted look of an old maid. I thought to myself, 'Vermonters look like rodents in comparison with this lordly race. How delightful is their hospitality, their scorn of pettiness, their willingness to give or lend a neighbor all they have!' I had never before seen a whole community take a day off for such joyous play.

When the procession was over, all gathered round the courthouse steps to hear the speeches. Several hand-

picked high-school boys were to deliver declamations, and then the Governor was to give an address. There was a rather taking air about the easy confidence with which the boys faced their audience, but I was made uncomfortable to see with what enthusiasm their platitudes were received, and to note the priggish pompousness with which the youngsters strutted off the platform. And if the boys made me uncomfortable, the Governor filled me with despair. Could it be possible that these people were listening with eager approval to this terrible stream of outworn bombast, race hatred, religious intolerance, and repudiation of all modern thought?

As the gathering dispersed, I went into a little restaurant with most of my happier thoughts scattered. I reflected gloomily on the Klan, and all the sinister implications of a civilization founded on serfdom. But it would n't do to spoil a holiday this way, so I turned my mind to the assertion of Walter Hines Page that the two greatest curses of the South were oratory and fried food. I agreed as to the oratory. Now for the food.

'Uncle Ned,' I said to the waiter, 'what have you to-day?'

'Well, suh, we 've got some nice fried chicken, an' some fried ham.'

'But I 'm not very hungry; have n't you some vegetables or fruit?'

'No, suh; I don't reckon we has, boss. Dey 's some right nice 'sparagus, what Marse Henry's Yankee fren' sent 'im de roots of, a-growin' out in de garden. Ef you 'll wait a minute, I 'll fry you a good mess o' dat.'

'You don't mean to say you 'd fry asparagus?'

'Yassuh. Dat 's de onlies' way dey is to cook it, suh.'

I glanced at the menu card in despair. 'No. Bring me some coffee and a slice of watermelon.'

The next September I was in Vermont again, facing a brisk and disagreeable wind. The brilliant maple leaves were swirling down in showers.

'Autumn suits the mood of this stern country,' I thought. 'See how tight-shut each little house is, huddled graspingly over the stores in its cellar. The doorways seem to repel rather than invite the stranger.'

But just then my genial friend, the professor of Greek, came out and called me: 'Come in and sit by my fire, and drink some cider with me!'

'I really believe you Vermonters are as hospitable as Southerners when one gets to know you,' I said. 'I'm homesick for Georgia, and I hope you won't mind if I talk about it.'

'Of course not,' he replied sympathetically.

'Well, to begin with, why don't you have any front porches in Vermont? The houses look positively bald without them. Is it because winter begins before summer has ended?'

'That is one reason; but the chief one is that no Vermonter would have time to sit on a porch if he had one.'

This offered food for meditation; but our attention was attracted to a stoop-shouldered young instructor hurrying furtively across the campus with a baby carriage, as if humiliated at his own indiscretion.

'How unusual to see a Vermont teacher with a baby,' I remarked. 'A Georgia professor thinks nothing of flinging his eight children into a Ford and taking them to the river for a day's fishing. If one or two of them get struck by lightning or kicked by mules, he has some left. There's no race-suicide among us Anglo-Saxons down in Georgia,' I concluded proudly.

'I know it,' my friend replied sadly. 'You're quite right. You have vitality down there, and the future is before you. Up here we have our frozen

hillsides, and a past, and plenty of experience.'

'Yes,' I agreed, 'and you know more than we do, and live more deeply. Vermonters may look like rats and feel like hedgehogs, but they think and work and aspire like human beings. Certainly you hear nothing of Klans and mobs and the "honor of a gentleman," and legislators passing laws against the fact of evolution. After going through one of your winters, I no longer wonder that your Vermont farmer is n't lavishly hospitable; he deserves infinite credit for merely keeping alive.'

'Yes,' declared my Greek professor warmly, 'I suppose there is a more subtle and seasoned philosophy behind the gnarled face of our Vermont farmer than behind the handsome exterior of a Southern colonel. It is n't easy to plumb the heart of a Vermonter,' he mused, almost betraying a trace of sentiment.

'It's true,' I conceded. 'I'm afraid you have us beaten on a good many counts. I certainly feel more within the confines of civilization here. And if I'm choosing a creed, I'll have to take yours.'

'You are really very flattering,' he murmured.

'But,' I cried, with a burst of enthusiasm, 'if I give Vermont the allegiance of my head, may I not leave my heart in Georgia, near the blue hills? And may I not, like Odysseus, weep for longing to see the smoke rise from my native land?'

'You may!' declared my friend generously. 'You may!'

And so I left him.

'Really,' I said to myself, 'really, if I'm to enjoy this new British sport as it deserves to be enjoyed, I must n't take it too seriously. No, I positively will *not* take it seriously.'

And with that I went to bed.

THE BEAR HUNT

AN ORIGINAL BALLAD NEVER BEFORE PRINTED

BY ABRAHAM LINCOLN

[ABRAHAM LINCOLN neither wrote, nor attempted to write, much verse. What little he did write was perhaps the product of a sort of mental exercise — to gratify an impulse to see what he could do.

Writing from Springfield, Illinois, on September 6, 1846, to his former Springfield neighbor, Andrew Johnston, then living in Richmond, Lincoln refers to a promise once made Johnston to 'bore' him with another 'little canto of what I called poetry.' The 1846 message to Johnston fulfilled this promise, the subject of the poem being Matthew Gentry, the insane son of the leading citizen of Gentryville, Indiana, where Lincoln had lived for some thirteen years, from young boyhood on. In 1844 Lincoln was campaigning in Southern Indiana, and it was at this time that the sad condition of his former schoolmate was revealed to him. The first verse of the Matthew Gentry poem, which may be found in the com-

plete works of Lincoln, reads as follows:—

But here's an object more of dread
Than aught the grave contains —
A human form with reason fled
While wretched life remains.

In the letter sent to Johnston enclosing the verse, Lincoln says: 'If I should ever send another (poem), the subject will be a "Bear Hunt."'

Some time later Lincoln wrote 'The Bear Hunt,' and sent it to his friend. Whether he retained a copy is doubtful, but Johnston apparently kept the manuscript until 1869, when he passed it on to Thomas H. Wynne, of Richmond. The latter bequeathed it to R. A. Brock, of Richmond, by whom it was sold in 1905 to George S. Hellman, of New York, who in turn disposed of it to J. P. Morgan. The original manuscript, in perfect condition, is now in the Morgan Library in New York.

— CHARLES T. WHITE]

A WILD bear chase didst never see?
Then hast thou lived in vain —
Thy richest bump of glorious glee
Lies desert in thy brain.

When first my father settled here,
'T was then the frontier line;
The panther's scream filled night with fear
And bears preyed on the swine.

But woe for bruin's short-lived fun
When rose the squealing cry;
Now man and horse, with dog and gun
For vengeance at him fly.

A sound of danger strikes his ear;
He gives the breeze a snuff;
Away he bounds, with little fear,
And seeks the tangled rough.

On press his foes, and reach the ground
Where 's left his half-munched meal;
The dogs, in circles, scent around
And find his fresh made trail.

With instant cry, away they dash,
And men as fast pursue;
O'er logs they leap, through water
splash
And shout the brisk halloo.

Now to elude the eager pack
Bear shuns the open ground,
Through matted vines he shapes his
track,
And runs it, round and round.

The tall, fleet cur, with deep-mouthed
voice
Now speeds him, as the wind;
While half-grown pup, and short-legged
fice¹
Are yelping far behind.

And fresh recruits are dropping in
To join the merry corps;
With yelp and yell, a mingled din —
The woods are in a roar —

And round, and round the chase now
goes,
The world 's alive with fun;
Nick Carter's horse his rider throws,
And Mose Hill drops his gun.

Now, sorely pressed, bear glances back,
And lolls his tired tongue,
When as, to force him from his track
An ambush on him sprung.

Across the glade he sweeps for flight,
And fully is in view —
The dogs, new fired by the sight
Their cry and speed renew.

The foremost ones now reach his rear;
He turns, they dash away,
And circling now the wrathful bear
They have him full at bay.

At top of speed the horsemen come,
All screaming in a row —
'Whoop!' 'Take him, Tiger!' 'Seize
him, Drum!'
Bang — bang! the rifles go!

And furious now, the dogs he tears,
And crushes in his ire —
Wheels right and left, and upward
rears,
With eyes of burning fire.

But leaden death is at his heart —
Vain all the strength he plies,
And, spouting blood from every part,
He reels, and sinks, and dies!

And now a dinsome clamor rose, —
'But who should have his skin?'
Who first draws blood, each hunter
knows
This prize must always win.

But, who did this, and how to trace
What 's true from what 's a lie, —
Like lawyers in a murder case
They stoutly *argufy*.

Aforesaid fice, of blustering mood,
Behind, and quite forgot,
Just now emerging from the wood
Arrives upon the spot,

With grinning teeth, and up-turned hair
Brim full of spunk and wrath,
He growls, and seizes on dead bear
And shakes for life and death —

And swells, as if his skin would tear,
And growls, and shakes again,
And swears, as plain as dog can swear
That he has won the skin!

Conceited whelp! we laugh at thee,
Nor mind that not a few
Of pompous, two-legged dogs there be
Conceited quite as you.

¹ A small dog of nondescript breed. *Local, U. S. A.* — THE EDITOR

[The following letters are of significance to those interested in historical accuracy as establishing effectually the genuineness of the ballad. — THE EDITOR]

RICHMOND, VA.,
11 August, 1869

THOMAS H. WYNNE, Esq.,
Richmond, Va.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

. . . Some time since, Dr. Barney asked me if I could give him an autograph of Mr. Lincoln. Having a few letters, and one or two copies of verses, I selected one of the latter, with which he was much pleased; and, about a month ago, he published it in the *Evening News*, where it attracted the attention of some others, an original composition of Mr. Lincoln being something of a novelty. The subject was a return to his native place in Kentucky, and his reflections thereon.

It has occurred to me that you might like to have something similar, and I therefore inclose you the only other paper in my possession, the subject being, 'The Bear Hunt.' It is the composition of Mr. Lincoln himself, and wholly written by him — the indorsement on the back only excepted — and it was sent to me by him, though I do not find the accompanying letter. Possibly, that may have related also to some matter of business.

I am very truly yours,
ANDREW JOHNSTON

RICHMOND, VA.,
March 28, 1905

THE NEW YORK CO-OPERATIVE SOCIETY, N. Y. City.

GENTLEMEN:

I have deferred acknowledgement of yours of the 22d inst. pending a search

among my numerous autographs and MSS. for the original poem by and in the autograph of Abraham Lincoln. I have not as yet put my hand upon it.

I have owned it for thirty years, having received it by a bequest of a friend, the late Hon. Thomas H. Wynne.

It was presented to Mr. Wynne by the late Andrew Johnston, a lawyer of this city, at one time a resident of Springfield, Ill., and a friend of Mr. Lincoln. I have the letter of Mr. Johnston to Mr. Wynne stating these facts.

When I may find the poem I will express you.

I beg to remain,

Respectfully yours,
R. A. BROCK

RICHMOND, VA.,
Nov. 7, 1905

GEORGE S. HELLMAN, Esq.,
N. Y. City.

DEAR SIR:

I send by registered mail, as instructed by you, the Lincoln poem, 'The Bear Hunt,' and Mr. Johnston's letter.

Neither original has been out of my personal keeping and you need have no fear of unauthorized publication.

When I may be able to duly describe other desiderata I will be glad to do so, and will appreciate any definite hint from you as to wants.

Faithfully yours,
R. A. BROCK

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

MY BASAL METABOLISM

EVERYONE who has lately been in a hospital knows, of course, what a basal metabolism is, but I was one of the outsiders until last week. I did not know what doctor or nurse meant when they announced that I should have to undergo the thing next morning. I made the usual feeble effort to penetrate their veil of kindly reserve — a thicker than ever veil in this case, for half the fun in that scientific practical joke called basal metabolism consists in keeping the patient doubtful and wondering.

'Quite a simple test,' the nurse murmured smilingly, when the doctor had left the room after explaining that the whole affair was 'merely a register of functional activity.' 'Go to bed now,' the nurse continued, 'and keep as quiet and calm as possible. That means everything.'

Of course men of science know best. Otherwise I might have had my doubts about the calming effect of being roused at 6 A.M. by the tramp of feet, the clatter of a stretcher laid down outside my door, and a confused hum of voices. My door flew open and two nurses and two orderlies, with determined faces, advanced to my bedside. I sat up hastily.

'Lie down!' the head nurse commanded. 'Calm yourself!' She took my temperature and pulse with a dubious air. The other nurse gave directions to the orderlies, who now picked me up and laid me among some particularly cold blankets upon the stretcher. Basal metabolisms were taken in another hospital building from the one in which I lay. The stretcher-

bearers airily raised and bore me along halls and corridors, outdoors, and into a motor ambulance. The bright blue October sky shone overhead. The air was crisp and chill and I shivered in my cold bedding, inwardly trying hard to be calm, so as not to bring upon myself grave symptoms of functional disorder. A short, jerky ride, during which an orderly tried to cover my head with the sheet 'to keep out the light,' and we were before another door through which I was carried to a bed in a bare, white-furnished room.

A new nurse, gravely smiling, bent over me and felt for my pulse. Then she remarked reproachfully, 'Why, you're shivering. That won't do.'

'I ca-can't help it.'

'We'll wait until you can,' she said firmly. 'Lie still and keep mentally calm. The test is not really painful — just a little unpleasant.'

She withdrew to confer in whispers with a second white-robed figure. I stopped shivering and looked around me. Against the wall hung a long, jointed tube made of something like rubber cloth. The window beside the bed was pierced by a round hole the size of the tube, and, screwing my head about, I saw a large shiny metal tank standing behind the bed. Then the nurse came back, felt my pulse, straightened my knees, took down the tube, and began lowering a sort of hook-and-ladder system to within a few inches of my face. Seizing the coils of tubing, she thrust one end out the window-hole, a second end out of sight somewhere near the tank, and a third, furnished with a flat mouthpiece like a teething-ring, into my mouth. 'Bite

hard on it,' she advised, summoning a perfunctory smile. 'Keep it well between the lips.' With a deft gesture which took me completely by surprise she now snapped a heavy clamp over my nose, effectually closing it. Then, hanging the loose festoons of tube over the apparatus above my head, she stood back and smiled at her handiwork.

There was no way to breathe but through the tube, so for the next few minutes I and my lungs were kept busy — I trying anxiously to persuade them that they took in air enough from the tube by means of the window-hole, and that getting rid of the air afterward was a possible job; they indignantly puffing remonstrance at the close breathing-quarters, while my throat put in its word with a strangling, gagging sensation which from time to time threatened to cut off the air-supply altogether. Meanwhile the two nurses stood by the tank behind me, whispering: —

'Patient breathes very slowly.'

'Thirty-five — do you make it?'

'One more round.'

Then they left the tank-side and seated themselves — to judge by the scrape of chairs — somewhere near. I pricked my ears in the midst of my struggle for breath to learn what they were saying about me.

'— very difficult,' were the words I caught next.

This held no surprise, for I had been previously told — in a veiled fashion — that computing a basal metabolism requires hours of calculation in higher mathematics. The nurses were working out some former patient's test, I decided, for the next words which reached my ears above my labored breathing could hardly apply to my own case: —

'A city in China.'

The patient had been living in China, I deduced. Had been sent from China,

in fact, for treatment. The nurses' next remark was commonplace enough.

'Dr. Ascot was awfully pleased I'd got so much done.'

Obviously he ought to be pleased at the young women's industry. One of them thoughtfully went on: —

'A kind of fish —'

Fish — I had it! The patient from China had upset his or her metabolism by eating bad fish — such strange, mummified sort of food, I fancied, as would be popular in small inland towns of the great old country. However, I began to feel that in these tense calculations the nurses were forgetting me, and, distract my thoughts as I would, I had more than enough of the savage grip on my nose and of the tube-end stuffed into my mouth. My case was of equal importance, I felt, with the one they were engaged upon. Indeed the importance of the whole proceeding, I had often been told, was enormous.

With courageous effort I screwed my head around to command a partial view of my attendants and recall their attention, if possible, from the study of the Chinese patient's ruined digestion. At last my eye, strained painfully backward, fell upon the two white-capped heads bent over a small enameled table, and at the sight my reverent forbearance changed in an instant to a truculent heat which threatened to choke me then and there inside my tube.

The nurses were doing a crossword puzzle!

So now I am writing this to warn basal metabolism sufferers not to get excited when the talk behind them veers to fish and China. It's a case of 'never mind this one.' And, after all, perhaps guesswork is good practice for the higher mathematics that come out of the tube and tank. I, the doctor later told me smilingly, was quite normal.

THE OYSTER AND RELIGION

I AM under the impression — and my error, if it exists, is certainly pardonable — that the oyster has been written about extensively. A scientific gentleman not long since addressed a learned dissertation to no less august a body than the United States Fish Commission that bore the awe-inspiring title, 'The Ciliary Mechanisms of Lamellibranchs.' It was merely a polysyllabic description of the oyster's manner of twiddling his gills. Our modern epicureans have written in praise of this interesting mollusk from the strictly culinary point of view; and there are sundry tomes, appropriately voluminous, which set forth its commercial value, as well as numerous manuals for the thrifty souls that seek to rear it, and to guide the first trembling footsteps of the infant oyster along the path that it should go — to market.

There remains, then, but one theme for me. I write of the religious significance of the oyster. It is a subject whose gravity will not appear to the dwellers in cities where the institution of the 'church supper' is unknown. Only he who has been born and bred in the small town can realize the harmonizing value of the intersectarian oyster. Only the native of the small town knows how 'Reverend Jones' of the Methodist Church harbors dark suspicions of lurking heresy — perhaps even of Modernism — in 'Reverend Smith' of the Presbyterian Church, yet how both clerical gentlemen unite in approbation of the oysters of Sister Brown as they appear at Baptist church suppers.

It is the small-town man alone who can, with the accuracy of the true connoisseur, appreciate the infinite divergence between the oysters of the warring sects. It is no exaggeration to say that a man with a true taste

in oysters possesses the shortest cut to a comprehension of the theological subtleties that divide Christendom.

The Presbyterian oyster, for example, as he appears at the suppers of the First (and only) Presbyterian Church, is large and round and fried. Mark the word: fried — fried to a perfection of crisp brown exterior and succulent but smoking interior that mutely warns the heathen in other denominations of the ultimate fate of those who have never subscribed to the Larger and Shorter Catechisms. Often, at Presbyterian church suppers, in the presence of those perfect bivalves, I have suspected Calvinistic leanings in myself and have felt, dimly adumbrated within my own soul, the tenderness and beauty of the Catechisms.

As for the Baptist oyster, he is appropriately immersed in a flowing bowl that confutes forever the unregenerate who know so little Greek that they fail to distinguish between *βάπτω* and *βαπτίζω*.

The Methodist oyster is stern and severe. The vanities of this world are not for him. He may, when he appears at the church supper, be fried — but it is a more than Presbyterian frying. It is a frying in the fire whereof the revivalist rants. Sometimes he might even be called a Fundamentalist oyster — that is, he is not always a Modernist, which is a sad defect in oysters, whatever it may be in theologians.

Let us pass over the Lutheran oyster. William James would class him among the 'tough-minded.' He is tough with the toughness of spirit that nailed the Ninety-five Theses to the church door in Wittenberg. We may respect him — but a kind Heaven will prevent that respect from leading us to eat him.

The Episcopalian oyster is a very different mollusk. He appears upon the half shell. His pristine simplicity

suggests an ancient tradition. He warns us mutely of our own original state — and he is likely to be served on ice.

In religion, then, the oyster has his merits. As a theologian our humble bivalve — Blue Point, Cotuit, Narragansett — cannot be despised. Since the Volstead Act 't is he alone that can

with Logic absolute
The Two-and-Seventy jarring Sects confute.

SPEAKING OF HOTBEDS

'ASIA,' stated the lecturer, 'is a perfect hotbed of infection for human and plant life.'

He coughed slightly and reached into a back pocket for his handkerchief. An imitative ripple of coughing ran through the little group of women, gathered in an historic New England homestead for the serious, though avocational, study of botany. My right-hand neighbor urged upon me a large yellow lozenge, as she shot a significant glance about the throat-clearing assembly.

'The efficient barring of the citrous canker from California,' continued the now recovered professor, 'is one of the triumphs of modern preventive pathology.'

A young teacher in the front row took down this sentence in its dire completeness.

Our little city had been fighting its way through an epidemic of laryngitis, grippe, influenza, and the rest of that 'loathèd crew.' 'Germs' were on every tongue and in many a nose and throat.

'More than one hundred and fifty children absent daily from a single school building,' a hoarse voice had informed us, as we forgathered in the anteroom, draping our heavy wraps over the backs of hospitable chairs, and hiding overshoes in secret corners.

'And when they come back, so *pale*, so *pale*!'

'It would n't be so trying,' one had furthered, 'if it were n't for this persistent reinfection.'

Someone over by the mantelpiece gave way to a violent sneeze. I felt my own throat filling, though I had come hither to learn of the higher fungi, with the deliberate desire to rid my mind and spirit from all thought of bodily disease. Awed inquiries for this and that victim of the prevalent contagion stirred the air. As we filed into the small lecture-room, certain members of the class were seen to contribute small covered glass dishes to a sober row of similar retainers resting upon the long demonstration table. Having missed the previous lecture, I looked inquiringly at a friend.

'Specimens,' she whispered, 'of developed bacteria. He gave us the receptacles a week ago to expose in our houses.'

These little botanical menageries the professor greeted eagerly as the awful number increased.

'I,' exclaimed an enthusiast, looking eagerly into his face, 'took off the cover of mine in the street-car on my way home, and just *see* what I caught! You know *everybody* had the bug last week!' We strained forward as she tipped the little plate plainly before our eyes. It was fearful; it was marvelous. Several about me veiled their nostrils as inconspicuously as might be. A steady little draught was stealing in about the ancient window at my back.

So the lecture had begun: 'Asia is a perfect hotbed of infection for human and plant life.' Here was an evident master of the subject; he proceeded to treat the dark side of his question, reviewing impartially the outstanding pests and scourges known to plants: the devastating wheat-rust, involving the barberry by alternate years; the

white-pine rust, 'spreading' to gooseberry and currant; the downy mildew boding potato famine; the chestnut blight, threatening, some believed, the utter demolition of the last sprout of the last chestnut tree in the land.

Here the instructor moistened his throat with a generous sip of water. A lady near the door started a dry choking and stepped over, or on, three would-be listeners before gaining exit from the room; her voice sounded a recession into a remote corner of the house.

'A certain injection'—this as we recomposed ourselves thoughtfully—'under the bark of the tree has proved a partial cure—' The professor turned to his notes. 'A partial cure,' he reiterated, 'of the blight, and'—he smiled a bit wanly—'almost infallible death to the tree.'

A woman in a very thin silk stirred uneasily; it was her boast that she had been inoculated against these colds, and immunity lifted her head high above our petty discussion of *hoi polloi* contagion.

"Sisters under the skin," I whispered to my inner ear, turning back to the mortality of chestnuts.

Through his emphatic sentences the phrase 'plant disease' rang like a minor theme. Pretty little Miss R— drew her woolen scarf more closely about her shoulders. I recalled her remark as we had come up the walk together: 'My uncle,' with an inflection half apology, half glee (and I knew she meant the prominent Dr. R—), 'said he refused to answer for the consequences if I ventured out in this late afternoon air, but what can you do?'

The human frailty of all growing things pressed in upon my bewildered senses. Surely the young George knew

best when he saved one fruitful tree from inevitable suffering.

'For three years,' the intense words pursued, 'the white pine carries infection about before the blister exists as a blister. . . . Spores innumerable lie in wait beneath the gooseberry leaf—orange-hued spores, ready to spread upon their certain prey.'

We then took up the cabbage—for its 'wilt,' a fungus, too, developed no doubt while the heads were still 'looking perfectly well.' The air at the clinic had become quite close, and the artificial light glistened back into our eyes a trifle unpleasantly from the frank array of glass bacteria-holders on the table before us. At mention of the citrous canker my tongue described a surreptitious circle about the roof of my mouth.

After juggling with the word 'menace,' the scientist turned to the optimistic phase of the question. Tension relaxed five perceptible degrees. Orchid fungi, we were reminded, form but the necessary food for these fair exotics.

In my mind 'Asia, a perfect hotbed of infection,' ran persistently to and fro. My eye wandered out to the slate sky, where a few sifting snowflakes interrupted the distance. Against the gray stone church beyond, one tall elm lifted its arms in silhouette. Medicine men there must be, it seemed to say, but how comfortable after all to find here and there a Joyce Kilmer shaking himself free from consultations over poor ailing Mother Nature. A gentle buzzing sound roused me and, as we passed into the open, the early night air blew across my face with singular purity; fresh snow outlined each farthest twig. Quite unconsciously I drew my fur collar close about my ears.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

THROUGH an inexplicable error in our last number we referred to our editions of 1916 in trifling terms. As a matter of fact they numbered fifty thousand copies, just one third of the present figure.

* * *

Cutting through a hill in Palestine, an expeditionary force from the Museum of the University of Pennsylvania has laid bare the layers of history as exactly as if sawing through a giant sequoia. **Irwin L. Gordon** describes this discovery, which has in three years exposed civilizations of thirty-two centuries. Fifty feet more of legible earth remain before bed rock is reached. The Hill at Beisan is probably the only spot on earth where peoples have buddled continuously since the dawn of history. **William L. Chenery**, long editor of the *New York Telegram*, brings the tariff home to the family breakfast-table and clothes-chest. ¶In contemplating his round of study and his students, 'Old P——,' a teacher of mellow experience, wonders whether his nickname is a sign of undergraduate respect or of outworn authority. ¶Surely nothing mournful is told in these numbers of **A. S. Eve**, Macdonald Professor of Physics at McGill University. They talk with such swift and shocking imagination as to leave one dizzy.

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As a frontier journalist, **William O. Stoddard** wrote the first editorial advocating Lincoln for President. Later he went to Washington as one of Mr. Lincoln's secretaries, and served from 1861 to 1864. We are happy to publish his reminiscences in this and a succeeding number. Small portions of this material appeared in earlier accounts by Mr. Stoddard, which were of negligible circulation and have long been out of print. The undoubted freshness and vigor of this *Lincolnia* shows that, often as has the field been gleaned, the full harvest is not yet gathered. ¶The story of **Rudolph Fisher** represents a flight into a

field of bitter prejudice and intense conviction. This new Negro author has considered the difficulties and perplexities of his race with uncompromising knowledge and fidelity. He was an honor man at Brown University, and is, we believe, the single X-ray expert of his race. ¶A sensitive discoverer of England's beauty, and one who has traveled early and late along her secret paths, **Morley Dobson** has had occasion for composing this charming verse. ¶No mind is better qualified to analyze the religious convictions of to-day, from which the faith of to-morrow must grow, than that of the very learned and Very Reverend Dean of St. Paul's, **W. R. Inge**. ¶Moved by the growing thanklessness of our people and by the sadness of Kirsopp Lake's paper on Prayer, **G. A. Johnston Ross** of the Union Theological Seminary urges upon us the glory of thanksgiving.

* * *

A. R. Orage, for fifteen years the editor of the English *New Age*, suggests the source of a new Renaissance. **Professor Chauncey Brewster Tinker** of Yale is a humorist and humanist for whom all students have cause to be thankful. ¶The tragedy of birds, beasts, and men animates the verse of **Lew Sarett**. His poem, 'To a Wild Goose over Decoys,' appeared in the *Atlantic* for September 1923. ¶An active-minded Professor in a famous college for women defends the young person's life and manners against elderly and invidious rumor. ¶The writer's long familiarity with Eastern thought adds remarkable import to this mysterious story of **L. Adams Beck**. This author is gifted alike with mystical and historical imagination. **Rusticus** has appreciated a sensitive and most endearing friendship in terms of Biblical simplicity.

* * *

Ian Colvin is the accomplished leader-writer of the London *Morning Post*, a paper which, in spite of prejudices, crotchets, and perversities, is, in our judgment, the best-

written in the English-speaking world. ¶Wide and observant travel has familiarized H. H. Powers with imperial domains and their besetting responsibilities. Sisley Huddleston, long of the *London Times* and now of the *Christian Science Monitor*, describes the European reception of that American proposal for peace which is to be resolved by our present Congress. ¶An acute comparison pleasantly turned is this of Wendell Brooks Phillips, a Southerner now studying in the Graduate School of Harvard.

* * *

Every bit of authenticated information relating to Abraham Lincoln is a matter of importance, and it seems extraordinary that so considerable a fragment should have eluded the thousand and one investigators. The letters which we append to the ballad by way of footnote establish its authenticity beyond cavil. Of its waggish quality we can only think that it gives a truer picture of Lincoln's early years than many a more solemn portrait.

* * *

A fair, far voice in argument.

ONA (BURGOS), SPAIN

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

In searching for reasons for the lack of success in the attempts at democracy in the Latin-American republics, the writer of 'Self-Government in Mexico' in your November issue seems to have overlooked, nay, to have stated the opposite of what I consider the most potent cause of all their troubles. While it is true that the Latin-American republics were led by our example in cutting loose from their mother countries, still they did not do so in the spirit that we did. Our 'revolutionary' principles were based on Magna Charta and the best political philosophy of the English Whigs, as the writer points out. But this was not true of the Latin Americans. Their source of inspiration has been and is Rousseau's *Du contrat social* and the Bolshevistic methods of the French Revolution, which, as Burke and our own Webster pointed out, are poles apart from our idea of democracy.

As for remedies, too, the writer, while he says rightly that the United States should do something, does not come down to particulars. In my mind, the best thing that the American people can do to help Latin America is to stop one of the chief sources of their trouble — namely, the hatching of their revolutions in the United States and the carrying of them out with the aid of American capital. President Coolidge and

Secretary Hughes started a good tradition in this direction in their attitude toward the latest outbreak in Mexico.

P. H. Y.

* * *

From one mother to another.

AUBURNDALE, MASS.

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

The Journal of Mr. and Mrs. Ruggles, printed in the November number of the *Atlantic*, told of the kindness with which they were received by the 'King' and 'Queen' of one of the Sandwich Islands. You may be interested in a letter sent by the latter to the mother of Mrs. Ruggles. It 'was dictated by the Queen, interpreted in broken English, written down verbatim, and copied by herself in a plain, legible manner.'

ATOOL, July 28, 1920

DEAR FRIEND,

I am glad your daughter come here. I shall be her mother now, and she be my daughter. I be good to her; give her tappa [cloth made from the bark of a tree]; give her mat; give her plenty eat. By and by your daughter speak Owhyhee; then she learn me how to read and write and sew; and talk of that Great Akooah, which the good people in America love. I begin spell little: read come very hard, like stone. You very good, send your daughter great way to teach the heathen. I am very glad I can write you a short letter and tell you that I be good to your daughter. I send you my aloha and tell you I am

Your Friend,

CHARLOTTE TAPOOLEE,
QUEEN OF ATOOL

This letter was printed in the *Missionary Herald* of April 1921.

Sincerely yours,

OTIS CARY

* * *

With provident wives as patrons, a new era of artistic production may be forthcoming.

CLEVELAND, OHIO

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

Jane Littell's 'Meditations of a Wage-Earning Wife' came so close to home!

Just about a year ago a series of circumstances opened up an opportune time for me to try my wings as a free-lance writer, breaking away from a weekly — and weakly — newspaper pay-check. My wife and I discussed it for several weeks before — frankly — I could reach the decision to 'live on her.' But I salved my conscience with the reflection that the microscopic earnings of which I was sure would make enough of a contri-

bution to our ménage to prevent me from losing all pride of sex.

It has been an interesting experiment; although we live on a very narrow margin we have accustomed ourselves to the situation even better than we had anticipated would be possible. We are by no means out of the woods yet, as my stuff has not been wildly sought after by editors, but we have had enough encouragement to stiffen our backbones.

I think our case is just a trifle different from Mrs. Littell's in that I have assumed a share of the house management. As I am at home all day and my wife is not, this seemed logical. Years of 'batching' it gave me enough experience to do it.

Very sincerely yours,

L. G. H.

Visions and 'audisions' such as may have stirred Saint Joan.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

DEAR ATLANTIC,—

I wonder if I can offer any 'ease to the puzzlement' of Nora Connolly O'Brien, author of 'Visions' in the December *Atlantic*, by presenting a little vision of my own and suggesting an explanation, fantastic or plausible, according to the point of view.

Mine was not an ocular or pageantic vision, like Nora O'Brien's, but an illusion of sound or, to coin a word, an 'audision.' I am not psychic, and have never had a similar experience. I had been walking up the slopes of Fiesole, toward the first great panoramic glimpse of Florence. All the way I had been saying to myself: 'You are about to see one of the most beautiful, history-richened views that this world affords. Prepare your eyes. Lose not one detail of roof, tower, dome, pathways, river, hills. Make ready to take and keep these images forever.'

Then, silently, in the brown and turquoise stillness of an October afternoon, we came out upon our summit. But was it *stillness*? Strangely my eyes, which I had expected to use so eagerly, became insubservient. It was my ears that were aware of Florence. It was the past I *heard*. It suddenly seemed as if, in that throbbing stillness, I caught all the sounds that had ever come up out of that motionless, romantic valley to strike upon the hill of Fiesole. With a wild, leaping heart, I was aware of a cry by the Ponte Vecchio, and I knew that it was Buondelmonte's cry as he was stricken from his horse, so long ago. Then, sound after sound of death unidentified I heard in dark lanes and alleys, here and there. Again came the larger clash of swords, swords of Arezzo and Pisa and Siena and far swords of Rome, and the murmurous roar of the multitude, now riotous, now grieving, now triumphant. I could hear

faintly the murmur around Savonarola's fire, under the Palazzo Vecchio. Then, when I thought I could bear no more of tragedy, I heard a sound of gallant laughter in the long-deserted Boboli Gardens, and then faint trumpets and songs in some Medicean pageant near Santa Croce. All this I heard, poignantly, vibrantly, beyond and below the little accents of the day, the thrumming of crickets, the barking of dogs, and the songs of living peasants in the valley below. It was not a conscious, labored projection of the imagination, but an overwhelming, astonishing, reverberant tide from the outside, rising, rising irresistibly from the Valley of Flowers.

Can it be that the hill of Fiesole, against which all these sounds of a splendid past have echoed and reverberated, keeps them as substantially as grains of sand and soil blown thither by the wind—for those who will to find? May it not be that the visions which Nora O'Brien sees are the *aure*—the hovering, immortal souls, as it were—of authentic, past events?

Faithfully yours,

JULIA COOLEY ALTROCCHI

We would be chameleons to truth in all its aspects.

DELAWARE COUNTY, PENNSYLVANIA

DEAR ATLANTIC,—

What color are you, anyway? It is a noble thing that you should be *what* you are—one color, one type indivisible, perennial, down the ages—when other publications vacillate, experiment, make of variability precisely what you make of consistency.

Yours is a color that is constantly—to you it must seem even tediously—referred to as the passport and open sesame to intellectual aristocracy, the badge of fellowship in the inner circle of the bookishly elect, the *sine qua non*—and so forth, and so forth. As a matter of fact, I personally often find in this color a source of self-consciousness and annoyance. With an *Atlantic* protruding from his pocket, one feels as though he were labeled '*I am an idealist.*' One never knows when or where he may be challenged.

But the above references are as marked by discrepancies among themselves as you are with unity. In this December number before me you are spoken of, once, as brown, the writer being possibly conscious of griddlecakes, brown bread and—oh—a legume properly baked with molasses; while another calls you—save us—yellow! To my mind—and none glories more than I in your continuance as an ideal, a wall twice or thrice essayed but not scaled—you are salmon-pink. My wife stands out for puce; a dear sister insists on apricot; a cousin holds to

orange, another to tan; Harry, here, has it the iris of the cod.

Can it be that we are all powerless to judge the evasive tint on its intrinsic merit, but must in some manner be biased by complexes resulting from our several readings of the text; as one, taking you at a disadvantage for your recent affliction of limericks, will find you light, one, reading you on divorce and religion, dark, or a third, imagining your political hue to be faintly incarnadined?

My speculations are vain — perhaps idle; yet I should be happy to have the matter settled. Possibly the master of the vat whence your cover takes its tint — a very Methuselah of a mixer and a model of conservatism he should be — will tell what color the *Atlantic* will have itself.

Yours truly,

C. P. CRUMB

* * *

The soil replies.

STURGEON BAY, WISCONSIN

DEAR ATLANTIC, —

May another Wisconsin farmer 'speak out'? Like Mr. Birkett, whose article in the December *Atlantic* leads me to protest, I live on a farm from which I must make a subsistence for myself and family. In consequence, I suppose that I might be styled a 'dirt farmer.'

Mr. Birkett seems to feel that county agents have added, through their effect on the tax burdens, materially to our woes. I cannot see it. I have been acquainted with the work of perhaps a score of county agents, and with the achievements of as many more men from the Experiment Station at the University of Wisconsin. I am going to be specific in mentioning the effect that they have had on my work, and on the work of other farmers in my Wisconsin county.

Our county agent, Mr. E. G. Bailey, has stimulated some of the very overproduction which Mr. Birkett in some instances justly condemns, but in so doing has fairly revolutionized farm economy in this county. Four years ago this dairy county was raising little alfalfa. Stimulated by the strenuous arguments of the Experiment Station, the county agent spent thirty-seven days on a 'Plant More Alfalfa' campaign during 1922. The new acreage in the county jumped from 300 the year before to 2200 for 1922. In 1924 he spent sixty-four well-selected days upon it, and brought the spring seeded acreage up to 5450. What this increase is going to mean to the feeders who formerly used the poor mixture

of clover and timothy hay, no one not a stockman can fully appreciate.

We also have a County Demonstration Farm. For the past ten or twelve years a portion of the north end of our county has been so overrun with grasshoppers that the farmers had come to their wits' ends. Spasmodic and local attempts at control were nearly futile because of the large infestations in timbered and cut-over lands adjacent to the cultivated farms. This year the county agent, acting jointly with the local Experiment Station, put on a campaign that involved more than 600 farms. At the correct time a united drive was carried out along military lines, and with military precision, so that every previously determined grasshopper breeding-place was thoroughly covered with the poison. The result was an almost unheard-of freedom from grasshoppers, and a saving to the farmers affected, estimated by some of their own number, who were members of the County Board, at more than \$200,000.

It has been in the field of fruit-tree pruning, however, and particularly with cherries, that the station has perhaps done its most monumental work for our fruit-growers. Here the influence of the studies of one quiet man, Mr. Roberts, have been such that the cherry trees of this entire district have a sturdiness and a vitality not equaled in any large plantings elsewhere in the United States. What a tribute it is to one man that he has been able to shape the practices of an entire agricultural area so that he who runs may read the story!

Where Mr. Birkett pleads against the blind propaganda for increased production, I agree with him. But when his arraignment reflects on the rank and file of these agencies as they exist in his and my state, I object. I believe that this type of public endeavor is at the present time, in Wisconsin, not a dollar-eater, but a dollar-producer. If in a given locality the activities are not so well applied to the farmers' problems as in the instances I have mentioned, it is not a fundamental fault of the agencies themselves, but rather of the measure of coöperation and support they receive from the farmers who are the beneficiaries.

MOULTON B. GOFF

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Puzzle-hunters this way! The list of Test Questions for the Educated printed on page 4 of the front advertising section will give you something substantial to bite on.

